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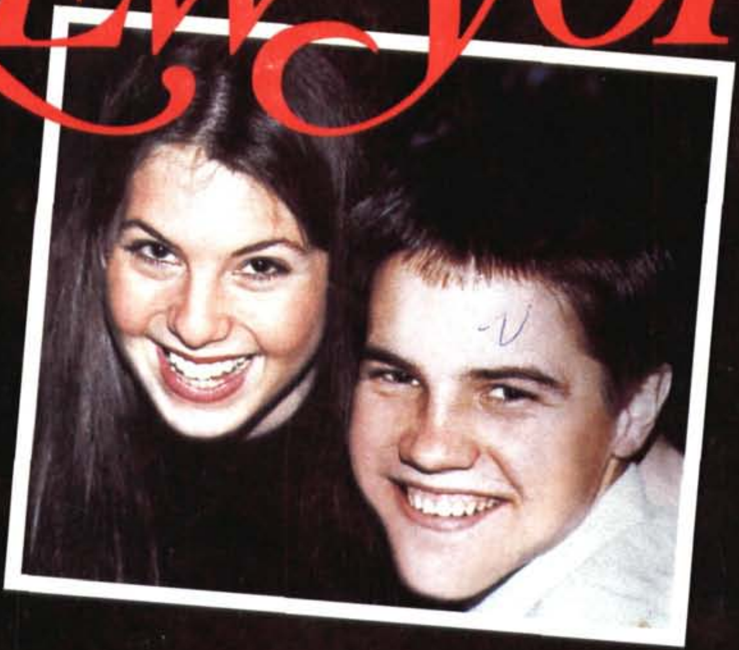

THIS WEEK, WHEN SENTENCING THE HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEARTS WHO KILLED THEIR CHILD, A JUDGE MUST DECIDE: ARE THEY MIXED-UP KIDS OR MONSTERS?

AND BABY MADE THREE

BY MELANIE THERNSTROM

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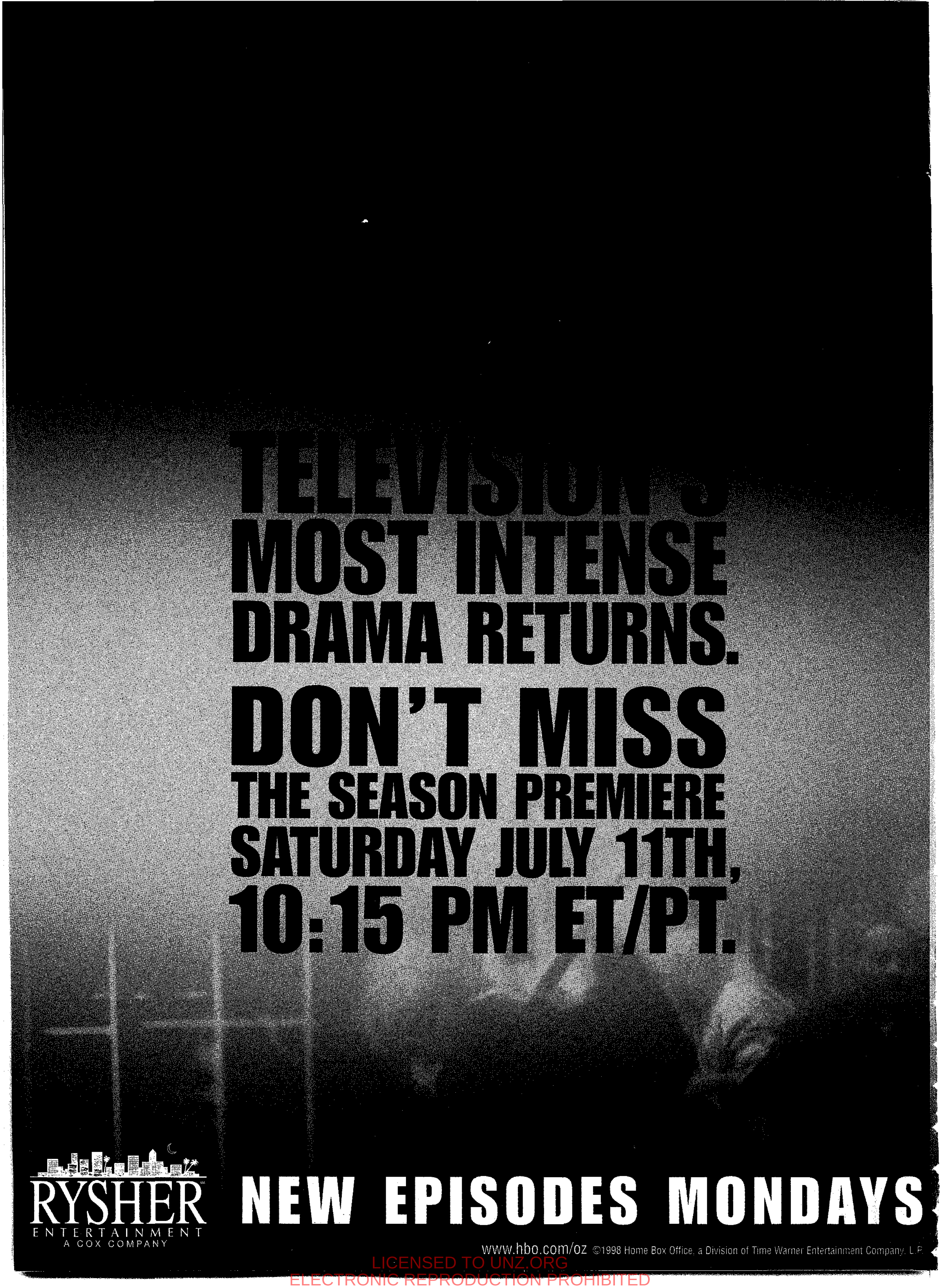
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> *"The crime of which Brian and Amy have been accused is unique in history. Even in literature there are no stories of two parents collaborating to kill their baby."*
>
> DR. NEIL S. KAYE, PAGE 18

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By Melanie Thernstrom

Brian Peterson and Amy Grossberg pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the death of their newborn boy, forestalling a he-said/she-said trial. But with sentencing set for this week, evidence never before revealed suggests the baby died a brutal death, undermining their image as confused suburban sweethearts.

24 The Bellini Empire

By T. Z. Parsa

Led by Arrigo Cipriani's indefatigable son Giuseppe, the family business is booming, with three new restaurants in the works, a Rainbow Room revamp, and a very upscale, way downtown banquet hall and hotel. Plus they're launching a line of prefab Bellinis. Can restaurateurs best known for serving jet-setting tycoons and titans unbend enough to please the hoi polloi?

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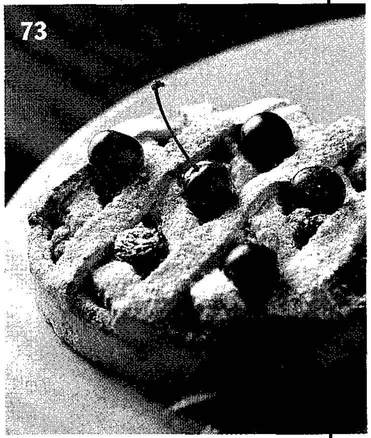

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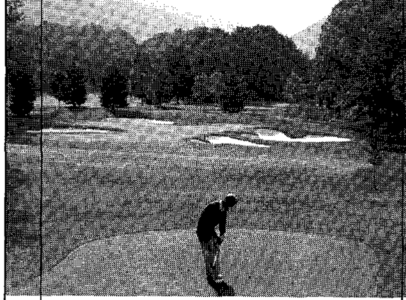

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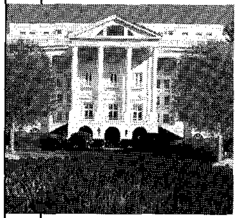

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For Richer

Why don't the Wall Street widows leave?; Frederick Law Olmsted's canine of choice; Allan Schneider, thespian.

HERE IS A SOLUTION FOR THOSE poor, pitiful "Widows of Wall Street" [by Ralph Gardner Jr., June 15]: 1. Divorce your unsupportive, selfish, absentee husband. 2. Get half his money anyway. 3. Marry a poor, nice guy who will love you and be a real father to your children. Or just stop bitching.

Bari Siegel
MANHATTAN

IT WAS VERY REASSURING TO THE REST OF us plebeians to read that money not only doesn't buy happiness but doesn't buy financial security either. Lest the depressed moms deprived of their husbands get a too-idyllic view of life in bucolic Vermont and the rest of the country, they should know that both the daddy and the mommy in that ramshackle home are probably holding down two jobs just to be able to afford it, even though they probably contribute more to the GDP than the Wall Street dad earning millions to structure deals whose net effect will be to put more of these working folk out of a job.

Robert Appel
GLEN HEAD, N.Y.

I'M NOT SURE IF I SHOULD LAUGH OR GET angry. I am an executive assistant for a money manager, I have a 5-year-old, and my husband is a New York City police officer. Like the husbands of these women, my husband is rarely around. I have seen these so-called Masters of the Universe as well as some of their spouses in action, and I've never got the impression that they would give up their lifestyle for the one I have. Being married to a police officer means many a lonely night, plus attending many school plays and baseball games, doing homework, answering "Where's Daddy?," and having to continue to work because policemen don't get paid a hell of a lot.

Jeanne M. McAuliffe
STATEN ISLAND

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@aol.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

YEARS AGO, WHEN MY HUSBAND FIRST started out on Wall Street, he randomly picked a dollar amount that he thought he needed as a safety net that would provide him financial security. The plan was that once the goal was accomplished, the foot would come off the accelerator pad and he would work less and spend his free time enjoying life. However, once goals were met, standards were raised and the cycle continued until the fatal diagnosis appeared out of nowhere. Cancer! My husband was too sick to travel and too sick to reap his lifetime rewards. His custom-made suits hung neatly in his closet next to his Hermès ties.

Josephine Cantwell
MANHATTAN

THERE MUST BE MORE NOURISHMENT IN the atmosphere of Neptune than in the parched and desiccated Park Avenue lives described in your recent article. While I might well envy their loot (and that without the slightest twinge of self-disapproval), I hardly envy lives in which loot and thin thighs are the alpha and omega. Least of all do I covet their apparent inability to enjoy them. One can well imagine that the occasional dinner *en famille* ("Are you my father?") and the ski vacations ("Snowbird? Oh, *we* do Zermatt"), where hubby may be called to the due-diligence table at any moment by a blast on the cell phone, are no doubt also a-brim with mirth. I know plenty of well-heeled menschen, but your subjects remind me of an old Irish proverb: If you want to know what God thinks of money, look at those he gives it to.

Jeffrey M. Gross
BROOKLYN

The Right Research

I WAS HORRIFIED TO READ IN THE MAY 11 issue that I was quoted as derogating Dr. David Spiegel and his excellent peer-reviewed psychiatry and breast-cancer research without ever having read that research ["Medicine Goes Mental," by Henry Dreher]. In his telephone interview, I thought your reporter was asking about Dr. Bernie Siegel, of whom psychiatrist Steve Barrett and I had written: "No scientific study supports [his] claims. A ten-year study found that 34 breast-cancer patients participating in Siegel's Exceptional Cancer Patients program did not live longer after diagnosis than did comparable nonparticipants."

Victor Herbert, M.D.
THE BRONX

Big Dog

WHEN TONY HENDRA TELLS READERS THAT "*big dog* [is] current media slang for an Alpha-male overachiever" and suggests that "owning one makes you, by association, the meanest predator in the pack" ["The Big Bad Woof," May 18], he probably was not aware that the revered Frederick Law Olmsted's cur of choice was a Newfoundland. From the earliest times to the end of his life, there is documentation of Olmsted's having *large* dogs. But perhaps Olmsted was just making a fashion statement with his choice of dog.

D. Kistner
President, Urban Canine Conservancy
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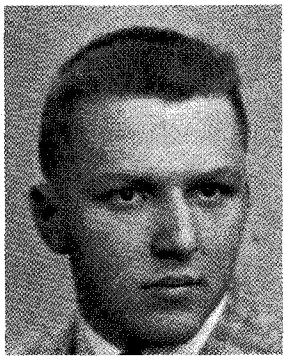
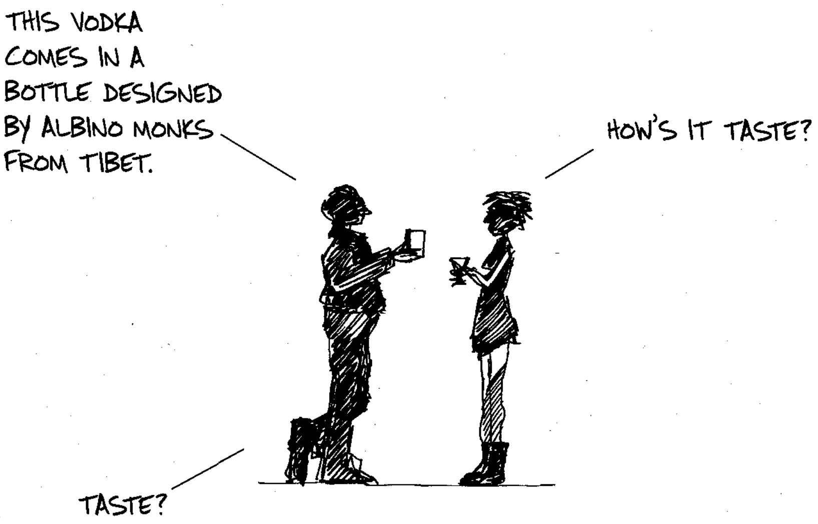
Pretty As a Picture



STEPHEN GAINES'S ARTICLE "The Man Who Sold the Hamptons" [June 1] was most intriguing. I thought you might be interested in this photo from my Midwood High School class-of-'55 yearbook—Allan Schneider was voted "Class Actor." He definitely lived up to this prediction, but I have no insight into his transformation.

Carol Weiss
PURCHASE, N.Y.

Correction The sculpture in the photograph on page 141 of last week's issue is by George Stoll, not Gerhard Richter.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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

MACKLOWE'S 4 PERCENT SOLUTION

Even this booming real-estate market has its limits—as **Harry Macklowe** discovered after attempting to offer all-time-low brokers' fees for his latest project. Macklowe recently threw a cocktail party at Payard to whip up enthusiasm among brokers for the luxury condos he's building at 145 East 76th Street. As the guests enjoyed peach Bellinis and champagne, a broker asked Macklowe what the commission would be. The tough-as-nails developer deferred the question to an assistant, who simply held up three fingers—meaning 3 percent, compared with the 5 percent brokers traditionally get for new buildings. The party thinned out soon after. "He's alienating the brokerage community," explains one broker. "You've got to push to sell $2 million Park Avenue–style apartments on a not-so-great block of Lexington Avenue." Within days, Macklowe received so many complaints that he upped his offer to 4 percent, several brokers report. A Macklowe assistant would say only that the current commission is 4 percent, a figure that's currently being offered by competitors like **Donald Trump** and **Arthur** and **William Zeckendorf.**

Ron Perelman: On guard

SCHUMER'S GREEN LIGHT ON LENOX HILL

Mark Green lost one on his home court last month. "I want your endorsement, in part because I share your Zip Code," Green told members of the Lenox Hill Democratic Club just before they voted on whom to endorse in the hotly contested senatorial primary. But the club elected to go with Brooklyn's **Charles Schumer,** who got 18 votes to Green's 13. The vote was notable since Schumer didn't even show up but sent a surrogate. "Green's claims to fame are his speaking skills and his campaign organization—and this doesn't speak well for either one of them," snipes one Schumer ally. Green spokesman Joe DePlasco retaliates by pointing out that Green still has more club endorsements than either of his competitors. It probably didn't make Green feel any better that the surrogate Schumer sent to speak was his campaign manager, **Josh Isay**—who, as it turns out, cut his political teeth working for Green. "Mark will still consider Josh's résumé when he gets to the Senate, so there's no reason for him to worry," says DePlasco. Retorts Isay with a laugh, "If Mark gets me his résumé now, we'll put him at the top of the list to be Chuck's legislative aide for consumer issues in the Senate. And we've got room for Joe, too."

Mark Green: Speech loss

RON LOVES A MAN IN UNIFORM

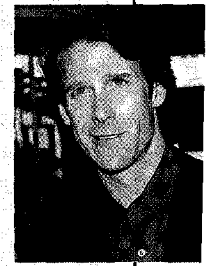
Ron Perelman's neighbors on the Upper East Side have been feeling particularly safe lately. For the past several months, there's been a uniformed cop stationed on their block in front of his home. The Revlon magnate has long been known for his state-of-the-art security systems, but even he couldn't hire uniformed cops until a few months ago, when the city changed its rules to allow cops to wear their uniforms while moonlighting. Both police spokeswoman **Marilyn Mode** and Perelman spokesman **Jim Conroy** refused to discuss any security issues.

NAVARRO'S CHILI HOTEL RECEPTION

Even celebrities can quickly wear out their welcome at hot spots. That insight appears to have dawned on guitarist **Dave Navarro.** The rocker, formerly with Jane's Addiction and the Red Hot Chili Peppers, re-

KEEPING THE CRITICS AT BAY

Not every artist thinks a bad review is the end of the world, but *Armageddon* director **Michael Bay** (pictured) is clearly one of the sensitive ones. After *Variety*'s film critic, **Todd McCarthy,** described the film as so superficial it made *Deep Impact* look like a "humanistic masterpiece," Bay called and, according to McCarthy, bluntly asked, "Do you hate me or something?" McCarthy says Bay evidently thought the review was a personal criticism, when in fact, "I have no feelings towards him whatsoever. Only towards the movie." Even a flattering piece that *Newsweek* recently ran on Bay raised the director's ire, although for different reasons. The story depicted Bay standing in front of the film's storyboard, which displayed several note cards detailing pivotal plot points, including who gets killed in a crucial scene. *Newsweek's* attempt at a caveat—a photo caption saying "Don't read the ending"—didn't satisfy Bay. "The main question of the film is *who will survive,*" says a source close to Bay. "Michael was very annoyed that this photo gave that away so blatantly." A representative for Bay denies the fit of fury: "Michael was very pleased with the *Newsweek* photo and with the whole layout of the piece. He was very aware of what the photo would look like."



Photographs: clockwise from top right, Rick Maiman/Sygma; Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos; Gregory Pace/Sygma.

THE DISH ON THE CHRYSLER BUILDING

And you thought only divorce cases involved arguments over who gets the china. Dish emporium Fishs Eddy, which has a best-selling line of plates decorated with a border of Manhattan's distinctive skyline, is learning just how far a building's air rights can reach. Last month, the store's co-owner, **Julie Gaines,** got a letter from the Chrysler Building's lawyer, pointing out that the "Chrysler Building Spire Design" is a registered trademark. "The unauthorized use of the Mark by Fishs Eddy, which we assume was inadvertent, is nonetheless a clear violation of [our] trademark rights," wrote Milbank, Tweed lawyer **Keri Christ.** She complains about the way the Chrysler Building is depicted on the china, saying it's "inconsistent with the high standards of quality and the overall image associated with" the building, then asks the store to cease and desist using the trademark and to destroy all the existing inventory. But the store stands by its place settings. Christ promptly received a reply from Gaines's manufacturer, who wrote, "To the extent that the New York skyline includes the Chrysler Building, as it has for more than half a century, the silhouette of the building and the name are clearly in the public domain."

cently dropped by a trendy L.A. hotel, but his stay there was brief. Navarro was reportedly in the hotel's bar when **Chris Robinson** of the Black Crowes walked in with girlfriend **Elisa Leonetti** in tow. Before long, Navarro began talking to Leonetti—apparently with enough enthusiasm to lead to an old-fashioned shoving match. "Chris and Dave were really going at it, and a manager had to break the two of them up and tell them to leave," says a source. Navarro was not put off: The next day, he returned to the hotel bar. Yet again he was asked to leave, for further inappropriate conduct. Navarro finally got the message: The next day, the rocker called the hotel and canceled his plans to tape an installment of MTV's new series *Fanatic* from there. "He suddenly said he wanted to do the show from home," says the source. "Which is fine." An MTV spokesperson said that the hotel in question was "one of several sites considered; we were never set on it," and confirms that the show was ultimately shot from Navarro's home. A publicist for Robinson said that although she knew he had been involved in an altercation with two other men in the bar later that evening, and that he had sustained a black eye and some bruised ribs, she knew nothing of the dustup between Robinson and Navarro. Navarro's publicist could not be reached by press time.

KAUFMAN FEAST; GLORIA, THE ARTISTE

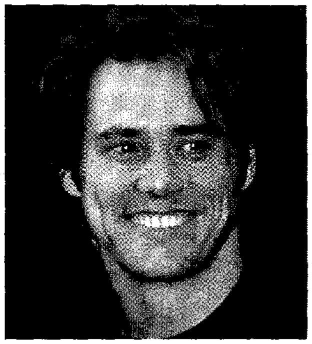
MODEL SOLDIER: Hollywood veterans **John Malkovich** and **Faye Dunaway** may have some serious mentoring to do when they start filming *Joan of Arc.* While casting the title role, director **Luc Besson** passed over the young but experienced actress **Claire Danes** in favor of model **Milla Jovovich** (whom he married along the way). Now, after landing Malkovich and Dunaway to star along with Jovovich, Besson has again decided to take his chances on a newcomer, rejecting **Stephen Dorff,** sources say, and casting instead 21-year-old Calvin Klein model **Desmond Harrington** as the military captain.

Milla Jovovich:
Very directed

MY DINNER WITH ANDY: **Jim Carrey**'s starring role in Jersey Films' *Man on the Moon,* a biopic about Andy Kaufman, may be a particularly complex one: Comic and intergender wrestler Kaufman was famous for blurring the line between role-playing and reality. Carrey has apparently already begun his research, listening to hours' worth of anecdotes told by the late actor's brother and father over a lengthy dinner at the TriBeCa restaurant Paggio. Although the meal was at times an emotional one—at one point, Kaufman's father choked up and excused himself—Carrey stayed in character. When a customer too shy to ask for Carrey's autograph instead asked what he was eating, the actor responded, "Rack of lamb—here, have some."

DOWNTOWN GIRL: The ultimate uptown girl is going downtown this fall. **Gloria Vanderbilt** will have a showing of her new "assemblages" at TriBeCa's K.S. art gallery from November 21 through December 19. "It's unlike anything that I've ever done, and I'm really obsessed with it," reports the enthusiastic artist. She uses Plexiglas and objects from her own life and travels, arranging the trinkets in 3-D, Joseph Cornell–style assemblages. "I just work all the time, and I can't wait for the day to begin," she adds.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

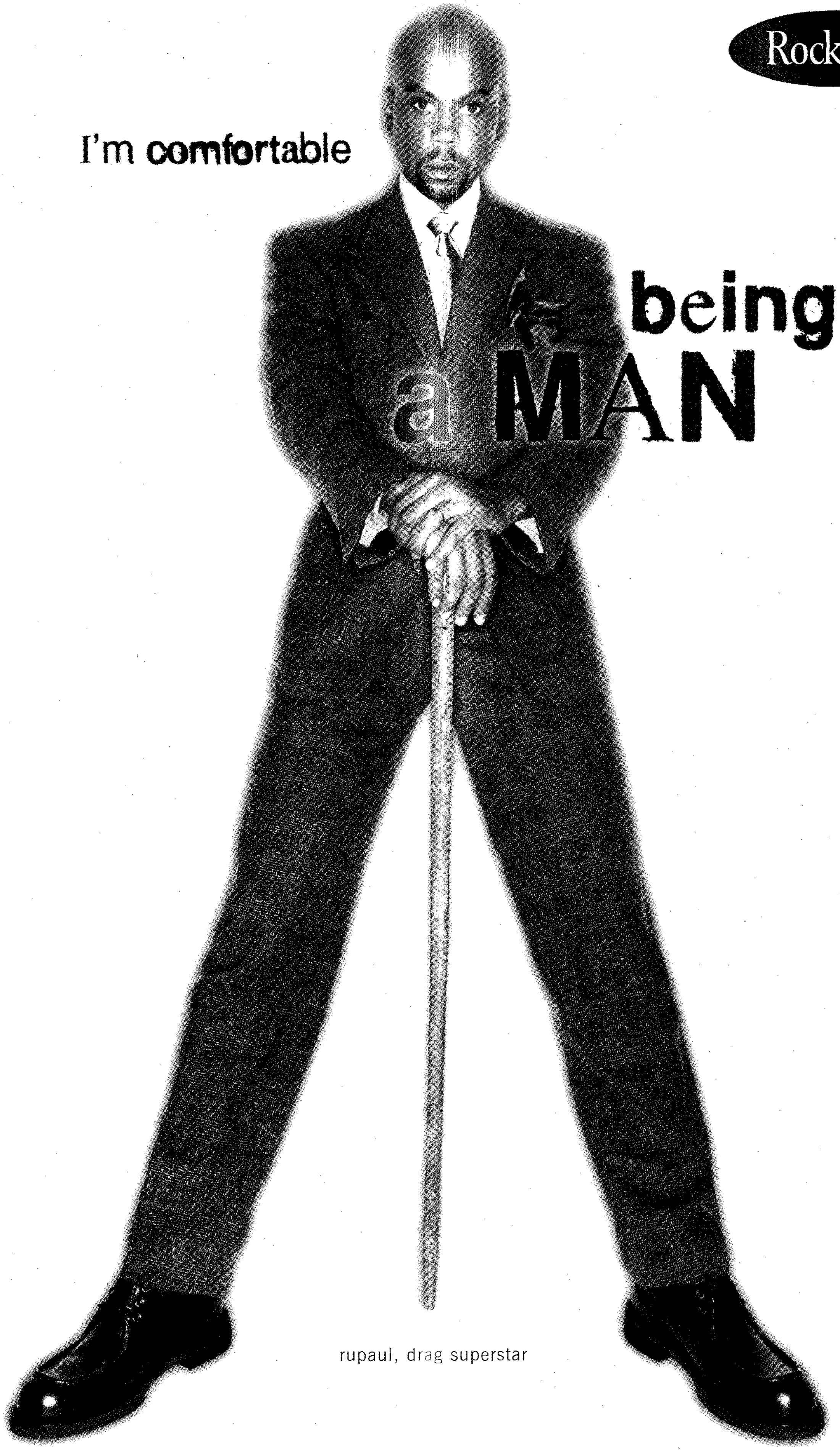


Jim Carrey:
Table guy

LEROY'S EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

It seems as if **Warner LeRoy** has traded one David for another. Though his multi-restaurant plans with famed chef **David Bouley** appear to be on the rocks, LeRoy is now planning other ventures with *Gourmet* food critic and TV Food Network personality **David Rosengarten.** Rosengarten has been signed to work with LeRoy on developing a series of food products bearing the names of LeRoy's famed restaurants, and another line of goods endorsed by Rosengarten, possibly salad dressing or olive oil. The critic, whose editors green-lighted his new venture, swears that the collaboration will in no way interfere with "me calling them as I see them," though he admits that his reviewing any new LeRoy restaurants for *Gourmet* is unlikely. Rosengarten says he and LeRoy are planning products such as Tavern on the Green New York–style cheesecake, Russian Tea Room caviar, and possibly a line of frozen pizzas produced in conjunction with LeRoy's latest project: a nationwide chain of Italian megacafés to be called, fittingly, Empire.

Photographs: top, R. Siemoneit/Sygma; bottom, Lester Sloan/Gamma Liaison.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ROUD SPONSOR *of* THE *1998* ROCKEFELLER CENTER FLOWER & GARDEN SHOW. JULY *16*-AUGUST

Senate candidate Geraldine Ferraro makes a rare public appearance at last week's debate.

Showtime For Gerry

Geraldine Ferraro is no ordinary politician—she's a celebrity!

FOR UNITED STATES SENATE candidates and the people who follow them, Debate Day marked a critical juncture in the long campaign. But for the conventioneers at the New York State Broadcasters Association meeting last week in Bolton Landing, New York, it was just another event on the day's entertainment schedule. And not the most popular one. The panel discussion that had preceded it—Jerry Springer, Maury Povich, and Bob Grant riffing on the future of syndication—drew a much larger crowd.

Just before for the debate got started, the political reporters on hand found themselves crammed into a corridor with former Los Angeles Dodgers star Steve Garvey (who was signing baseballs as a promotion for an Internet company) and assorted other pitchmen. The first candidate to arrive, Chuck Schumer, bounded over to the press to tell self-deprecating tales of his night at the local Comfort Inn. Mark Green was close behind—as ever, armed with a clever line that he repeated to any reporter who'd listen. "One of my aides told me Marcus Garvey was in the hotel," he says. "Now that would be news." Then he took the *Times* reporter off to the side for a private chat.

Finally, as debate time neared, Ferraro walked in, accompanied by her husband, John Zaccaro, and two aides. She moved uneasily past the reporters, trying to avoid eye contact. Stopping to huddle with her group, she suddenly spotted an ally—the only other celebrity in the room—Steve Garvey! The two were introduced, and it was mu-

(continued on page 12)

SIGHTINGS

Hitler Beat Up Models?

Back in 1993, the Gap plastered the city with ads naming popular figures who wore khakis. Almost immediately, parodies appeared, rounding out the series with the likes of ADOLF HITLER WORE KHAKIS. It was a witty swipe at the fashion and advertising industries—but instead of taking offense, Madison Avenue took notice. Since then, major agencies have been making their own subversive, inter-referential ads. And the current volley, which refers all the way back to the source, gets a spot in the record books. ●Levi's started it, with a series of cryptic wheat pastes announcing CALVIN WORE THEM, RALPH WORE THEM, and TOMMY WORE THEM. KENNETH WORE THEM TOO, Kenneth Cole responded, sounding somewhat hurt. BUT THEY ALL PAID TOO MUCH, Daffy's retorted.● "Levi's spent millions, and Daffy's and Kenneth Cole are riding on that for virtually no money," notes Jay Schulberg of Bozell Worldwide, who created the similarly well-parodied milk-mustache campaign.● But who laughs last? Levi's newest ads ride the coattails of all their imitators. OUR MODELS CAN BEAT UP THEIR MODELS, they sneer.

CAMEO

Live and Let Di

THEY WERE BACK THIS PAST WEEK, THOSE vast throngs of royal subjects who gather in the rain, stay through the night, and huddle together singing Elton John. The hordes of Diana mourners had shuffled off camera sometime last autumn, fanning out toward points unknown, but they reconvened for the opening of her only slightly creepy tribute "museum," filled with her childhood toys but allegedly *not* a shrine. Somehow, though, it just wasn't the same. Denied a live rendition of "Candle in the Wind," the sniffling masses had to make do with "The Lady in Red" (also a very nice song). The dashing Al-Fayeds were off tending to their legal affairs. And Tina Brown was too distracted by her contract negotiations to write another gimlet-eyed eulogy. There was only Diana's brother, that model-chasing protector of public morality, insisting again and again that he'd done it all for her. It's no wonder she didn't show.

Photographs: top, Jim McKnight/AP/Wide World; bottom, Tim Graham/Sygma.

Ferraro *continued from page 11*

tual admiration at first sight.

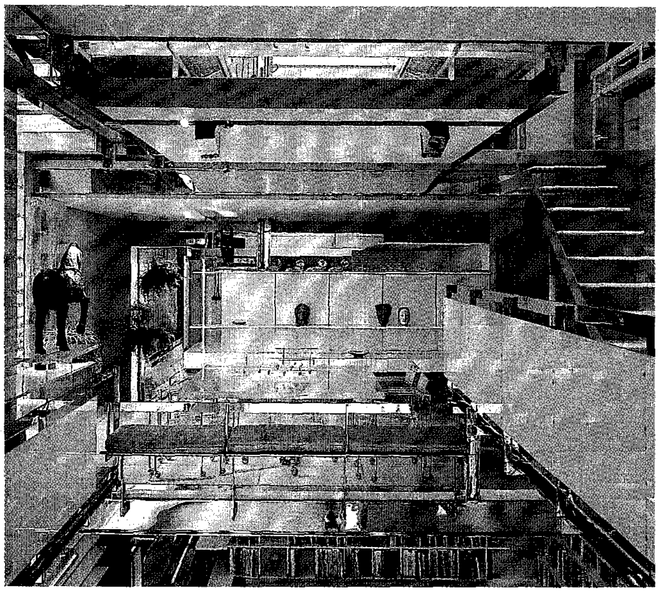
Once the debate got under way, Ferraro showed the impatience and indifference to detail that have been the hallmarks of her campaign thus far. Badgered by Green for accepting a $20,000 speaking fee from Philip Morris, she launched into a counterattack, citing a $50 contribution that Green accepted from a Philip Morris executive. It might've been good for a minor score if only Ferraro had had the executive's name ready. Instead, after being asked for it, she peered out at the audience. "Amanda," she called out, "give me the name." The room fell silent. One could only pity the poor aide, wherever she was, as the candidate stopped the show and waited for her to produce. No one came up with the name until after the debate.

One gets the sense that running for vice-president may have been the worst thing that ever happened to the talented and principled ex-congresswoman. Most of the headlines she's made since launching her new campaign have been about her temper tantrums. Instead of using her celebrity to draw attention to her message, Ferraro has skipped the message altogether and just enjoyed the celebrity. "Let me tell you that I ran for vice-president," she told reporters after the debate, "in case anyone forgot."

But no one has forgotten: Ferraro is way ahead in the polls. At every event she's greeted as a hero. But she says little, often descending into name-dropping; at a Staten Island function earlier in the campaign, she responded to a question about foreign policy by noting her friendship with the secretary of State. "One of my closest friends is Madeleine Albright," she said. "I've been at all her kids' weddings. She's been to all of my kids' weddings."

Ferraro apparently wants nothing more than to be done with this campaign. She makes as few public appearances as she can get away with. She'd better hope her numbers don't fall, because if they do, she'll lose the only rationale she's offered voters so far to cast their ballots for her.

ANDREW KIRTZMAN



One level of Paul Rudolph's nine-story townhouse on Beekman Place.

ARCHITECTURE

Paul's Boutique

Who will buy the late Paul Rudolph's home?

IN TODAY'S REAL-ESTATE MARKET, the nine-story townhouse on Beekman Place would seem a steal at $6.25 million. In this particular case, however, it helps if the buyer doesn't mind bathrooms without doors and stairs without railings. Or has a fetish for plastic robots, terra-cotta heads, and tin soldiers, or fancies a double-height living room that has, according to the best estimate, seventeen different levels.

Welcome to Paul Rudolph's playhouse, which the master architect spent the last twenty years of his life creating and recreating. Rudolph died last year, and in an effort to endow his papers at the Library of Congress, his estate has enlisted Sotheby's to sell the Beekman Place house.

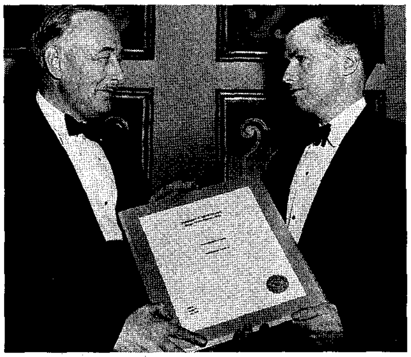
Finding a buyer for such an architectural oddity is not an easy task under any circumstances, but it's made even trickier by the rough blows that Rudolph's professional reputation has suffered in recent years. In the sixties, he was considered among the greatest American architects. Having studied under Bauhaus founder Walter Gropius at Harvard, he rose to be the dean of Yale's architecture school, where he reigned as a fiercely passionate advocate of high Modernism—and a contemptuous foe of its formulaic American imitators. But the backlash against Modernism that began in the seventies all but destroyed Rudolph, and he was forced to finish out his career in semi-exile, building skyscrapers in the Far East. And though his professional prospects dwindled, the scale of his ideas never did. In his later years, he made the rounds of architectural conferences with slide shows of massive, spaceshiplike cities and even a vertical trailer park.

Fred Williams, the Sotheby's broker who's handling the sale, prefers to remember Rudolph in his prime. Williams studied architectural history in a building that Rudolph designed at Colgate, and he is resolutely upbeat about the prospect of finding a buyer who won't immediately gut the place. He sent out letters to hundreds of Rudolph's friends and former clients, and says he received several phone calls in response, though no formal offers. "I'm hoping someone may see it as a collector's item that's going to be worth three times what they pay for it," Williams says. "It could get bid up like at an art auction."

Rudolph still has plenty of staunch advocates, notably the folks who live in the twenty-odd houses he built over his career. Dick Treistman, a New Jersey businessman who lives in a house Rudolph renovated, says, "The man is a unique architect—there are a handful like him every century. He's in a class with Frank Lloyd Wright." (In *his* home, Treistman explains, "the shower opens up to the rest of the house, which is great, especially when you have a house full of company.") Some of Rudolph's houses have fared all right in the marketplace. The townhouse he designed for Halston on 63rd Street sold for $5 million in the midst of the real-estate slump in 1990.

And with the exception of Philip Johnson, who is said to have likened the place to a "rabbit warren," architects tend to have a soft spot for Rudolph and his former home. "I really admired the fantastical quality of the place," says Tod Williams, who first saw the house two weeks ago at a viewing hosted by the Architectural League. "I've never minded thumping my head on architecture—I've had cuts from Schindler and Wright in the past."

ALEXANDRA LANGE



Rudolph receives a design award in 1955.

Photographs: top, Peter Aaron/Esto Photographics; bottom, AP/Wide World.

THE JURY

Adventures in Leo-Land

For this installment of "The Jury," a monthly review of current events and passing concerns, we took our team of critics to Moomba to see what they'd make of that celebrity-glutted hot spot with the impenetrable door policy. The management agreed to grant us a seating—albeit at a most unfashionable six o'clock. But our panel was undeterred; Hector even showed up a fashionable 45 minutes late. Mr. DiCaprio was not in the house, and that was not the only thing that was missing. John Bowe

The four jurors on their way into Moomba, the West Village hot spot.

YOLANDE ROUSSEAU, 65; seamstress; lives in Bed-Stuy
Ambience: "Very nice, but the décor leaves a little to be desired. The music's too boom-boom-y."
Food: "Very tasty."
Wine: "The wine is good."
Is it the best way to spend $100?: "I'd spend about $50 on some Mexican food and the rest on an outfit to wear to the next dinner."
Would you come back? " Sure."

HECTOR MARTINEZ, 31; restaurant owner; lives in Williamsburg
Ambience: "It has positive vibrations, which I like. Nice music, and it looks like a very expensive restaurant—which it is."
Food: "My vegetables look like very fancy Goya canned vegetables. But they taste fine. The caviar with lobster—once you taste it, you get a lot of energy."
Wine: "It tastes good."
Is it the best way to spend $100?: "I'd spend about $20 or $25 on a meal like this somewhere else, then go take the Circle Line cruise."
Would you come back? "I wouldn't mind owning a restaurant like this one day. Why not?"

YASUKO YOKOSHI, 37; choreographer; lives in Williamsburg
Ambience: "Outside it looks like an abandoned hardware store. Inside it's okay, but it's awfully close between tables."
Wine: "Good. A little sweet."
Food: "The soba noodles weren't real soba noodles. The tuna was excellent, but that weird pepper stuff doesn't go with it. And the dessert is excessive. No one eats that much."
Is it the best way to spend $100?: "I'd buy ten CDs."
Would you come back? "Never. It's tacky."

BERNARD LIVINGSTON, 87; retired lawyer and author; lives on the Upper West Side
Ambience: "Whatever happened to quiet, intimate, elegant atmospheres? The ceilings are practically on top of your head. And they've got rock music pumping away, which I can't stand. Any place that serves food this good should serve it in a setting where the people can hear themselves talk. "
Food: "There's no vegetable with my fish! There should be some rice or potatoes! The chef obviously knows what he's doing. The fish is very tasty. I just wish there was a vegetable."
Wine: "Wonderful wine."
Is it the best way to spend $100?: "I'd go to El Cubano and pay $6 for a wonderful, healthy dinner, and I'd take the rest of the money and go to the Metropolitan Opera."
Would you come back? "Not even if *New York* Magazine paid for it. I didn't hear half of what was being said tonight."

UNIONS

A Labor of Shove: Why the Construction Workers' Rally Worked

The last time construction workers brought chaos to New York City as they did last Tuesday was when they beat up students protesting Nixon's 1970 invasion of Cambodia, cementing the image of hard hats as ultrapatriotic social conservatives. So it's not difficult to understand why the mayor and police commissioner were so taken by surprise when this last union rally in midtown Manhattan veered out of control. Construction workers aren't like Asian taxi drivers and immigrant food vendors; they're Giuliani's type of people. Who would've expected civil disobedience from *them*?

By most accounts, the rally alienated a great many observers. Attacking police officers wins few admirers; causing the traffic jam of the year wins fewer still. But union officials moved quickly to contain any backlash. Even before the evening news came on, a spokesperson for the Building and Construction Trades Council, which sponsored the day's events, struck a note of contrition, apologizing for the violence, offering restitution for damages, and refusing to criticize the police for their use of force.

Those gestures may not have impressed the many people put off by the angry spectacle, but they did ease political tempers. Giuliani, for one, was clearly pleased to be able to say that union officials had apologized. And the political reaction is the only one that really matters to the union. The issues being fought over—the awarding of public construction contracts—are decided by government officials, not the citizenry. And as such, the display of power may prove a boon to the larger cause of the American labor movement. The 40,000 marchers, and their friends and families, all belong to unions. And those unions have been quite willing to deliver their votes to whoever best serves their interests. That's got to give MTA chairman E. Virgil Conway and the other Pataki appointees who control the agency board pause next time they award a contract. Already, one board member, the conservative but politically sensitive John Dyson, has criticized the MTA's recent decision.

Three times last month, protesting workers snarled the city: first the taxi drivers, then some 20,000 hospital workers, and finally the hard hats. In a city so often divided by race, they represented a remarkable range of groups: South Asians, African-Americans, West Indians, Hispanics, Italians, Irish, you name it. If this reawakening of labor continues, and the protesting groups build links to one another, employers and politicians may be in for a mighty hot time.

Joshua Freeman

Forty thousand construction workers on Madison Avenue last week.

Photographs: top, Evan Kafka; bottom, Richard Drew/AP/Wide World.

CEREMONIES

Too Big on the Big Day

Pregnant brides give dressmakers fits.

IT TOOK ANDY MARVEL FOUR years to propose to his girlfriend, Jane Rosenberg, but it took them only two months to arrange their wedding for 300 guests at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. It wasn't just their own eagerness that got them moving so quickly. "I really wanted to get married before I got fat," explains Rosenberg, who became pregnant shortly after the engagement. "It definitely pushed things forward."

Pregnant brides are no longer a rarity or a scandal, but their expanding numbers—and their tendency toward denial about their expanding bodies—are turning into a new hassle for the bridal industry. "I had a bride who was six weeks pregnant and paid the $200 rush charge, added sleeves, changed the cummerbund, and insisted she wouldn't gain weight," says Josephine Iavarone, head of alterations at Kleinfeld, the Brooklyn bridal mecca. "She came back a few weeks later and had gained 23 pounds. We had to add some back panels to accommodate her."

Iavarone recalls another pregnant woman who rejected the suggestion of an appropriately commodious dress. "She'll be five months when she gets married, and she said that if anyone found out, or if she looks pregnant in her dress, she'll sue me," says Iavarone. In response, the customer was asked to sign a waiver releasing the store from responsibility if the dress didn't fit. "Brides are already under a lot of pressure, but pregnant brides especially. As dressmakers," Iavarone says, "we get the brunt of it."

Having witnessed a noticeable uptick in the number of pregnant clients, Saks Fifth Avenue bridal-salon manager Erica Arkin attaches a nonbinding clause to the regular bridal contract. "It's just something we add to their worksheets that states that we are not responsible for forecasting what their bodies will look like three months out," she says. "Some grow, and some don't gain an ounce. I've had to reconstruct entire dresses, and at the other end, I've had dresses so big that we've had to order another one a week before the wedding."

Vera Wang generally doesn't work with pregnant brides; all orders take a strict three months to fill. Though the salon seems to have made an exception for Uma Thurman, who this spring was married *enceinte* in a Vera Wang dress to Ethan Hawke. "In couture and for someone like Uma Thurman, we can do something in a couple of weeks," says retail manager Brenda Babcock, adding that made-to-order patterns start at $17,000.

Happiness can be achieved for less, however. Jane Rosenberg reports that her sleeveless A-line dress, personally fitted by designer Lila Broudé, concealed her four-month pregnancy but not some other recently acquired padding: "I had 30 men staring at my breasts, telling me how beautiful I looked." JENNIFER WOLFF

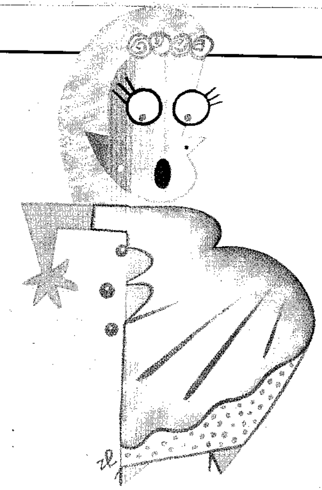


Illustration by Robert de Michiell.

THE SCENE

Maxxed Out

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Text by Vanessa Grigoriadis

SIPPING BRANDY AND PUFFING sweet cigarettes, dreadlocked guys and halter-topped girls swirled around Maxwell while the new love-daddy of hipness spread his groove and played his album. "This music is for when you want to get down and dirty with your female," said Wu-Tang Clan's U-God. Designer Marie-Anne Oudejans was meanwhile consoling Samantha Kluge, who'd gotten divorced mere days before. "What you need is a South American man who looks like that," said Oudejans, pointing at the host. "He's a fine-looking fella," Kluge allowed, "but my roommate from college was up for the same Grammy as him." Anyway, Maxwell was suddenly feeling prudish: "A sex god? I really don't connect with myself like that."

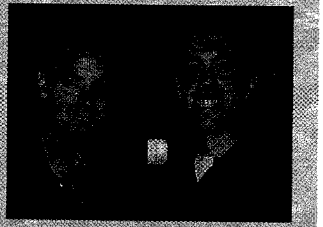
Maxwell celebrating the release of *Embrya,* his new album on Columbia, at Veruka.

Cyndi Lauper performing at Milk Studios on a night of Zero Tolerance to benefit the Sanctuary for Families.

Anne Slater and Isaac Hayes at Eleanor Lambert Berkson's home to announce the First International Monte Carlo/St. Jude Benefit.

Tara Rockefeller and George Stephanopoulos at the New-York Historical Society's opening of the "Kid City" permanent exhibition.

Laurie Anderson, Tom Kelly, Lorna Simpson, Lou Reed, and Mary Kelly at the Guggenheim SoHo's exhibit of Hugo Boss Prize: 1998 nominees.



George Clooney and Jerry Seinfeld at the premiere party for *Out of Sight,* held at the Mercer Kitchen.

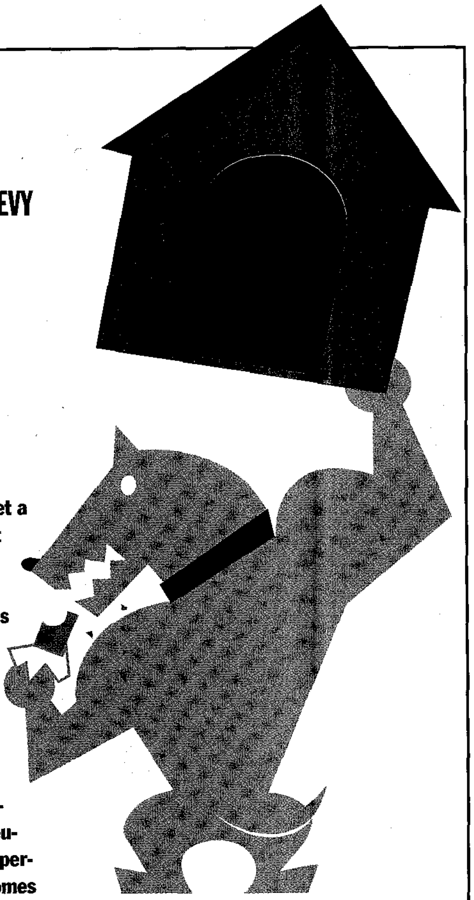
GOTHAMSTYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY

Make It a Double

"This place has had a long and sordid past," says Ian Stell, shouting over the final construction at Double Happiness, a basement lounge that's scheduled to open this week on the lost corner of Mott and Broome Streets: "Originally, it was an Italian whatever-you-call-it hat restaurant, and then a mob-controlled gay bar, back when that was a vice industry, but it was closed down when there was some sort of famous hit on the steps." Stell and his partner Michael Drury—the owner-builders behind Orchard Street's Orchard—have played up the spot's Chinatown history, with Asian touches like green-tea martinis and a big abacus. Curbside rubouts, however, are strongly discouraged.

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS



Give the Dog a Vitamin-Fortified Bone

In just one good tail-wagging, tongue-lolling romp through the park, dogs get a better workout than most of their owners do in a dozen *Buns of Steel* viewings. Yet most hounds eat like peasants, while so many owners follow diets fit for Olympic athletes. New canine health foods, however, will at last give dogs the chance to develop their very own food neuroses. The Rover Bar, a "performance dog snack," comes in peanut butter and oatmeal 'n' banana. The Dandy Doggy bakery's "Power Bark" uses "human-grade ingredients," so that "if the dog wants to share with his owner, they can." At Le Chien, a pet spa inside the Trump Plaza, the Wow Bow Bakery supplies all-natural cinnamon-raisin and vanilla cookies. "Break it into four pieces and give him a little each day," advises owner Lisa Gilford. "He won't realize you're holding out on him." **KATE COYNE**

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FLYER FONTS

In the House

"No one really gets what we do," says Andy Cruz, a young font designer at House Industries who, amid its decidedly postcollegiate atmosphere, ranks as something of a senior staff member. The eye-popping, ironically retro typefaces that the shop creates—sold on CD-ROM along with Tiki Dolls or songs by Suicidal Tendencies—are visible everywhere from *Rolling Stone* to Saab ads to the logo for the *Rosie O'Donnell Show.* Cruz says the latest font, Crackhouse, is popular, "like when they want to announce that there's been an earthquake on the local news." • "They're certainly the most interesting people working out there. There's a really high level of craft with those guys that hasn't been seen in at least ten years," says Charles Anderson, a well-known commercial designer. "Yeah, it's kinda frustrating," admits Cruz. "We do so much, but then our parents are like, 'So you . . . print stuff?' " **ANDREA DUNHAM**

BODY TYPE

A Room of One's Own

• You don't have to be a gossip-wary celebrity or a late-vintage blonde to prefer a bit of privacy while attending to matters such as dyeing, waxing, or styling. So, many of the toniest salons now offer private rooms to help clients keep their beauty secrets just that. The new "Estetica" room at Antonio Prieto emphasizes tranquillity, with candles, flowers, and music. At Pierre Michel's new salon on 57th Street, one can bypass the semi-public glare of the reception area, stepping directly from the elevator into a secluded room that's tricked out with a private phone line and aromatherapeutic oils. (Anna Wintour was the first client.) And at Frédéric Fekkai, Kim Basinger, Stephanie Seymour, Ellen DeGeneres, and Anne Heche have all been spotted ducking into the *intime* rooms—and closing the door, thank you. Less-celebrated customers of these salons who want to keep things on the q.t. may find they have to book their private moments well in advance. BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Photograph by Amy Freeth. Illustration by Richard McGuire. Cover courtesy of House Industries.

THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES SUROWIECKI

Get Shorty

In this inflated market, in which "sell" recommendations seem almost unpatriotic, short-sellers are the guys everybody loves to hate. So what if they happen to be good for the economy?

IF YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE A LARGE group of people angry very quickly, go to the craps table at any casino and put down a stack of chips on the DON'T PASS line. (This means you will be betting against the shooter.) If you bet DON'T PASS, your odds will be slightly better than if you bet with the shooter, and your bet will of course have absolutely no impact on the eventual roll of the dice. But you will nonetheless be the recipient of baleful glances and murmurs of discontent. And things won't get any better if you're proved right.

Welcome to the world of short-sellers.

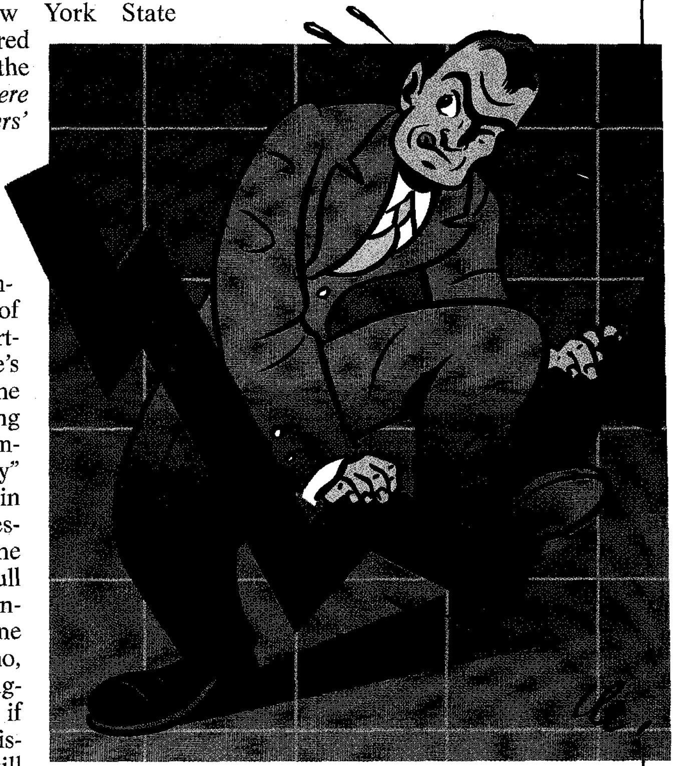
Short-sellers borrow shares in a company and sell them, betting that the stock's price will go down, allowing them to buy shares back at a lower price in order to return them to the lender. In a bull market, short-sellers are therefore flying in the face of what most investors believe to be true: that stocks will go up. But short-sellers are not known as "hated . . . prophets of doom," as *Business Week* put it, merely because they refuse to show team spirit. Short-selling also challenges a Wall Street status quo in which analysts feel pressure to maintain an upbeat outlook on companies and in which "sell" recommendations, in this bizarrely irrepressible bull market, are practically nonexistent. And the tens of millions of Americans who are now invested in the stock market care less about "fair value" than about making sure their investments are worth more tomorrow (a *lot* more) than they are today.

Contrarianism, even when intellectually justified, is not necessarily a recipe for tremendous returns, especially at a time when not even minuscule corporate-profit growth can shake investors' bullish fervor. The ranks of professional short-sellers were thinned in the early nineties and have not really filled up since. And though short-sellers successfully called the eventual stock-price collapse of some of the highest-flying stocks of the past couple of years—including companies such as Iomega, Boston Chicken, and, most recently, Sunbeam—that doesn't necessarily mean that they reaped huge profits. At one point, for instance, Iomega short-sellers had a reported $1 billion in paper losses, so it's not clear how many of the shorts who were there in the beginning were still around to clean up when the stock finally tumbled. "I was right, but I was early" is the short-seller's most painful lament.

SHORT-SELLERS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN DESPISED. Napoleon believed the short-seller to be "an enemy of the State," and at different times both the British Parliament and New York State banned shorting. As Fred Schwed, the author of the Wall Street classic *Where Are the Customers' Yachts?*, put it, short-selling has traditionally been seen as "an easy way to pick up a fortune provided that you are willing to be immoral." In the wake of the 1929 crash, the short-seller became everyone's favorite villain, with one senator calling shorting "one of the greatest commercial evils of the day" and "a major cause in prolonging the Depression." And though one might expect that a bull market would make investors more sanguine about short-sellers—who, after all, can't be dragging down the market if the market just keeps rising—in fact they're still considered by many to be, as one CEO recently put it, perpetrators of "corporate slaughters."

Executives of companies whose stock prices are hurting routinely blame a short-seller "conspiracy," and legal action against short-sellers is often threatened though, tellingly, rarely taken.

In one sense, the fact that the sharpest criticism of short-selling comes from individual companies is entirely appropriate, since the work of serious short-sellers is decidedly company-specific. Short-sellers play a valuable role in the market not because they're saying that the Dow Jones Industrial Average will drop by 10 percent in the next month but because they're saying that even in boom times, there are companies whose stock prices are way out of line with their true value.



Certainly the record of Manuel Asensio, perhaps the most notorious of short-sellers, testifies to that. Asensio is unusual among short-sellers—who tend to shy from publicity—because he conducts all his business in the open, posting his research reports on the Internet (www.asensio.com) and issuing "strong sell" recommendations when he's decided that a company is "grossly overvalued." When Asensio shorts a stock, it's because he thinks the company is lying about either its finances or its products. Asensio may be inclined to see criminality where there's nothing more than mismanagement. But in the past three years alone, he has sure burst

Illustration by Mark Matcho.

the bubbles of a series of companies whose stocks were enormously pumped up, including ErgoBilt, Diana Corp., Solv-Ex, Crystallex, and BioTime. Solv-Ex, for instance, claimed that it had technology that would allow it to extract petroleum from oil-laden sand, and when Asensio issued a detailed report on why its technology was valueless, Solv-Ex's CEO accused him of "criminal activity." The company is now bankrupt. Crystallex insisted that it owned gold-mine concessions in Venezuela that it did not own. When Asensio challenged the company, it threatened to sue, issued a press release calling his attacks "baseless," and actually took out an ad in *Investors' Business Daily* that purported to refute the allegations. Just two weeks ago, the Venezuelan Supreme Court ruled that Crystallex had no rights to the mines. The stock now trades at ⅞. (That's right: You can buy a share for under a buck.)

"Markets *are* efficient," Asensio says. "But the market can only process the information that's out there, so if companies are dishonest and if they provide information that's at odds with reality, they can create movements in their stock that would lead them to gross overvaluations. Someone's got to do the heavy pulling to expose those situations."

Asensio's single-minded focus on fraud certainly distinguishes him from the broader crop of short-sellers, as does his open combat with companies. Some fund managers, including, most notably, David Rocker of Rocker & Associates (who is short Starbucks, among others), short on fundamentals—that is, whether a company's stock price is out of line with its projected earnings growth or its return on capital. But that takes a lot of research, a lot of patience, and a lot of confidence, since overpriced stocks often move higher in the short term. Many short-sellers concentrate instead on horror-stories-in-the-making, looking for companies with egregious mismanagement and executives who are more interested in lining their own pockets than in taking care of shareholders. What's remarkable is how often they find them.

"The research of these guys is just unbelievable," says Herb Greenberg, senior columnist for TheStreet.com. Greenberg often relies on short-sellers as sources for his column, and he's frequently accused of being a conduit for false rumors. "It's so intense, so comprehensive," he says. "But nobody wants to hear it. I understand that. Who wants to hear that a company you own is being run horribly? But good short-sellers are obsessed with finding trouble, and if they've got you in their sights, there's an excellent chance they'll eventually be right."

Amid all the self-congratulation we've indulged in recently over how open and transparent our financial markets are compared with the rest of the world's, it's striking to realize that fraud is still a common problem, and that using accounting gimmicks—like writing off losses as onetime charges, listing operating expenses under capital expenditures, and moving revenue from future quarters into the present one—to boost stock prices is just par for the course for many American companies. But as Greenberg suggests, and as Sunbeam's Al Dunlap discovered a couple of weeks ago, you can keep the balls in the air for only so long. Eventually, bad companies do get punished, just as good companies get rewarded. But the unworthy get punished a lot more quickly because of the kind of research that the best short-sellers do.

The irony of the attacks on short-sellers as "speculators," in fact, is that shorts often seem to be the most diligent, traditional investors of all, scrutinizing balance sheets, talking to suppliers and customers, trying, in some sense, to understand companies better than the companies understand themselves. At a time when more and more of our savings are invested in the stock market, it's easy to feel that a perpetual rise in stock prices is in everyone's interest. But the stock market isn't a machine for making investors rich. It's supposed to be a machine that ensures that capital flows to companies that use it efficiently—and away from companies, like Crystallex or Sunbeam, that use it inefficiently. And that machine needs short-sellers to work. They're the invisible hand of the invisible hand.

In brief: NOW YOU, TOO, CAN OWN A CHUNK of *The Simpsons* and *Ally McBeal*, since Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation will be spinning off its Fox television-and-movie division as a separate company. Like nearly all spin-offs, the move is intended to boost shareholder value by allowing the market to value Fox's properties independently of News Corp.'s myriad other assets. Broadcasting stocks are hot right now, so that's probably a smart move. But the spin-off will put considerable pressure on Fox's executives to deliver steady earnings growth every quarter—a difficult thing to do in the movie business, which has been squandering the investment dollars of dentists for decades. Imagine how investors would have reacted to the *Godzilla* debacle had Sony Pictures been an independent company. ■

"Perfect wife" seeks suave, thin, manly type. Hollywood was my dream dear. Good looks got me signed with Warner's by age 20. Loved trading verbal shots–not to mention martinis–with William Powell. Imagine my beauty and wit in *The Mask of Fu Manchu.* And that, darling, the same year I star in *Love Me Tonight.* Few years later, Powell and I cross words in *Double Wedding.* In real life, I had four. On screen, though, I was crazy for Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable and Cary Grant, the ideal foil for my kind of humor. For some great retro repartee, catch us Thursday night, July 9, at 8pm/ET A&E's on Biography.

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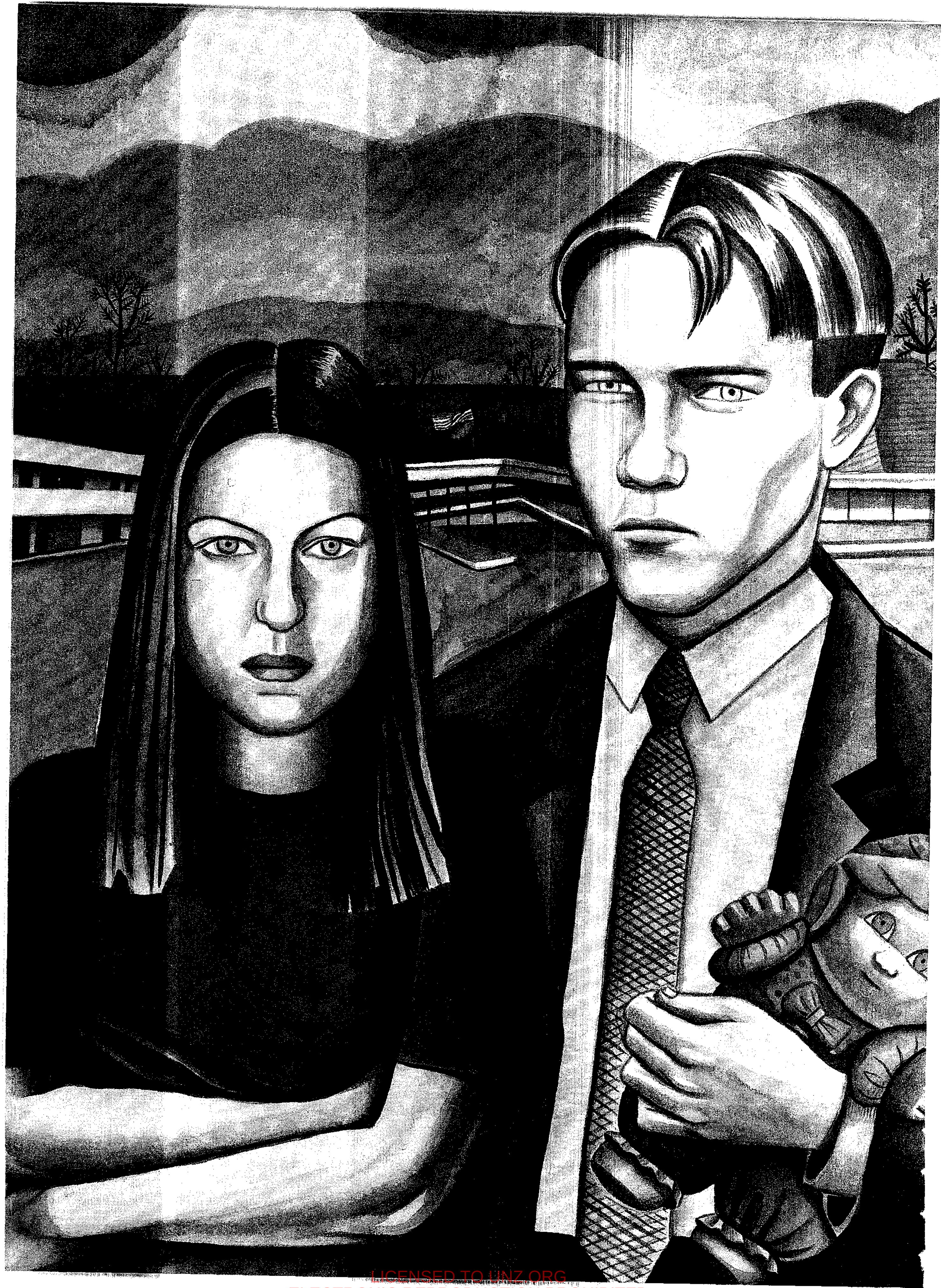


AMY AND BRIAN LIKED TO PLAY WITH A CABBAGE PATCH DOLL AND PRETEND IT WAS THEIR BABY. BUT THEN THE GAME TURNED REAL. HOW A COUPLE OF "SWEET KIDS" CAME TO TRASH THEIR NEWBORN IN A DELAWARE DUMPSTER.

BY MELANIE THERNSTROM

Child's Play

THE SEX-EDUCATION PROGRAM AT RAMAPO HIGH School—attended by students from the wealthy suburbs of Wyckoff and Franklin Lakes, in Bergen County, New Jersey—is generally considered to be "kind of a joke." Teen parenthood is almost unheard-of here, because, as one teacher explains, "our students know they have futures. They've been planning their futures since preschool. The last thing they'd dream of is throwing everything away and having a baby." As part of their senior health class, students are asked to bring in a symbolic baby and care for it for two weeks while they are in school. Many of the kids in the class of 1996 found the exercise silly, but Brian C. Peterson Jr. and his girlfriend of three years, Amy Suzanne Grossberg, liked it: They bought a Cabbage Patch doll, which they carried around, cooing to it and cradling it, pretending it was their own baby.

What no one else in school knew then was that during the spring of her senior year—at the very time they were playing this game—Amy was pregnant. In November 1996, a few months into the fall term of her freshman year at the University of Delaware, Amy gave birth to a baby whom she and Brian covertly delivered and promptly abandoned in a suburban motel Dumpster. Days later, they were indicted and arrested for first-degree murder, a death-penalty crime in Delaware, and then released on bail into the care of their parents.

In Wyckoff and its wealthier neighbor Franklin Lakes, where Amy grew up, there has been enormous sympathy for the Grossberg and the Peterson families. Once the initial furor subsided, in the minds of many townspeople, Brian and Amy quickly returned to their previous identities as the offspring of "good families." Many parents seem to think, as Rosalie Stanton, a Grossberg family friend, puts it, that "this could have been anyone's kid." Friends of the Grossbergs from the Indian Trail Country Club in Franklin Lakes even formed an "Amy Grossberg Defense Fund." As this week's sentencing approached, many felt, like Peterson family friend Lorraine Palmetto, that "they've been punished enough."

Throughout the year, as they awaited trial, the accused teenagers didn't let the trouble separate them. Brian still drove his shiny black Toyota Celica the short distance from his parents' house to the condominium where Amy lived with her parents, and bought a present for her at the Bear's Den in Wyckoff Center: a velour bunny-rabbit Beanie Baby whose silver tag is inscribed with a birth date. At court appearances, they touched each other's hands in passing and conspicuously mouthed "I love you" across the crowded courtroom. Both Brian and Amy's lawyers asserted again and again that they would never "turn on one another."

But on March 9, just before the trial, Brian suddenly pleaded guilty to manslaughter in exchange for agreeing to testify against Amy. His lawyers, however, said that while

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JENNY WILLIAMS

Brian felt "contrition for these occurrences . . . never, never did he intend to harm that newborn," and that he threw the baby away, at Amy's instruction, because he thought it was born dead. Six weeks later, Amy followed suit. She entered the courtroom sobbing, her head bowed, her arms wrapped around the waist of her chief lawyer. Although she pleaded guilty to manslaughter, her lawyers insisted that she never knew the baby was alive and that Brian had disposed of it on his own.

On July 9, the estranged couple—who haven't spoken since March—will both be sentenced in Delaware Superior Court for manslaughter—a charge that carries a suggested penalty of just two and a half years in jail. The harshest term they can receive is ten years; the most lenient is no jail time at all. But while the prosecution, in a surprising last-minute decision, accepted the lesser plea, its own forensic evidence—sealed by a gag order and never before made public—suggests that Brian and Amy's crime was less a panicked accident than a deliberate incident of first-degree murder: Moments after their infant was born, they bashed in his skull while he was still alive and then left his battered body in a Dumpster to die.

NEONATICIDE, THE KILLING OF AN infant within its first day—and usually its first hour—of life, is a strange subset of infanticide. Most psychiatrists consider it more a crime of "convenience" than psychosis, although the convenience of the act seems completely baffling: Why, today, in an era in which more than 1.2 million abortions are performed legally and safely every year, would a woman choose to jeopardize her own life to rid herself of an unwanted pregnancy?

There are about 250 cases of neonaticide reported each year and presumably many many more that are never discovered. Usually, the mother is young; she often has scant financial or emotional resources. Dr. Neil S. Kaye, a forensic psychiatrist and an expert on neonaticide, notes that "the typical mother in such a case remembers little of the birth, expresses no regret, and shows no signs of trauma. She never viewed the baby as a person, so she never sees the death as murder. To the extent to which she acknowledges it at all, she views the pregnancy as a growth, like a tumor. A tumor is living material—you could irradiate it, cut off its blood supply, and no one would expect you to mourn it." Seven months after the Grossberg case, New Jersey teenager Melissa Drexler was so severely disassociated that after delivering and disposing of her newborn in the bathroom during her high-school prom, she returned to the dance floor, requested a song, and ate a salad.

The only consistency in maternal-neonaticide cases is the absence of the baby's father at the time of the act. Dr. Kaye says that in researching 200 years of recorded history in thirteen languages, he has never found a case of two parents conspiring to kill their infant—the product of their love. "The crime of which Brian and Amy have been accused is unique in the history of the world," he says. "It cannot be accounted for in our understanding of neonaticide. Even in literature you have mothers, such as Medea, killing their children, but there are no stories of two parents *collaborating* to kill their baby."

"A FEW MONTHS AFTER THEIR ARREST, BRIAN BOUGHT A PRESENT FO

ALTHOUGH BRIAN AND AMY ARE CONSISTENTLY PORTRAYED AS THE products of great wealth, both sets of parents are in fact fairly successful businesspeople from modest backgrounds. Amy's parents, Alan and Sonye Grossberg, own a furniture business, and Brian's mother, Barbara Zuchowski, and his stepfather, John, are video wholesalers. To pay their million-dollar legal fees the parents of both children have had to mortgage their homes and deplete their life savings. "The Grossbergs weren't born with silver spoons in their mouths," says their friend Diane Dobrow. "They're hardworking people who've earned every penny. All they've ever wanted is to give their children a good life."

Most of the money in Bergen County is new money, made by men who rarely see the town during daylight hours but who sit at desks on Wall Street or in New Jersey corporations knowing they have purchased a life for their families in a lush, protected enclave where every property is landscaped. Although most of the houses were built in this century, they mainly mimic other period styles: fake English country cottages, Tudor mansions, medieval castles complete with miniature moats.

In Wyckoff and Franklin Lakes, people aren't careless with their children or their money. They're the anxious middle class: Their kids are their greatest investment, their proudest possession. Resident Patricia Wilcha recalls driving around town with a Realtor who would point to a house and say, " 'That's a family where their kid went to Harvard; there's one with a daughter at Stanford.' In our town," Wilcha says, "people talk like your kids' accomplishments actually increase the value of your property."

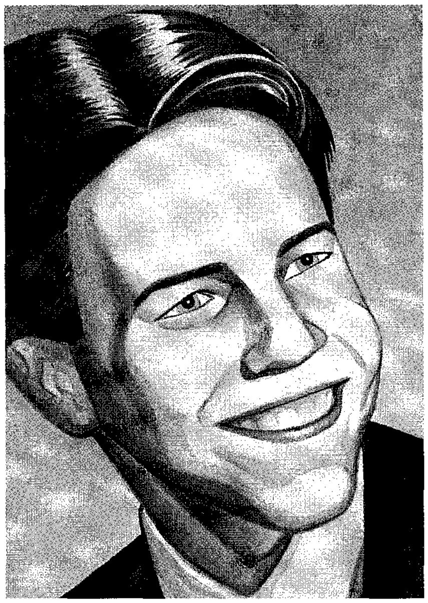
There has been speculation in the press that Brian and Amy must have been troubled teens whose parents "warped them somewhere along the way" and who suffered from "a lack of communication"—a speculation Amy's parents have made every effort to combat. At court appearances, Sonye always entered with her arms wrapped around her daughter, as though Amy were unable to walk on her own. During breaks she sat next to her daughter, continually touching her and playing with her hair as if she were still a little girl.

In June 1997, Amy and her parents appeared on Barbara Walters's television show *20/20* (a gambit for which the judge dismissed her lead lawyer, Robert Gottlieb, for violating a court-imposed gag order). The only point of the show seemed to be to convey that Amy was a good daughter. Filmed sitting on her bed in a girlish room with large stuffed animals, Amy and her mother spoke in eerily matching phrases, affirming their special closeness. Finishing Amy's sentences, her mother declared Amy "a child who went through high school and never received detention or a parking ticket" and who always told her everything.

Still heavy from her pregnancy, wearing silver rings and a silver heart necklace identical to one her mother wears, Amy appeared strikingly inarticulate, younger than her 18 years, and removed from the reality of her child's death. When asked what she first thought when she was accused of the crime—days after she had left her child in the Dumpster—she responded, "I couldn't understand why." When asked, "Can you ever forget? Is it always with you?," she cried, "Constantly—I'm still reminded because I'm still confined!” and showed her ankle with the monitoring bracelet to the camera.

AS A CHILD, BRIAN PETERSON, WITH HIS STRAIGHT BLOND HAIR, BLUE eyes, and pale skin, embodied an American ideal of little-boy cuteness—an idea his mother was sufficiently keen on that she took him on auditions. He actually appeared in some print advertisements and a toy commercial in which he rode a rocking horse. He grew up to be, as Barbara's childhood friend Lorraine Palmetto describes him, “a nice, nice-looking, well-rounded, athletic, all-American kid. He wasn't a bookworm and he didn't get the best grades, but he didn't pierce his tongue or tattoo his butt, and he never gave his parents a moment's worry.”

At Ramapo High School, Brian was co-captain of the soccer team and one of the most popular boys. He had a smooth confidence—an aura of floating in a serene space. A close friend, Ryan Carr, who is now a student at Drew University, says, “People looked up to him, and he tried to demonstrate how the captain should act by being responsible and level-headed. He had a lot of common sense.” Jason Fredson, a student at Boston University and a friend of Brian and Amy's, told me that Brian “was one of those personalities that people immediately like—he was always the center of attention. He was good-looking and funny, the class clown.”



Nevertheless, Brian “drifted through school academically,” Jason remembers, “looking for things to kill the time.” His only real interest lay in sports, but while he was competitive and aggressive and, according to his soccer coach, a quality player, he was not a star. He had no plans for his future beyond enrolling in Gettysburg College, a small Lutheran school in southern Pennsylvania. Brian's guidance counselor, Tom Haring, envisioned Brian going into “some kind of business something—perhaps sales, because he was very personable.” Another friend of Brian's told me, “I think underneath, Brian felt a lot of pressure about his future. He'd sort of go blank when the subject was raised—as it is all the time in Ramapo High. His father doesn't make that much money; his stepfather, John, owns this rich business. He wanted to be like John, and I think he worried how he was going to do it. In our parents' generation, you could work your way up, but now you need a Harvard M.B.A. He was going to Gettysburg College.”

MY: A VELOUR BEANIE BABY INSCRIBED WITH A **BIRTH DATE.”**

But what Brian was like on a deeper level, no one seems to have known but Amy. Neither of Brian's two closest friends—Marc Veli or Ryan Carr—recalls Brian's ever having confided in them, or even having had a “serious” conversation with them. Brian and Amy “shared stuff they didn't share with anybody else,” Ryan says. “Their relationship was like a circle no one went in.”

WHEN BRIAN AND AMY BEGAN DATING IN THEIR SOPHOMORE YEAR, their classmates were puzzled by what Brian saw in her—a “not very visible” member of the class. She was “nice,” “sweet,” “quiet, but friendly,” and had a “ready smile.” She was “artistic”; she wanted to be a fashion designer. She was “helpful”; throughout high school, she volunteered to teach art to mentally retarded students. “I think that when you saw her, she really fell into the crowd; she didn't have any standout qualities personality-wise,” Jason Fredson says. “She hung around in a group of girls who were among the best-looking in school, but she wasn't one of them.” However, Jason adds, “behind closed doors, I'm sure she has a personality—otherwise, what would Brian have seen in her?”

With Brian at the center of her life, Amy fit in better; her boyfriend even made her an object of widespread envy. “She was much more insecure than Brian,” their friend Marc Veli says. “She looked up to him because he was more popular and made himself known—she was very proud to be his girlfriend.” They lost their virginity to one another; in their senior year, Brian gave Amy a diamond-heart necklace, which she showed to everyone, and the two became known as “the couple” in the school.

Amy had few friends before she began going out with Brian. “She was the kind of person who only wanted to be exclusive friends with you—she would pull you in and take you away from a group. People knew it was a trap, so no one wanted to be friends with her,” an acquaintance of Amy's explains. People remember her instead as spending most of her time with her mother. A friend of Amy's mother recalls, “Amy always seemed in her mother's shadow—Sonye was much more outgoing. I thought it was strange the way they were always together.”

In junior high school, Amy had been chubby, but in high school she became preoccupied with her weight, and by her senior year she had become painfully thin. Many of her classmates wondered if she had become anorexic. “Some girls thought she looked good, but I thought she was sick,” a friend of Amy's says. “She was so caught up in dieting and trying to look perfect. I don't know if her family ever really dealt with it. The Grossbergs had a very nice house and a very nice life, and they always drove the best cars, and they weren't the kind of family where people had problems. Her mom was naturally skinny and fashionable, and Amy was always trying to look like her.”

One of Amy's friends told me that although it might have been difficult for Sonye to lose Amy as a confidante, Amy's parents were thrilled about Brian. Barbara Zuchowski, however, was less thrilled about Amy. “It's not so much that Barbara didn't like her,” Lorraine Palmetto recalls, “as that she felt the relationship shouldn't be so serious. It was a high-school romance. She thought Brian would go off to college and have other opportunities, that he had many horizons. Amy was always more invested in the relationship than he was—he was the one in the driver's seat, but after she got pregnant, that changed.”

AMY CONCEIVED AROUND FEBRUARY 1996, WHEN SHE and Brian were seniors, but for many months, she managed to keep her pregnancy hidden from her parents and friends. Girls with eating disorders perceive their bodies in a distorted fashion, and those suffering from anorexia nervosa in particular often have fantasies that they can control physical reality. A young woman's first pregnancy may be less visible, owing to her strong stomach musculature. And Amy, like many teenage girls—especially those with eating disorders—wore baggy clothes to conceal her body. Her parents were relieved to see her putting on weight.

Others recall Brian and Amy looking happy and in love throughout the spring and summer: celebrating their high-school graduation, going to parties at the Indian Hill country club, swimming in Brian's backyard pool, and sailing in his parents' boat. Brian went to Europe for a few weeks with his soccer team, and Amy worked at the YMCA with 5-year-old girls. In July, Amy had a routine precollege physical exam by her pediatrician in which her pregnancy was not detected. At one point, according to Brian's lawyers, she and Brian discussed the pregnancy and considered an abortion, and they actually drove to a facility in northern New Jersey but did not go in. By the time she arrived at college, the date for a legal abortion had passed.

IN HER DORM AT DELAWARE, AMY HAD JUST ONE ROOMMATE, but she shared a bathroom and showers with half the floor, and other girls would sometimes walk in when she was showering. She managed, however, to effectively communicate that she did not want to talk about her condition—and, as it happened, the world collaborated in her denial. Perhaps a careless question from just one person—"When are you expecting?"—would have changed the course of events, made her realize the baby was not invisible and could not simply disappear, but no one asked.

Delaware student Leo Shane says that Amy's pregnancy was something everyone thought about but no one talked about because "people liked her and wanted to respect her privacy. Anyway, everyone assumed that if she was pregnant, her parents must have known."

"AT ONE POINT, HIS LAWYERS SAY, THEY CONSIDERED AN ABOR

Two weeks before the birth, Amy's parents traveled to Delaware to visit her. This must have constituted a crisis for Amy—an occasion that threatened exposure or invited confession. Amy told her mother that she was tired and not feeling well. But the weekend passed without any mention of the pregnancy by either of them.

According to Sonye's friends, Sonye was not only a loving mother but a modern, liberal woman who would have been able to handle the fact of her daughter's pregnancy without punishing or rejecting her. As for why she did not realize that her daughter was eight and a half months pregnant, the most obvious explanation is that she didn't want to—a message her daughter might have picked up on. When Sonye was Amy's age, an out-of-wedlock pregnancy would have been a disaster; perhaps Amy was identifying with her mother (who had married her father after a high-school romance) or imagining her mother would see Amy as herself and not realize that her daughter's options were different. Her mother, after all, was always analogizing their romances: "I looked at them the way I remembered Alan and I," Mrs. Grossberg has said. A friend of Sonye's says of mother and daughter: "I think they had a very overinvolved relationship, with a lack of boundaries."

AT GETTYSBURG COLLEGE, BRIAN'S CLASSMATES FOUND HIM RESERVED and unapproachable. He didn't become close to his roommate, and he was gone almost every weekend, visiting an increasingly pregnant Amy. Yet week after week, he failed to seek medical care and make plans for her delivery.

In fact, Amy was not just enduring an ordinary pregnancy without prenatal care; she was sick with pre-eclampsia, a high-blood-pressure condition that occurs in pregnancy and causes dizziness and nausea. Untreated, it can lead to eclampsia, which causes seizures. Moreover, by an odd twist of fate, after her baby's death, it was discovered that he wasn't healthy, either. He suffered from a rare brain deformity known as schizencephaly, or brain clefts, which would have resulted in mental retardation and impaired motor development: a birth defect that might have justified a late-term abortion had the teenagers consulted a doctor.

But friends say that while Brian's passivity may have jeopardized Amy's physical health, he believed he was protecting her mental health. "Amy was always a little fragile, and I think he felt he had to take care of her," Marc Veli told me. According to Lorraine Palmetto, "he was worried about Amy. She made him promise not to tell anyone. She was sick throughout the pregnancy, and he was afraid she was suicidal. He felt if he did anything to betray her, it would push her over the edge." Another friend of Brian's says that Amy "told him she would kill herself if he told anyone. He felt it was her body, and he wanted to stand by her. He promised."

IT WAS ALMOST ONE IN THE MORNING ON NOVEMBER 12 WHEN AMY called Brian to tell him her water had broken. He drove the two and a half hours to Delaware. There was a hospital just a few miles away, but like most students at the school, Amy was covered by her parents' health insurance, and they would be notified in the event of a hospitalization. A conversation took place in which they apparently decided that keeping the secret was paramount and should override all other considerations: They would drive to a nearby motel and attempt—without anesthesia, without Lamaze classes, and with only their dim recollections of health-class birth movies for guidance—to deliver the baby themselves.

Amy waited in the car while Brian paid $56 in cash at the desk of the Comfort Inn and signed his real name, address, and license-plate number on the hotel register. At four in the morning, in the grim *faux*-pastoral décor of Room 220, Amy gave birth to a small boy with a full head of dark hair. No one at the hotel heard Amy's cries during childbirth, and no one heard the cries of the child, either.

About an hour later, they left the motel, taking with them bloody, balled-up bed linens. They separated immediately and went back to their respective colleges and took up their normal routines. Brian stopped at a car wash on his way home. Amy attended her classes and was seen around the dorm by other students until six in the evening, when she suffered a seizure, began hemorrhaging severely, and fainted. She was taken by ambulance to Christiana Hospital, where the medical staff there realized immediately that the blood seeping between Amy's legs was from the undelivered placenta. But when they asked where the baby was, she denied its existence.

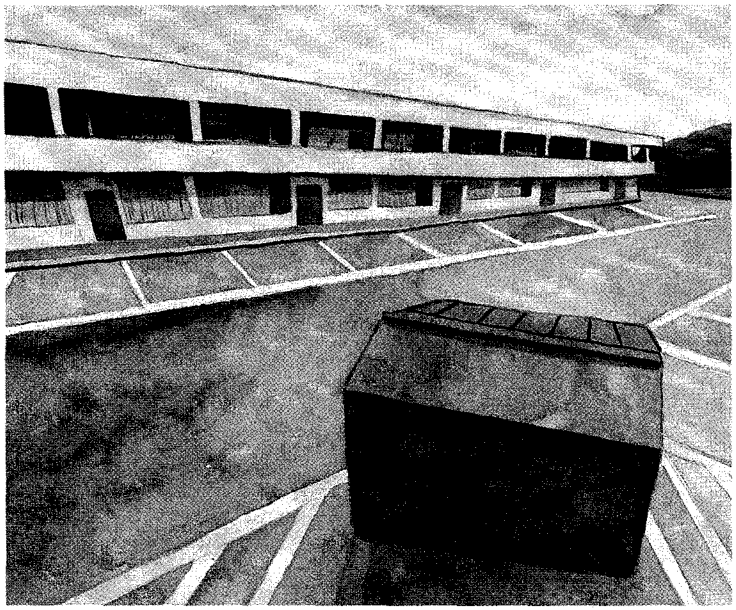
Alerted about the missing infant, police were eventually directed to Brian at Gettysburg College, who told them he had "taken care of the baby and placed it in the Dumpster." In the frigid morning the following day, police dogs located the baby in a metal bin behind the parking lot of the Comfort Inn. The baby had been placed in a gray garbage bag with yellow strings—a bag not provided by the motel, but one Brian and Amy must have brought with them. The Dumpster was to be emptied in half an hour.

THE DEATH CERTIFICATE LISTS THE CAUSES OF DEATH AS multiple skull fractures, hypothermia, and asphyxia. In their plea agreement, Brian and Amy asserted that they were guilty of manslaughter rather than murder, because they never tried to harm the baby. But though prosecutors accepted the plea, this contention is contradicted by their own evidence. "We absolutely know the baby was alive when the injuries were sustained," Dr. Adrienne Sekula-Perlman, a deputy chief medical examiner in Delaware, told me. She explained that it is easy to distinguish pre- and postmortem trauma because dead tissue does not bleed in the same way. “Unlike in the movies, people often do not die immediately of head trauma,” she says. “The baby was alive when they put it in the Dumpster; it died of a combination of the trauma, lack of oxygen from having been placed in a garbage bag, and exposure.” Dr. Sekula-Perlman also says that “the fractures did not come about as the result of an accident”—such as dropping the baby on the bathroom floor—because “we can distinguish fractures caused by accidents” by calculating the weight of the baby, the height of the fall, and so forth.

The defense maintains that the baby died of schizencephaly, perhaps aggravated by eclampsia. “Had the baby been viable, they doubtless would have dropped it off on a doorstep,” a defense lawyer told me. But although a small percentage of infants do die at birth of schizencephaly, according to Dr. Sekula-Perlman, this baby died of skull fractures—“massive fractures, from repeated blows aimed at the head. Head trauma is a very specific thing.”

Could the baby have been born still and blue, so that they thought it was dead and placed it in the Dumpster, where its skull was crushed by accident? Deputy Attorney General Peter Letang, the lead prosecutor in the case, claims that nothing was found on top of the infant’s body. Dr. Sekula-Perlman insists that the baby had “ingested oxygen,” and it was “normal-looking—it was cute. We thought of every imaginable possibility. I went in thinking it must have been stillborn, or died accidentally. I wanted it to be different. I have an 18-year-old son who looks like the defendant. But the evidence just kept building up.”

N AND DROVE TO A FACILITY IN NEW JERSEY BUT DID NOT GO IN.”



THE KILLING OF A CHILD BY its parent has always been seen as a special crime, different from a death at the hands of a stranger, and one that tends to produce disparate compassionate or condemnatory reactions. Under Roman law, murdering children up to adulthood was a paternal right, and in many countries infanticide is an almost acceptable form of population control. In others, like England, maternal infanticide is considered more symptomatic of mental illness than of criminality, and mothers are generally sent to psychiatric hospitals instead of prison.

Dr. Kaye argues that infanticide is a lesser crime than murder, because an infant “wouldn’t have been alive but for its parents” and because it “suffers less than an older child or adult. It has no life experience—its claim on life is less.” However, the very fragility of a newborn makes others react to infanticide as the most depraved of crimes, one for which a civilized society can tolerate no forgiveness.

Verdicts in maternal infanticide cases are unpredictable, but juries tend to sympathize with the defendant. The average sentence of those convicted is a couple of years—far less than penalties for mothers convicted of killing older children. In many states (including New York), the killing of a newborn is not legally considered first-degree murder. In Delaware, where another dead infant was found in a Dumpster just last week, prosecutors ultimately opted not to risk a trial for Brian and Amy, perhaps because they were afraid the jury would concur with Brian’s soccer coach, Evan Baumgarten, who says, “They made some bad decisions. Doesn’t anyone remember what it’s like to be 18? You make mistakes. You do *things* for love. It doesn’t mean your life should be ruined.”

IT TOOK MORE THAN A YEAR BEFORE LEGAL PRESSURES FRACtured the couple. Each of their defense teams—which have included more than a dozen lawyers, the best-known of whom is Jack Litman, who previously represented Robert Chambers and Oliver Jovanovic—has focused on casting the other as the dominant and therefore responsible partner. Brian’s defense is that he was doing what Amy wanted; Amy’s defense is, as one might expect, the mirror image.

The position of Brian’s defense team, that he was “under Amy’s spell,” seemed a tricky sell. “He was doing what she told him to and keeping her secret,” one of his lawyers told me. “I think he was a hero. In most neonaticide cases, the father deserts the woman—but not Brian. If you go to help a suicidal friend, is it your fault if they kill themselves anyway?”

Amy’s position seemed slightly stronger. “Amy was suffering from eclampsia as well as the stress of labor,” a defense lawyer told me. “She wasn’t in a position to be making decisions. Her life was in her boyfriend’s hands.” Moreover, he explained, Amy had an irregular period. She miscalculated the dates of her pregnancy and thought she was having “a miscarriage rather than a live birth”—an explanation that doesn’t actually account for why she and Brian went to the motel room. Her defense team sought to introduce evidence that she had been “mentally and emotionally overwrought” and had passed a polygraph test, ruled out by the judge, supporting her account that she never saw the baby, never knew it was alive, and never discussed killing it. Unlike Brian, who had admitted disposing of the baby when first questioned by the police, Amy had never spoken to them.

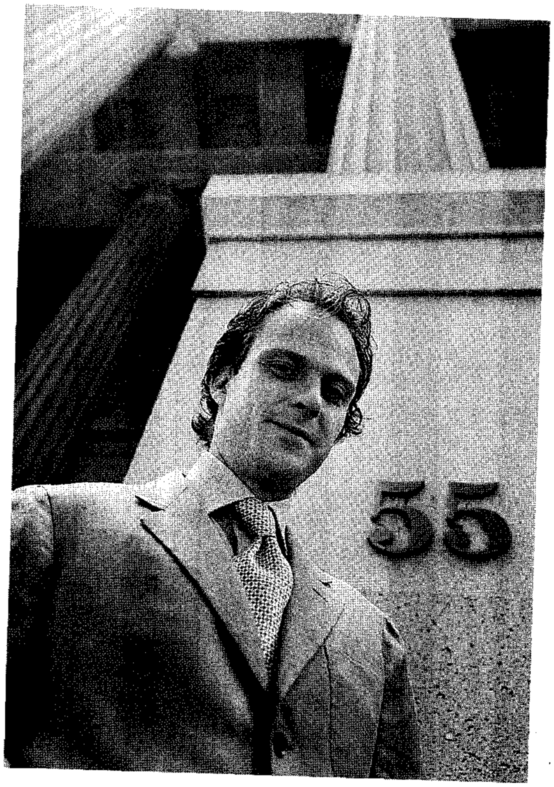
It was the imbalance in their legal liability that made Amy’s lawyer decide to separate their defenses, by asking in March for a separate trial. Legally, the wisest thing that Amy could have done would have been to marry Brian, so that he couldn’t testify against her. Instead, when Amy’s lawyers blamed him, Brian’s defense collapsed, and within days he pleaded guilty in exchange for a reduced sentence. He agreed to testify against his girlfriend, claiming that she had shouted: “Get rid of it—get rid of it!”

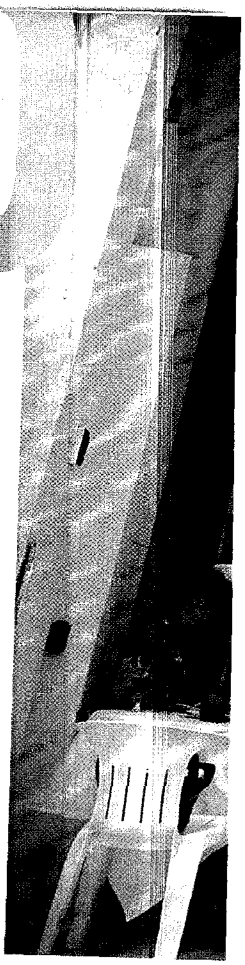
WHAT WAS IN THEIR MINDS THE NIGHT THEY RID THEMSELVES OF their newborn? If the two teenagers were psychotic, as some psychiatrists have speculated, they could have been thinking anything—that the baby could only be born in a Comfort Inn, or that they had to dispose of it before it

(continued on page 84)

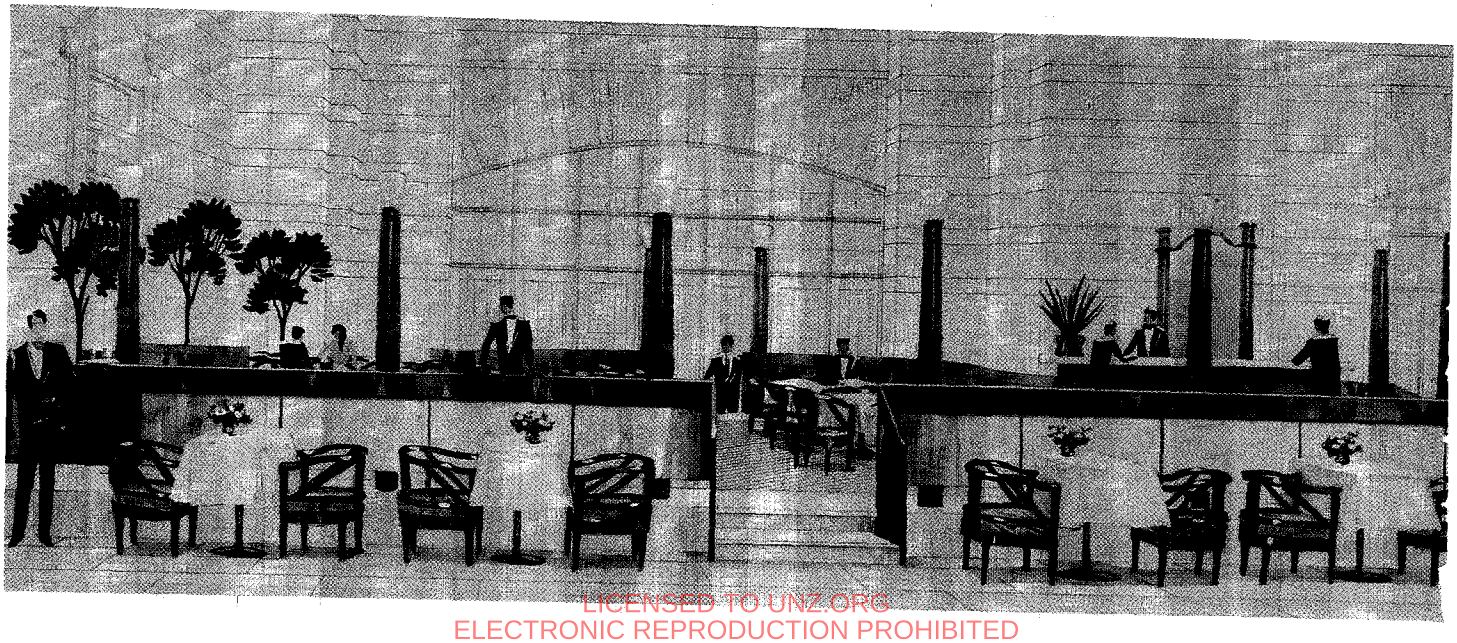
MONDO

THIS FABULOUS FAMILY IS OPENING THREE NEW RESTAURANTS, A REVVED-UP RAINBOW ROOM, AND A SWANKY WALL STREET HOTEL. THERE'S EITHER GOLD OR HUBRIS IN THEM BELLINIS.



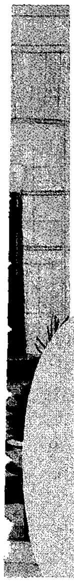


Empire of the son: Clockwise from far left, Giuseppe Cipriani has his foot on the gas pedal; his father, Arrigo; the restaurant Downtown, which stays well stocked with models; the plans for shiny new Grand Central.



TWENTY YEARS AGO, YOU KNEW WHAT A BELLINI WAS ONLY IF you'd been to Venice and soaked up a little history and booze at Harry's Bar—the pre-Mussolini watering hole owned by the Cipriani family and haunted by expats and bankrupt aristocracy. These days, you can get nice and rich by owning a popular upmarket restaurant in Manhattan that, for thirteen bucks a pop, serves the Bellini, a tasty if slightly girlish mixture of peach nectar and Prosecco. And the Ciprianis certainly have, pumping gallons of the pink cocktail (which they invented) for the Concorde-hopping clients at their Fifth Avenue flagship. But you can't get silly rich. No, for a restaurateur to get silly rich—the modest hope of all ambitious people these days—you have to leverage your name and hit more stomachs.

BY T. Z. PARSA



CIPRIANI

This year, the Ciprianis—who own the boutiquey restaurants Downtown in SoHo and Harry Cipriani in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel—are expanding in Manhattan with at least three new restaurants, an enormous catering hall that opened in January, and an ultra-luxe hotel in the Wall Street area. The Ciprianis have also taken over the lease at the Rainbow Room, the Art Deco shrine at the top of Rockefeller Center best known for its Cristal-sluiced New Year's Eve party. Control of the highest-grossing independent restaurant in the city will cost them $4 million in rent annually. But that isn't stopping them from also rolling out the bottled Bellini, made by Campari and scheduled to appear on the shelf at your local supermarket and liquor store in 1999. It's a trial run for an expanded line of packaged foods; already, in South America, the family is attempting to become that continent's Ronzoni.

Giuseppe Cipriani, the lanky, handsome 33-year-old scion of the restaurant-running clan, is by all accounts driving the family's expansion. Wearing a blue sharkskin suit and a Gatsby-gold tie when we meet at Harry Cipriani, Giuseppe estimates he has increased the value of his family's business ten times over the past four years, to $100 million. But he admits much of that value depends on the projected earnings of the businesses that are coming on line this year.

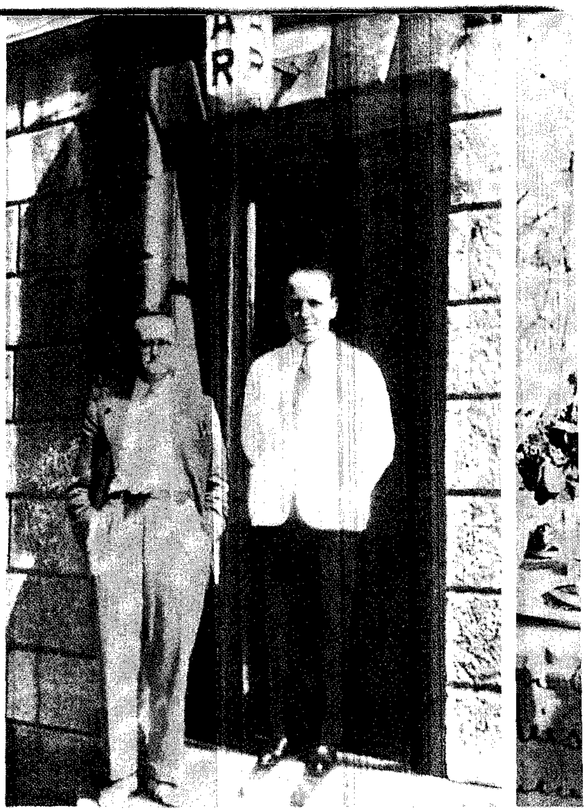
"The new restaurants and the hotels we're doing, that's not the real business," insists the dapper Giuseppe. "All our restaurants throughout the world and the new hotels"—Cipriani says he's also negotiating to open another beyond-lavish hotel, in a Venetian palazzo—"will just be publicity for our food products. That's where the real future of the company is."

RESTAURANT CHAINS ARE A TRICKY BUSINESS. "CLASSY CAN BECOME KLAZZY VERY QUICKLY," SAYS ONE BANKER.

The deals are popping up like porcini mushrooms after a heavy rain. "I don't think they know what they've gotten themselves into," says Manhattan restaurant consultant Ken Frydman. Where rents have driven tenants out, the Ciprianis have rushed in. But then, they are old hands at passing high rents on to their customers. Harry Cipriani looks out on the Plaza's gorgeous façade and the tip of Central Park. It has been called the best restaurant location on earth—an easy lunchtime stroll for both the Madison Avenue retail crowd and midtown business types—and the prices at Harry Cipriani are among the highest in Manhattan. Lamb chops weigh in at around $50, reasonable if you just dropped a grand on a Prada handbag.

"We are also negotiating for another hotel uptown—that could happen this year," Giuseppe says, chuckling. "It's a beautiful old building with a big catering space." But why stop there? Giuseppe confesses he's just returned from Las Vegas. Will the family be following the example of Sirio Maccioni of Le Cirque 2000 and Wolfgang Puck of Spago by opening a restaurant among the spiffed-up hotel casinos of the neon desert?

"I can't say," says Giuseppe. "But if we do, it will be with Steve Wynn. If it is anywhere, it will be in the Mirage Hotel. Next year, most likely, but it is still in the air. Right now, I'm concentrating on Manhattan."



THE SUNLIGHT FILtering through the windows of Grand Central Terminal is reflected in Giuseppe Cipriani's spit-shined Gucci loafers. Standing in the middle of the great space with his hands on his hips, in his windowpane-pattern gray suit and an Hermès tie splattered with bright-red tomatoes, Cipriani is young but self-assured, even a little cocky.

"Why don't I just hang out with the models and enjoy myself?" he asks rhetorically. "You can't be happy doing that, you know. It's not healthy. You need new challenges." Giuseppe Cipriani is divorced; his ex-wife and two sons, ages 8 and 10, live in Milan. And recently, he has been dating a 30-year-old sometime model named Stevie. Even so, says his father, "Giuseppe will never marry again. He's had the experience once, and I think he enjoys his freedom too much." An attractive woman spots him from across the floor and changes direction to pass nearby, trying to establish eye contact. But the younger Cipriani never takes his cappuccino-brown eyes off the Vanderbilt Street balcony where the next family restaurant will open October 1.

"This idea that it is a sexy business is crazy," Giuseppe says. "I'm always working." His biggest regret, he says, "is that I no longer have time for my race cars." Giuseppe mainly lives on Park Avenue but also shuttles between a house on Venice's Zattere promenade and another house the family owns in Punta del Este, where he keeps his four dogs. With all the deals he's doing, life has turned into a bushel of plane tickets. "There's this idea," he says, "that all the young restaurant guys in New York are in some club—the hours don't allow it. [Restaurant Nello owner] Nello Balan is a friend, but I never see him." He laughs: "I have no friends, really. I have *customers.*"

And the Ciprianis wouldn't be anywhere today if it hadn't been for their customers. The original Harry's Bar was established by Giuseppe Cipriani's grandfather—also named Giuseppe—an ambitious Veronese pastry chef turned bartender. The place was financed with the proceeds from a loan repaid with interest by a dissipated American gentleman of means named Harry Pickering.

Pickering had been abandoned without a dime by his aunt and her gigolo following a drunken tiff while the trio was touring Europe. Cipriani bet his season's wages on the rectitude of the down-on-his-luck drunk, and it paid off when Pickering returned two years later with the money and an additional stake he contributed to open Harry's Bar. The restaurant was named after Pickering, and Giuseppe, in turn, named his son Arrigo after the restaurant.

Arrigo spent most of his life learning from his father how to cater to the whims

Photographs: previous page, clockwise from top left, Stephen Danelian; Linda Rosier; Kenneth Chen; Peter Hurst.

Venice, anyone? The original Giuseppe Cipriani, left, with Mr. Pickering, the original Harry. Right, Giuseppe with another tough customer—Ernest Hemingway.

of this unique clientele—wealthy patrons in decline, such as Pickering, who passed their time braced against the bar, straining their diminished inheritance through their increasingly swollen livers. Giuseppe, Arrigo's only son, was 20 years old when he came to New York to help his father open Harry Cipriani in 1985. He never left, slowly taking the reins from his father and later opening his own restaurant, Downtown, on West Broadway in 1995. In the past three years, Giuseppe has orchestrated a remarkable growth spurt—three restaurants in Buenos Aires and one in São Paulo, in addition to Downtown and the new Manhattan ventures.

Grand Central is clean and glowing following the two-year top-to-bottom renovation by the MTA. The blue of the terminal's constellation ceiling is vibrant and fresh; a galaxy of stars burns bright again. Pizza, frozen yogurt, and coffee stands have been banished to a food court outside the Main Concourse, making room for upscale restaurants lured there by LaSalle Partners (the station's real-estate agent). The place where Mom warned you never to use the bathroom is poised to become a place where—conceivably—people will want to do lunch.

Giuseppe Cipriani strolls across the Main Concourse as the last of the morning's commuters rush past. There are a lot of them, between 300,000 and 500,000 a day. He sketches his vision of the Cipriani Dolci Café, which will open in the next few months on the west balcony overlooking the Main Concourse.

"Like a sidewalk café, but inside," says Cipriani. "These steps are as busy as any city street, and the people will flow in." The café will serve cold pastas and salads, sandwiches and coffee, Bellinis, espresso, pastries—quick food with cachet. Cipriani anticipates a far lower take per customer than the family is accustomed to, but he is betting on high turnover.

None of the Cipriani restaurants has a big sign, notes Tony Morali of M&G architects, the Ciprianis' go-to man on all of their new projects. There is only the Cipriani name etched in the glass up front, along with the family's bibulous coat of arms—a cartoon torso of a barman mixing drinks behind his bar.

This morning, Cipriani and Morali are overseeing the construction of eight-foot-tall mock lamps topped with translucent Venetian glass—an allusion to gondola mooring posts. They observe that the plan for their café is subtle compared with the restaurant across the landing, where Michael Jordan is opening a clone of his Chicago-based steakhouse in a David Rockwell–designed space.

"It's important that we have a strong identity in here," Cipriani says. "If not, we'll look like an accessory space to the restaurant across the balcony. All I need is Michael Jordan to show up on our opening day—people will think we are Jordan's little sidewalk café."

Even with a strong identity, there are doubts about whether Cipriani can make his restaurants work in Grand Central. "They tripled the rent," says Buzzy O'Keeffe, owner of the Water Club and River Café and former owner of the Café at Grand Central, which occupied the space where Jordan's steakhouse will be. "It didn't make sense to be there anymore—higher rent and more competition with all the restaurants going in."

The Ciprianis are planning a more elaborate restaurant in Grand Central one floor below the Main Concourse level, possibly to be called Cipriani Midtown. This bigger restaurant—3,600 square feet, with seating capacity for approximately 120—will target the familiar Cipriani demographic and will provide the kitchen power for catered events in Grand Central. Businesses with memberships will use the restaurant as a meeting place; there will be computers and fax and copy machines, resulting in a hybrid venue that is part conference room, part Oak Bar.

Morali's twelve-architect firm has taken on all four of the Ciprianis' new projects. "Giuseppe's like this guy, Sharky, from when I lived out in Englewood," says Morali. "Sharky was as cool as a shark. You know how John Travolta walks? He learned that from watching Sharky. The way he walked, the wind couldn't even touch him."

"MY SON, GIUSEPPE, IS REALLY THE ONE WHO feels strongly about expanding," Arrigo Cipriani says during a New York visit. Giuseppe has evidently inherited his father's tailor: Arrigo Cipriani has a double-breasted charcoal suit on, with a Bellini-pink necktie cinched by a big square knot. "I had to be dragged to Manhattan in 1985. I am essentially lazy, and I was busy enough in Venice," Arrigo continues.

The senior Cipriani is a more eclectic and romantic creature than his high-finance son. A black belt in karate, a lawyer by training, Arrigo Cipriani is a polyglot who switches from Italian to English and French with ease. He is a published writer of novels and cookbooks, and a philosopher who extols luxury service ("sincere people providing simple things—the exact opposite of snobbery"), low dining tables ("too high a table creates a material and psychological barrier"), and sexy odors ("the soft and pungent, intense smell of earth rotting at dawn"). Where his son focuses on cash flow, Arrigo Cipriani likes to mull the more ethereal aspects of the business.

Since the initial success of Harry's Bar in Venice, eponymous imitations have sprung up across Europe, the most notable being the Harry's Bar in London, a private dining club owned by Mark Birley, who also owns other swank restaurants, including Annabel's and Mark's Club. "The only thing they have managed to get right is the name and the furniture," says Arrigo Cipriani of the London restaurant. "That is the easy part."

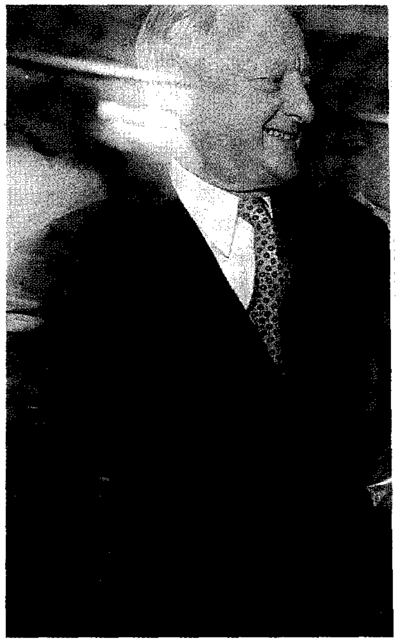
The hard part will be for the family to consistently replicate the food and ambience in all of their new ventures. "When it goes right, investing in those kinds of restaurants is a great business," says a Credit Suisse First Boston investment banker close to the 55 Wall Street deal. "They are selling moonlight at ridiculously high prices. The Ciprianis sell a plate of carpaccio for $30—what's the profit margin there? Investors like that; they also like the notion of being involved with a classy restaurant. Everyone used to want to produce movies; now they want to invest in upscale restaurant chains." But it's a tricky business: "The trouble is that classy can become klazzy very quickly."

Manhattan has spawned several expansion success stories, including Drew Nieporent, who has managed to fill TriBeCa with top-notch restaurants—Nobu, Layla, Tribeca Grill—and Jean-Georges Vongerichten, who has neatly branched out from his original JoJo, scoring with a total of six "hot" restaurants in New York, London, and Hong Kong. Keith McNally is also notable. However, all three

Photographs: left, Publiphoto; right, Cameraphoto. Photographs from *Harry's Bar: The Life and Times of the Legendary Venice Landmark* by Arrigo Cipriani. Used by Permission of Arcade Publishing, Inc., New York.

have developed upscale restaurants with different cuisines, targeting slightly different sorts of luxury diners. By offering a spectrum of quality restaurants, they can get the same diner several times in a single week. But the Ciprianis have made it clear that their new restaurants will look a lot like their existing eateries—similar menus, the same tables and chairs, black-and-white photos hanging from the same pale-yellow walls. That's a lot of seats for the town's *crema di eleganza* to fill.

The exception, of course, will be the Rainbow Room. Architect Tony Morali dismisses the space that Joe Baum revamped in the eighties as "mirrored and showy like a Brooklyn catering hall"; he pledges to return authentic Art Deco elegance to the complex. The Ciprianis' fifteen-year lease begins January 1, and, incredibly, Giuseppe plans to open the principal dining room to the public only for Sunday brunch, for dinner on Friday nights cooked by guest chefs, and for dinner on just one Monday a month. At all other times, it will be a catering space. Another room on that floor will function as a private lunch club and a nightclub. The bar will be a replica of Harry's Bar as it looked when it first opened in Venice. Rainbow & Stars will be erased, and in its place will be a non-Cipriani restaurant; Giuseppe has been talking to celebri-chefs Alain Ducasse and Nobu Matsuhisa.



Photographs: left, Tom Zuback/Corbis; right, Linda Rosier.

It was longtime Harry Cipriani customer and Goldman, Sachs managing director Dan Neidich who introduced Giuseppe to real-estate developer Jerry Speyer, and it was Speyer who awarded him the space. Drew Nieporent was also interested at one time but dropped out of the running because, says his brother Tracy, who helps market Drew's restaurants, he couldn't see a way to pay the $4 million rent. "They'll have to do $80,000 a day to pay it," says Nieporent. "You're talking $75 hamburgers."

"It's totally feasible, totally doable," says Clark Wolf, who reviewed and developed several plans for Tishman-Speyer, the landlord. "I ran the numbers. By making it so exclusive, the Ciprianis will make it the place where everybody who visits New York will have to go at least once." Wolf also sees the Ciprianis' foray into signature foods as a smart move. The Ciprianis have been doing an upscale product line for years in Europe; their pastas and sauces are currently available at food emporiums here like Dean & DeLuca. When food is done well, it can be highly lucrative. (The Ciprianis actually tried to market a bottled Bellini once before but ended up yanking their name off the Italian-manufactured beverage because it didn't taste right, says Arrigo Cipriani.) Many high-profile chefs are getting into packaged foods: Nobu Matsuhisa has his salad dressing. Bobby Flay has launched barbecue sauce. "It's a way for all of them to bring their brand to cities like Denver, where they would never open a restaurant," says Wolf. "Gourmet foods in the U.S. is now a $30 billion industry."

Sirio Maccioni of the similarly Euro-fabulous Le Cirque 2000 just shakes his head. "They are much more intelligent than me," Maccioni says jocularly. "Maybe one day I, too, will open five, six, seven restaurants; visit them once in a while to taste the soup." The Maccioni family opened a second restaurant, Osteria del Circo, in 1996 and will open two more in Las Vegas in 1998. But Maccioni emphasizes that one of his three sons (Mario, Marco, and Mauro) is always at Circo. His oldest, Mario, will be moving out to Las Vegas this year.

Arrigo Cipriani has but one son—and he is very ambitious. "Giuseppe is exactly like my father," he says, "always looking for new ideas. I spent the first 35 years of my life being the son of Giuseppe, and now I am the father of Giuseppe. That is my lot in life, I suppose—to be between Giuseppes."

THE CIPRIANIS' RESTAURANTS have never been beloved by Manhattan's top restaurant critics. After *New York* restaurant critic Gael Greene gave poor reviews to both Harry Cipriani and Downtown, Arrigo Cipriani responded with a letter to the editor that read, in part: "The sight of Ms. Greene with her friends, all dressed up as eccentric clowns, analyzing our dishes with a knowing air is a classic lesson in how not to behave in a restaurant. In her case, I think it is possible that she forgot to remove the condom from her tongue before tasting the food."

This didn't exactly endear the Ciprianis to Greene. "The letter says more about Mr. Cipriani than anything I care to say," she observes. "As for his success slopping out outrageously expensive macaroni and cheese to the upper classes shoehorned into kindergarten tables, I am not surprised. In this town, sadomasochism has always found its keenest devotees among the masters of the universe. Coming next: whips and chains at the Rainbow Room."

Greene's review was a light spanking compared with the Ciprianis' treatment by New York *Times* restaurant critic Bryan Miller, who gave Harry Cipriani one star, citing stratospheric prices, slow service, and bad food (e.g., "forget the gluey polenta"). Cipriani bought a prominent ad in the New York *Times* to proclaim that Miller was part of a cabal including "multi-star restaurant owners" aligned against the Ciprianis. Miller then set about to review another restaurant Arrigo had opened, Bellini by Cipriani. He was turned away once by an astute Giuseppe but managed to sneak in several times—a new beard and moustache helped. The result: Bellini by Cipriani received an even worse review than Harry Cipriani (no stars for the "braised free-range chicken [that] . . . tasted like a dish I recently had at 30,000 feet while flying to California").

Esquire's food critic, John Mariani, defends the Ciprianis' cuisine: "Critics are down on their food because it isn't what they consider fine Italian cooking," he says. "But it's not Italian food—it's Cipriani food. It evolved over time at Harry's Bar—the little sandwiches, the risottos, the hamburger. And you can joke about how expensive their Bellinis and carpaccio are, but the Ciprianis invented them." In 1992, Arrigo Cipriani won the Best Italian Cookbook award from the James Beard Foundation for his *Harry's Bar Cookbook*.

In charm's way: Count Roffredo Gaetani and his lady friend Ivana Trump check in with Giuseppe; at Harry Cipriani, Arrigo somehow knows this one will be back.

The Ciprianis' restaurants are invariably crowded; Arrigo Cipriani admits to
oking tables because he hates to
The tables at both Manhattan
are exceedingly close to the
d there is little space be-
r chairs are regularly set around tables that would seat two at most restaurants. The setup derives from the cramped quarters of the original restaurant in Venice. Small plates and limited cutlery followed, a natural consequence of seating so many people at such small tables. People rub elbows, eavesdrop, make friends, share thoughts. It's a one-percenter Cheers, and Giuseppe Cipriani says he plans to accept euros (the currency, that is) at all his restaurants.

Just over there, by the window, sits *Über*-financier Ron Perelman at his usual table, attacking a $40 veal chop with gusto. He eats lunch at Harry Cipriani regularly, almost every afternoon. Two of Perelman's ex-wives will show up and be expertly positioned around the tiny room so that each of the three can ignore the others.

A full-throttle Bellini habit will run you more than a Viagra prescription, but power (as Henry Kissinger pointed out) is an aphrodisiac, and the men who frequent Cipriani restaurants reap distinct benefits. "It's called the billionaires' boy's club," says Mark Simone, a New York radio-and-television personality who says he eats lunch at Harry Cipriani four days a week. The Ciprianis recently hired a full-time security guard to hover around the premises. "Perelman has his regular table," says Simone. "The Forstmann brothers have a table on the other side. You get Barbara Walters a lot; David Koch, Ralph Lauren, and Henry Kravis. Models and European royalty. Fergie eats here whenever she's in town. But it's the billionaires that make the scene." The men at Harry Cipriani draw a certain kind of female. "A lot of the women there are clearly hunting," adds Simone. "They should come in wearing orange safety vests."

Twenty people wait for tables at the tiny bar, and Giuseppe Cipriani observes that he is overflowing. He predicts that every one of the family's new places will spawn a crowd of regulars. A new restaurant named Bellini recently opened on East 52nd Street; the owner, Donatella Arpaia, claims that she named the restaurant after the nineteenth-century composer, not the Ciprianis' drink. She also says she has registered the name with the Patent and Trademark Office and admits that some customers have come in expecting to find a Cipriani seedling. But Giuseppe dismisses the threat. "Another restaurant in town made something called the Unbellinable—a frozen drink from a swirling machine behind the bar. But it's not enough to serve Bellinis. That's not all we do. It's not the same thing at all."

ARE YOU READY FOR LUXURY? NOT THE mint-on-your pillow, on-command-video, complimentary-fruit-basket amenities that are standard in your average four-star Manhattan hotel. The Ciprianis are planning an all-consuming, almost intrusive kind of pomp at 55 Wall Street, but then, the grandiose space demanded that. When 55 Wall was the city's Custom House in the late 1800s, Herman Melville came by once a week to file his Customs-agent paperwork here. With its double colonnade of Ionic pillars, the building later made a sufficiently regal headquarters (until 1961) for First National City Bank, which eventually became Citibank. Reborn as the hotel Cipriani Wall Street and set to open this January, 55 Wall will now have $6,000 Swedish-made Dux beds upstairs with sheets of Italian linen. Each floor will have a small kitchen, but there will be no mini-bars in rooms containing in-flight vodka bottles, candy bars, and a foil bag of premium cashews—nothing so crass.

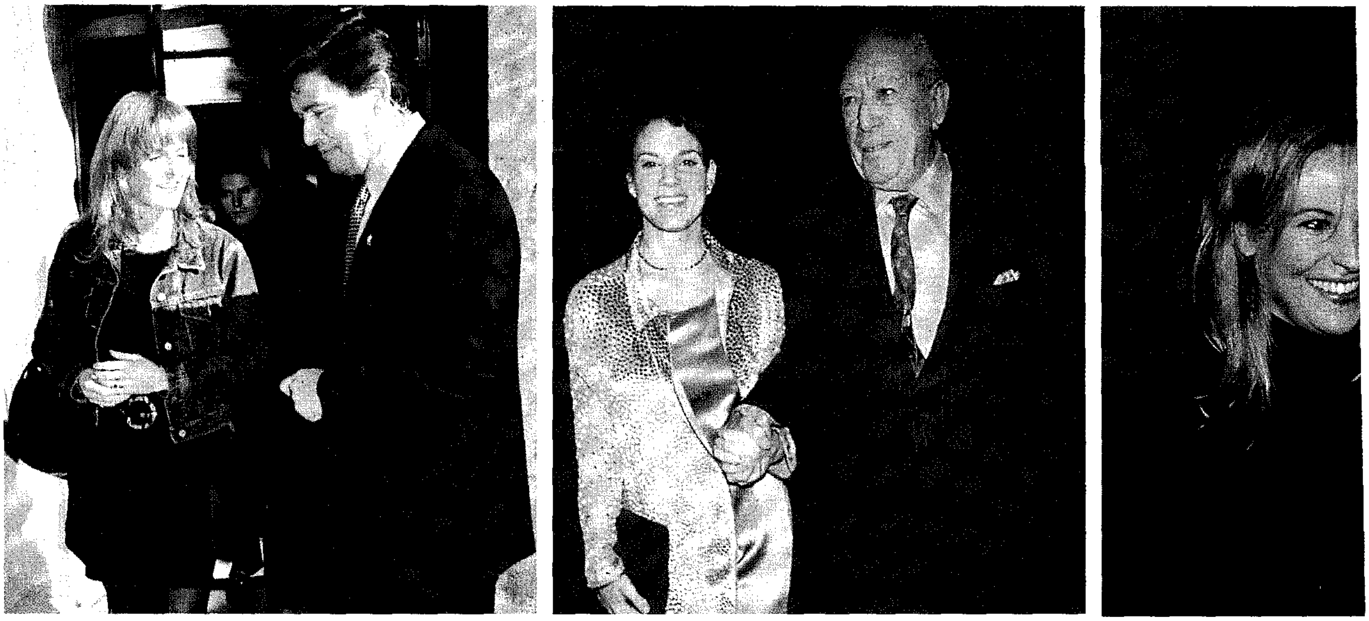
"There will be butlers assigned to every floor," says Arrigo Cipriani. "If you order room service, he will serve it to you from the kitchen. If you want a drink, he will come and prepare it for you. If you need clothes tailored or dry-cleaning or reservations, he will take care of it all." A yacht docked in the Battery Park marina will take guests on cruises around Manhattan.

Certainly, luxury is in the details—huge Jacuzzi tubs that fill in half a minute; triple-thick bath towels; thick plaster soundproof walls, single rooms almost double the size of the city's average. And almost two thirds of the hotel's 142 rooms will be suites, some the size of a large Manhattan apartment, with spiral staircases between floors.

But what is this swing through Xanadu going to cost? Rooms will be priced slightly less than high-end midtown hotels', between $350 to $400 a night for a single (midtown's Four Seasons charges $500 a night). "We'll be practically giving them away," says Giuseppe. That is, at first.

The building was purchased by one of the Ciprianis' newest partners, Sidney Kimmel (owner of women's-clothing manufacturer Jones Apparel Group and *Forbes* 400 member since 1992). A regular at Harry Cipriani, Kimmel is worth about $1 billion. He bought 55 Wall Street for $27 million after Giuseppe happened to mention the idea, and he'll spend another $35 million to renovate it. The Ciprianis have a fifteen-year management contract to run the hotel and catering business as well as a branch of Harry's Bar on the second floor.

Real-estate experts say it's folly for the Ciprianis to think they can draw their crowd into the shadows and fog of lower Manhattan. But already, 55 Wall is doing big business: Peter Jennings cut his wedding cake in the space a few months back, Giorgio Armani showed his fall Emporio Armani line there, and the Dalai Lama and 650 chums descended



Ritzy business: Sarah Ferguson leaves Harry Cipriani after a birthday lunch; Anthony Quinn and his wife Kathy Bevin make the scene; Giuseppe works the room at 55 Wall Street.

upon the place just a few weeks ago. Arrigo Cipriani believes that the hotel's relative isolation is one of its advantages. His father built the original Harry's Bar at the end of a small dead-end street, which at the time was not connected to the bustling Piazza San Marco (a bridge appeared later). "My father said that it was better that way, because then people would come to your place because they wanted to and not just because they were passing by," says Cipriani.

Emanuel Stern, heir apparent to the Hartz pet-food empire, who opened the SoHo Grand on the rump of SoHo's West Broadway in 1996, doubts that even the Cipriani crowd will pay Cipriani prices to sack out in desolate Wall Street. Stern also believes the building's shape will pose problems. "They'll have a lot of long, skinny rooms or suites," says Stern. "They may have big rooms, but there will still only be outside light in the bedroom and nothing in the living space. Big, dark, expensive rooms—not the best recipe for success."

Cipriani and Kimmel are betting that hotel-occupancy rates will maintain their high levels of the past few years and that eventually, Wall Street will evolve like SoHo and TriBeCa. But SoHo's and TriBeCa's developers didn't start with high-end hotels and build a neighborhood around them. The Ciprianis seem to be going about the thing backwards, and yet they are not alone—developer Joseph Neumann is creating a 40-story hotel-and-apartment complex on William Street. And Donald Trump is bidding to build a high-end hotel in Battery Park City.

Real-estate developer Tony Goldman, who is credited as a major force in the renaissance of South Beach in Miami and the gentrification of SoHo, points out that during the past eighteen months, more than 10 million square feet of space has been rented in Wall Street. It is enough, he believes, to sustain a strong midweek nighttime business in the area.

Goldman is predicting that Wall Street will be as hot as SoHo in a year. The developer, who owns the Soho Kitchen and Bar, recently opened two restaurants at 70 Broad Street—the Wall Street Kitchen and Bar and the Wall Street Club; last week, the upstairs club was folded into the Wall Street Kitchen and Bar, because, says manager Eddie Pinos, they needed more space for tables.

Goldman is optimistic that the Ciprianis' hotel will succeed, citing the dearth of luxury hotels in the area. There *are* three major business-class hotels: the Marriott World Financial Center, the Marriott World Trade Center, and the Millenium Hilton. "You have over 2,000 hotel rooms in all, but basically, it's all chicken," says Goldman.

AT THE NEW YORK BRANCH OF HARRY'S BAR, downtown Ron Perelmans will be able to sit on a terrace outside, sipping Pellegrino as they stare directly into the cubicles of modern-day Bartlebys toiling at J.P. Morgan, whose headquarters is across the narrow street. Being able to take a leisurely lunch has become a symbol of status and power among Wall Street professionals, Giuseppe Cipriani claims.

Fifty-five Wall Street will feature a private club and a world-class spa. And the Ciprianis will also be organizing concerts and cabaret performances in 55 Wall's grand hall. Cocktails and dinner at tables purchased by corporations U.S. Open–style will be followed by concerts headlined by some of the biggest names in show business: Rod Stewart will kick the series off in September. Other performers who have been signed include Barry Manilow, Aretha Franklin, Tony Bennett, Billy Joel, Natalie Cole, and Diana Ross. Amateur pugilist and sometime actor Mickey Rourke has also approached the Ciprianis to organize supper-club boxing events, according to Louis Rose, the space's general manager. Big-haired boxing promoter Don King came by to check out the space. "He left impressed," says Rose. "And he is not an easy man to impress."

OKAY, SO EVEN IF THE MARKET IS THERE, what makes the Ciprianis think they can run all this?

Arrigo Cipriani points out that his family has been in the catering business for almost 50 years, a natural outgrowth of Harry's Bar. The Ciprianis also have a history of operating hotels. The original Giuseppe Cipriani founded what became a four-star hotel on Venice's island of Giudecca in partnership with the late Lord Iveagh, a regular patron of Harry's Bar and the head of Guinness in Ireland. The Hotel Cipriani opened in 1958 and was so successful that the partnership spawned a second hotel, in the nearby village of Asolo, in 1962—the Hotel Villa Cipriani, which was managed but not owned by the Ciprianis. After a falling-out with Lord Iveagh's heirs in 1968, the Ciprianis sold their shares in one hotel back to the family and lost the other. (They still own a six-room inn with a restaurant, Locanda Cipriani, on the island of Torcello, which has prospered f many years.)

The family has a history of fallir

Photographs: left to right, Marina Garnier; Magnani/Gamma Liaison; Pa

DESPITE THE VOLUME OF RECENT DEALS, GIUSEPPE HAS **NEITHER AN OFFICE PHONE NUMBER** NOR A SECRETARY.

with partners. In the mid-eighties, the English hospitality firm Trusthouse Forte owned a number of downscale but profitable inns and hotel chains. The company was looking to expand upmarket, and Lord Charles Forte and his son, Rocco, who were interested in securing management of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel, convinced themselves that the way to demonstrate their worth was to open a swanky restaurant on the premises. Arrigo Cipriani had visited New York only once when, in 1985, Charles Forte persuaded him to open Harry Cipriani in the hotel. The Ciprianis would get a management fee plus a percentage of the profits.

The restaurant was a smash from the beginning, with revenues reported at more than $7 million a year. The Fortes were eager to replicate the formula by opening Cipriani restaurants all over the U.S. But Arrigo declined, saying his restaurants were viable only if there was a Cipriani or a trained honorary family member on the premises at all times. That didn't stop him from branching off on his own, however; in 1987, Arrigo opened Bellini by Cipriani with his own money. This irritated the Fortes, who had invested $2 million in Harry Cipriani only to see Arrigo open a competing West Side branch. Also, despite the restaurant's popularity and high revenue, profits were meager, mainly because the fat management fees for the Ciprianis came out of the receipts.

Shortly thereafter, Trusthouse Forte embarked on what has been called the first hostile takeover of a restaurant. It ousted the Ciprianis but kept the furnishings. "They kicked us out and changed the name twice, and the place went from being full every night to being empty," says Arrigo Cipriani. "Most of the staff left with me, and most of the clients did, too." Trusthouse Forte lost a lot of money at Harry Cipriani and finally relinquished its option to renew the lease in 1991. The Ciprianis were then able to lease from the hotel directly. "I got the restaurant back," Arrigo says triumphantly, "and my clients immediately returned." Rocco Forte did not respond to repeated calls for comment.

As for Bellini, it closed in 1991. "People over on the West Side just weren't willing to pay those prices," says *Vogue* restaurant critic Jeffrey Steingarten. Downtown, which opened in 1995 on West Broadway, has had better luck. Maybe that's because some anonymous party slaughtered a goat on the premises during the early phases of construction, smearing blood on the walls as a sort of purification ritual.

The Ciprianis' newest partner, Kimmel, and his limited partner, Richard Butera (who has restored hotels in Aspen), say they are unaware of the Ciprianis' problems with past partners. But Kimmel is no stranger to risky businesses—he owns two successful restaurants in Palm Beach, Florida (Amici and Galaxy Grill), and has financed several movies, including *9½ Weeks* and *Clan of the Cave Bear.*

Fault lines have already begun to appear between Kimmel, Butera, and the Ciprianis. The Ciprianis wanted to make all the rooms at 55 Wall Street gigantic suites, focusing on the highest slice of the market. Kimmel and Butera insisted it was safer to have a mix of larger and smaller rooms. Since Kimmel owns the building, his vision won out.

Kimmel says he owns 10 percent of the holding company the Ciprianis say they formed. GE Capital is slated to buy a 20 percent chunk, says Arrigo Cipriani. And Richard Butera says he'll be buying private equity, although Kimmel maintains that he himself will be the sole private investor in the holding company. For their part, the Ciprianis say they have the controlling stake in the holding company. The ultimate hope is to take the company public.

Only a few weeks ago, Jeff Vasser, the Ciprianis' chief financial officer, admitted that the Ciprianis' businesses were still a mishmash of New York partnerships, Italian corporations, and licensing agreements of unclear provenance. And it's true Giuseppe has neither an office phone number nor a secretary. The disorganization does not put Kimmel off one bit. "It's a high-risk venture," he says. "But the Ciprianis have proven themselves. We'll work out the details; the main thing is, you are betting on the Ciprianis."

SAFFRON ROBES AND DARK suits, candles and flowers—70 round tables are lined up four deep before a stage where the Interfaith Center of New York and the Temple of Understanding will present the Dalai Lama and Ravi Shankar with the 1998 Juliet Hollister Awards. Arrigo Cipriani admires the Dalai Lama's presence and tranquil poise. The Lama is in orange robes; Cipriani wears a dark double-breasted bespoke suit, a bright-orange tie gleaming at his throat. "We could all learn a lot from the Dalai Lama," he says.

It is a rainy night, and dinner is delayed because Ravi Shankar is running late, but the monks in attendance are trained in self-abnegation, and there are no complaints from them. As for the rest of the diners—the U.N. folks, human-rights protesters, and Lama-friendly glitterati—everyone is feeling stoic. After all the Lama has been through, what consequence is there in a short wait for a plate of salmon?

Shankar arrives, the waiters descend, and three hours later, it is over. The Lama is whisked away. Limos glide off the curbs outside. Valets run to retrieve cars from the parking lot next door. Dignitaries embrace. The Ciprianis declare the evening a success. "An amazing man and a very beautiful religion," says Arrigo. "I may convert. I also may change my nationality to Manhattan."

Doesn't he mean American?

"No, I mean Manhattan," he says in his precise, Italo-inflected English. "It should be like the Cayman Islands. A paradise where money and beautiful women and interesting people meet to eat good food. The whole island is like a club, a mini-state—everyone knows everyone else. We are like that, too. All are welcome—those that come stay for good."

Arrigo Cipriani jumps into a limousine to follow the Lama uptown. Giuseppe stays behind to go over accounts. Let a thousand flowers bloom. ■

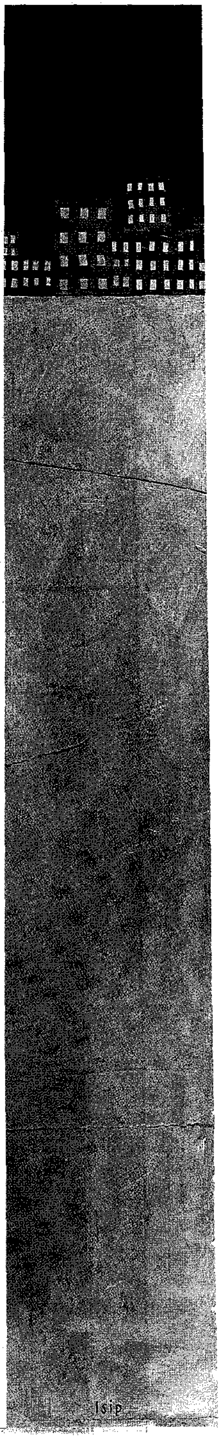
COULD CHRONIC FATIGUE BE A R
INDEED TO THE ENTIRE TWENTIETH CENT

ALLERGIC

BY CHRIS NORRIS

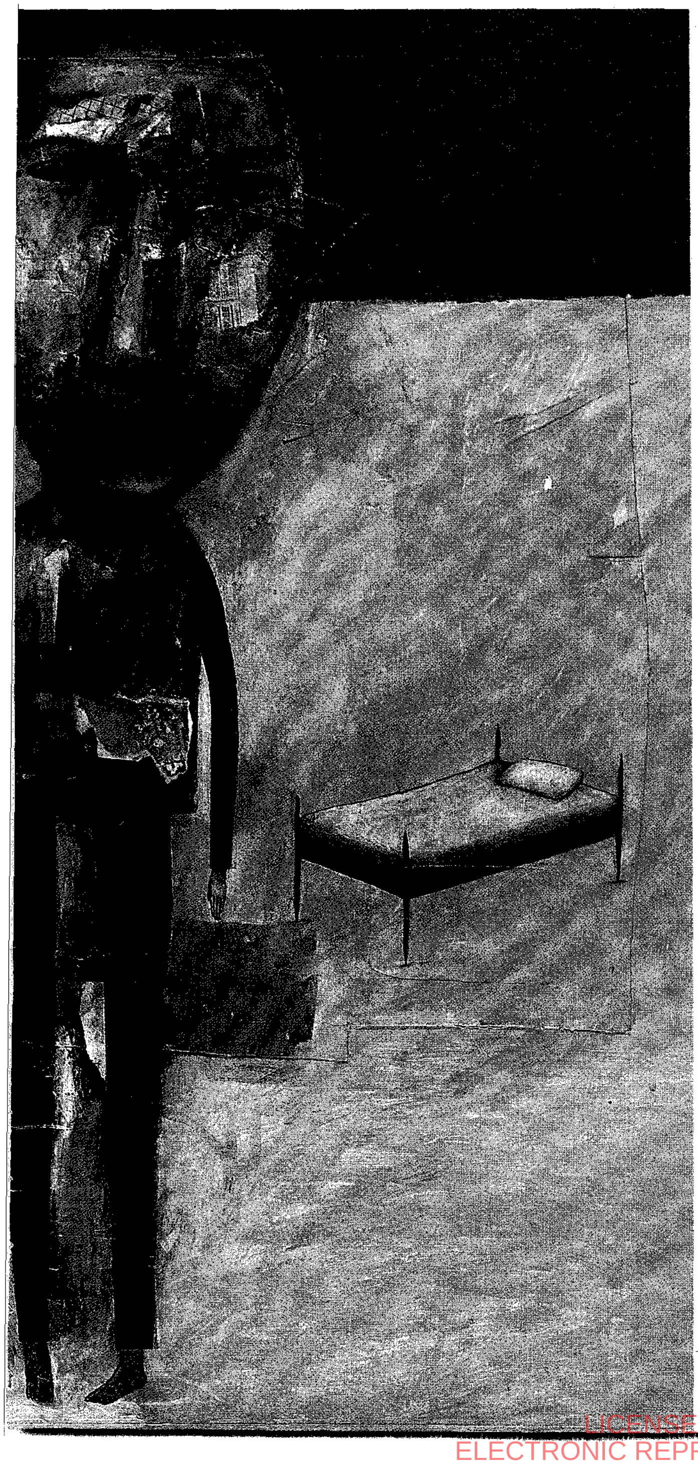
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JORDAN ISIP

SOMEONE MUST HAVE BEEN TELLING LIES ABOUT CHRIS N., BEcause, without doing anything wrong, he woke up one fine morning and found himself arrested. His arms and legs were like lead; his head was submerged in the pillow. His labored breaths didn't seem to bring in enough oxygen. Struggling to his feet, he discovered that he was physically unsteady, massively hungover without the usual flashes of previous nocturnal embarrassment. This continued for hours, then days. After weeks without change, Chris N. went to see the doctor. • This is how I look back at the moment when, four years ago, I stepped through the threshold of a mysterious illness. Like Kafka's Joseph K., I woke up one morning and found that everything had changed. My life became a narrative of paranoia, suspicion, and urban neurosis, something that Kafka might have conceived if he'd lived in the age of lymphocytes and HMOs. • I was, simply and inexplicably, sick—one of what the Centers for Disease Control estimates to be more than 500,000 Americans who have acquired an amorphous collection of debilitating symptoms that have no apparent cause. The explanations I would hear for this ranged from a neurochemical imbalance to a psychological obsession to a world that has become too toxic for an increasing number of the population to exist in. This last paradigm, embraced by a growing number of physicians and scientists, has been called an "allergy to the twentieth century." • Though increasingly widespread, the malady itself is not new. Medical designations



TION TO TOXINS IN THE CITY, AND Y? THE CHRONICLE OF A NAP FORETOLD.

NEW YORK



for it run from Sir Richard Manningham's 1750-era diagnosis of neuromyasthenia to the eighties catchphrase *Epstein-Barr syndrome* to also-rans like major acquired brain dysfunction, postviral syndrome, and England's more impressive-sounding myalgic encephalomyelitis. While the more recent "chronic-fatigue immune-dysfunction syndrome" gestures toward the mechanics of the illness, it, too, fails to account for the subjective experience. As this inchoate sickness awaits a sufficient name, it wanders among the populace, like Guy de Maupassant's Horla, an ineffable, invisible monster, possibly a paranoid delusion of the age, possibly something much worse.

LEST I APPEAR MELODRAMATIC, LET ME FLESH OUT THE WORD *FATIGUE*. As I walk out of an office building and into the orange light of an autumn afternoon, I realize I can't see. Or rather, the line connecting my eyes with my brain is short-circuiting. People on the crowded street glide and bounce by like dark impressionist blurs, and even when, with some effort, I bring the sign for 50th Street into focus, it still makes no sense. It might as well be in Cyrillic.

I have to stop and rest twice on each block and, by the time I reach Park Avenue, I'm ready to lie down on the sidewalk. I shuffle down the subway stairs, and try to slip a credit card through the turnstile slot. Then my ATM card. Then I remember it has to be a MetroCard. I get home and pass out in my clothes. When I regain consciousness, which I do every three hours, it is an oxymoronic state of wired exhaustion, a jittery enfeeblement in which eyelids flutter but limbs are paralyzed. The next morning, I pull myself out of the sweat-drenched sheets and trudge back to my workplace, where I will repeat, with minor variations, the preceding day of labored movements, fumbled speech, pinball thought patterns, and a general sense that I am watching the entire world through a TV with poor reception.

If this is fatigue, its relationship to workaday weariness is as Sartre's nausea was to an upset tummy. I have been tired before. This is not tired. I have pulled all-nighters, gone without sleep for days, and experienced the usual range of altered consciousness typical of a Berkeley grad with bohemian affectations. This is different. I am not depressed or malingering, and I remember my previous self as being rather happy and ambitious. In short, I am not the prototypical fortysomething career woman who starred in the yuppie-flu narratives of the eighties. I'm the Gen-X media wiseass who used to make fun of her.

UNTIL FOUR YEARS AGO, I HAD FILED THE PHRASE *CHRONIC-FATIGUE syndrome* somewhere in my brain between *year 2000 bug* and *Olestra,* vaguely interesting science-page topics I'd skim on my way to the movie listings. As it happens, both the Centers for Disease Control and the National Institutes of Health recognize

“ALMOST EVERYTHING IN THE CITY BECAME A POTENTIAL T

the syndrome as a distinct illness but stipulate a diagnosis of several, mostly subjective criteria: fatigue with a clear onset, not due to exertion or relieved by rest, hampering work and lifestyle, and lasting for at least six months. It took only days for me to notice I was rather intensely hampered, but I was slow to arrive at the designation “chronic fatigue,” which is an illness of negation, diagnosable only through the process of ruling out other illnesses that have the same initial symptoms—illnesses like, oh, multiple sclerosis, AIDS, and cancer.

But while I was in no particular hurry to venture down this road, my symptoms were impossible to ignore. Worst of all was mental dysfunction: the inability to read sentences, remember names, find *le mot juste*—skills that tended to come in handy in my occupation as a writer. I went to the doctor for a complete physical, and two weeks after leaving blood samples, with a follow-up appointment scheduled in just two days, I found a message on my answering machine:

“. . . I’m a senior physician here at the clinic and was just going back over some laboratory tests and”—he paused for a long breath—“thought that, ah, you might want to touch base with us. Call me tomorrow at the clinic.”

The next morning, I called back with, let us say, a great deal of interest. The doctor informed me that everything in my blood work was normal except for one thing: my Epstein-Barr titers were off the scale. He didn’t believe in this trendy malady Epstein-Barr syndrome. The mere presence of the Epstein-Barr virus—which 90 percent of humans have by age 30—isn’t a reliable indicator of any illness. But given my symptoms, and the fact that my EBV antibody levels were so high, “if anyone has it,” the doctor said jovially, “you do.”

He then told me this was not something to worry about. Epstein-Barr doesn’t necessarily do the system any harm, they don’t think. It’s a mellow, nineties sort of incurable, aggressively replicating virus. And since my symptoms were mostly subjective and lacked any physiological signs, I received what I later learned was the typical prescription written by stumped “providers” in the HMO world: antidepressants. The pills weren’t to “make me happy,” the doctor said, but to correct whatever chemical imbalance was causing all these problems. I was so relieved he hadn’t tendered me a death sentence that I asked no questions, took the slip, and merrily jumped aboard the Zoloft train.

I wasn’t cured, exactly, but the symptoms—largely matters of perception and cognition—seemed to lessen. Although easily tired, I was functional and more or less okay until the next fall, when I had a full relapse, with worse symptoms than before. Again, I embraced canonical medicine for an explanation: It was drug tolerance, perhaps, or premature seasonal-affective disorder. I was prescribed an additional antidepressant—trazadone—to help with the disturbed sleep. I regained an adequate level of function that—with the distractions of work, a busy social life, and steady alcohol consumption—was enough to keep me going throughout the year.

But then, shortly after a long bicycle trek, I had the worst relapse of my life: haywire vision, brain fog, labored breathing, muscle weakness, devastating fatigue. And this time, the illness seemed uncowed by my refusal to accept its existence. It was a miracle: I was completely cured of denial.

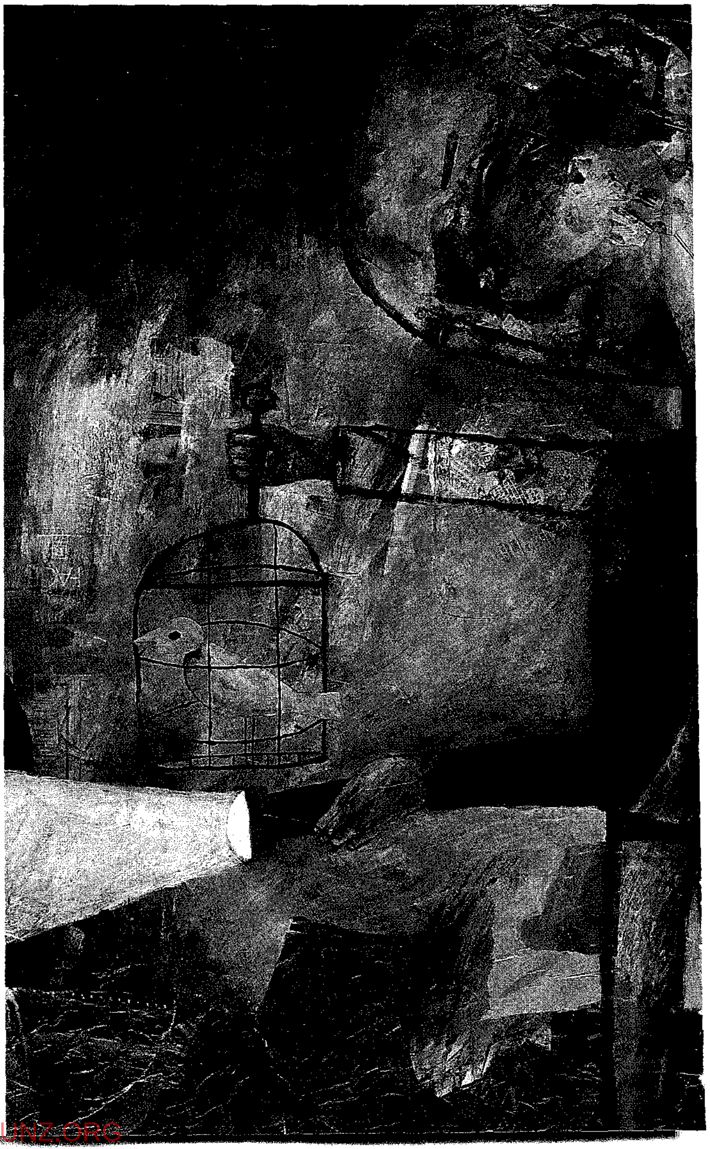
Like a conservative who has been arrested, I was converted to a new medical liberalism. I began to research my chic new disease. Books on the subject were plentiful, and the many doctors who used the term *chronic-fatigue syndrome* without scare quotes all agreed that the illness was distinct from depression, intersecting with psychology but suggestive of a fundamental imbalance in the immune system.

The illness may start—wrote many of those who believed it was an actual illness—with exposure to either a routine virus, a bacterium, or a chemical toxin. And for some reason, the immune system, once turned on, fails to turn itself off. It keeps on producing antibodies to attack a no-longer-existent enemy and becomes too weak to fight off otherwise harmless pathogens, after which the body goes into a widespread, multisystemic funk. Since this is an incurable funk, the treatments I found tended to focus on a careful rebuilding of the body’s immune system and on preventing relapses through rest, diet, stress reduction, and avoidance of allergens and toxins. Careerism was ill-advised, nihilism encouraged.

Because, while the individual prognosis wasn’t too sunny—with luck, you’ll be one of the 25 to 60 percent who improve after a few years—the global implications of this new epidemic were even worse. Among the several books I found that proposed a darker conclusion, the most convincing was by one Dr. Majid Ali; its title, *The Canary and Chronic Fatigue*, said it rather succinctly: People suffering from this generalized physiological collapse are canaries in coal mines, the more sensitive beings whose immunological crises—brought about by a new, intolerable level of environmental and dietary toxins—warn the rest of the population of an impending disaster.

Ali’s prognosis of global doom was corroborated by a number of his colleagues. One of them, the distinguished Berkeley microbiologist Howard Urnovitz, offered a dire and quite convincing illustration of our toxic future. It’s called Gulf War syndrome.

The Gulf War, argued Urnovitz, was nothing if not a toxic environment: hydrogen sulfide from the Kuwaiti oil-well fires, ex-



R FOR A FOGGED BRAIN, WEAK MUSCLES, OR THE SHAKES.”

perimental nerve drugs, the diluted sarin gas that blew over encampments, Scud rocket fuel that rained down from destroyed missiles, malathion pesticides, the depleted uranium used in armor-piercing bullets and shells, and multiple vaccines. The last were given to soldiers up to eleven at a time, a toxic event that compromised their systems even before the desert onslaught.

Urnovitz estimated that these soldiers encountered 30 years' worth of toxic exposure in three months. Gulf War syndrome, he said, is simply an acceleration of what will happen to the rest of America years from now.

Apparently, the toxins bearing our doom aren't exotic like Scud fuel and depleted uranium; they're our national fiber: new clothing, new carpeting, cleaning products, cosmetics, computer printers, copy machines, mothballs, particleboard, paint, plywood, pesticides, perfumes, deodorizers, cigarettes, food preservatives, vehicles—the fundamental building blocks of our post-industrial society. As Dr. Ali reminds us in his book, we live in an ever-thickening miasma of chemicals whose subtle long-term effects are not yet understood. In 1945, the U.S. annual production of chemicals was 8 million tons. By 1985, it had risen to 110 million tons, or 950 pounds of chemicals for every U.S. citizen.

Supposedly, the civilian version of Gulf War syndrome will differ only in specifics. When our immune system is overtaxed from clearing these toxins or from viruses, repeated antibiotic use, or stress (all nineties specialties), it can no longer fight off opportunistic infections. According to Urnovitz, ordinarily harmless pathogens like microsporidium, mycoplasma, and the Epstein-Barr virus become active in the body and can possibly damage nerves, trigger Parkinson's disease, garble speech centers, and cause neuropsychiatric disorders like depression, schizophrenia, and other assorted buzz-kills.

Luckily, Urnowitz does not see this future for everyone. Ninety percent of Gulf War veterans returned without Gulf War syndrome, which Urnovitz believes is a good indicator of the proportion of the population that can handle that level of toxicity spaced over 30 years. Ten percent of us, then, can expect this sort of multisystemic tilt in our lifetimes. A figure I found from the National Academy of Health and Sciences was slightly less sanguine, suggesting some 15 percent of Americans now experience "increased allergic sensitivity," some to the point of watery eyes or headaches, others to the point of total disability.

DRAGGING MYSELF TO WORK EACH DAY AND STRUGGLING THROUGH my daily reading, I started to find signs of the coming apocalypse everywhere. I began to collect news reports about the children in the South Bronx, one out of every four of whom carries an inhaler. I noticed a newspaper story about a woman who sued her 23rd Street employer over making her allergic to New York. I began to find Dr. Ali's prediction utterly convincing.

Even as metaphor, the illness was irresistible. This is how society will go out, not with a bang or a whimper but with a long, slow yawn. Bouncing around in this light-speed, modem-driven, toxin-powered world, the human animal will simply wear down. Just as the word processor ushered in an epidemic of carpal tunnel syndrome, so has the information age begotten a truly modern illness—something part physical, part mental, imbued with paranoia and misinformation and copious Internet sites.

Proud though I was to participate in my generation's epidemiological Woodstock, I still held out hope that I might recover. I called the Manhattan office of Dr. Ali—whose book was subtitled *Reversing Chronic Fatigue*—for an appointment. He turned out to be a fiftyish Indian man with sad, compassionate eyes and a distinguished bearing, practicing out of a ground-floor office on the Upper West Side. Degrees from the Royal College of Surgeons and other prestigious-sounding healing centers—he's the president of the American Academy of Preventative Medicine and an associate professor of pathology at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons—hung on his walls. Slumped, watery-eyed—and, for some reason, predominantly Hasidic—people filled his waiting room.

Dr. Ali talked over my history with me. He ordered some tests—for allergies, glucose levels, and food intolerances—and mapped out a treatment program. The goal, he said, would be to restore my immune system and revive my energy levels without antidepressants or other drugs—chemicals that further jumble the body's normal healing process.

Dr. Ali introduced me to a new way of looking at illness and health. My own uncontrolled experiments over the years had taught me a fundamental cause-and-effect model of dysfunction and relief: Eight Dos Equis + two tequilas + eight Marlboros = hangover, for which there is aspirin. From this model, I and probably most Americans assign a one-cause, one-treatment paradigm to most ailments. In mainstream medicine, this also remains the dominant mode—one drug for one illness.

But rather than mainstream medicine's allopathic Star Wars approach—essentially a quixotic attempt to eradicate all the microbes, viruses, and toxins in our bodies and the world—alternative physicians like Dr. Ali concentrate on keeping the immune system strong enough to live among the pathogens.

Dr. Ali started me on a holistic course of treatment. In addition to weekly allergy injections and vitamin shots, my regimen included about 21 nutritional supplements a day—everything from glutathione to coenzyme Q10 to stress-formula protocols. I was to drink a special protein powder and about a gallon of water a day. Most important, I was to begin a special diet.

Food allergies, Dr. Ali told me, play a central role in weakening the immune system, as do foods that trigger intestinal yeast overgrowth—candidiasis—which infects the blood, slows down cerebral activity, and impedes the stomach from absorbing crucial nutrients. The avoidance of both allergens and yeast-feeding foods was crucial. I was supplied a list of dietary contraband.

Wheat was a prime offender, along with corn, barley, oats, potatoes, white rice, peanuts, almonds, and most other grains, because they are converted so quickly into yeast-feeding sugars. Oranges and most fruits were out because they contain high amounts of fructose. Milk, eggs, and many other baking staples were out because they are common allergens. Green peppers, red peppers, and tomatoes were out because they are "nightshades." Mushrooms and other fungi were out because they are in the same fungal family as yeast. Anything processed was out. Red meats were discouraged. Farm-raised—rather than wild-caught—fish was out, as was farm-raised chicken. Everything that contained any of the above was out. And everything was out if it wasn't organic. Water was okay—if it was carbon-filtered or from a spring. Whatever foods that remained, said Dr. Ali, could be consumed only every other day at most. "Sea vegetables" were fine.

Restaurants, obviously, were no longer an option, and visits to the supermarket were brief. And then, when I was six months into the diet, a "colonic therapist" informed me of even a few more foods to watch out for: beets, carrots, and other "hybrid foods," plus any remaining fruit—all of which contributed to the candidiasis. She also suggested that I might be among the 10 percent of people who are gluten-intolerant, which would rule out all beans, all grains except millet and brown rice, and all soy products. Suffice it to say there was a lot of organic kale in my future.

Because I was beginning to lose interest in life's pleasures, dietary discipline was not a problem. The hard part was having to spend so much time thinking about food. Adherence to this diet seemed to require a sort of obsession, a cult knowledge of its mysterious rites. I realized this had reached a new level of pathology when, following Dr. Ali's suggestion that I enhance my spiritual life, I resumed attending Catholic Mass. One morning on

“I BEGAN TO SEE LIFE IN TERMS OF TOXINS: PO

the way up to receive Communion, I suddenly realized that if my faith in transubstantiation wasn't absolutely sure, I was about to eat a great big wafer of wheat. I might be in bed for days!

Months passed without substantial improvement, and Dr. Ali said he shared my frustration. But together, he and I were almost always able to determine a cause for a particular exacerbation. I would simply have to be a bit more careful.

The problem with this hypervigilance is that it leads to a strange sort of gullibility. Okay, I feel terrible today; is it that soup I had Tuesday? Is it the rainy weather? Is it those five minutes I spent in the newly painted bank lobby? Is it the tension of asking for a raise? A strange dream? Ions?

I wasn't getting better. Dr. Ali prescribed chelation therapy—an IV infusion of hydrogen peroxide. He escorted me into the "IV room," a small waiting room with five other people, mostly in their early forties, who were also attached to IV drips. I was handed a consent form that required my signature. So accustomed was I to disbelief suspension that as I scanned the form's list of possible side effects, I half expected to find "temporary invisibility" among them. I gave my signature and sat down among the others. The conversation was not unlike that at an AA meeting, with the sob stories and insistence to newcomers that the program "really works." There I sat, chatted politely, and, like some futuristic junkie, took hydrogen peroxide into my veins. It gave me a slight cough and tightness in the chest. On subsequent visits, I would try ozone as well.

I failed to show significant improvement. After six months, Dr. Ali deduced that I was experiencing the "spreading phenomenon" common to CFS patients. I was becoming sensitized to the many other fumes and chemicals that I could previously tolerate. I was developing an allergy to . . . everything.

Needless to say, my experience of New York City changed markedly after this diagnosis. Just about every stimulus in the city became a potential trigger for a fogged brain, weak muscles, or the shakes, and I would never know exactly which stimulus it might be. I would hold my breath in the bank, dash past dry cleaners. The open doors to the Saks perfume department became a Sarajevo checkpoint. Elevator conversations ceased as I tried not to breathe in the cologne of my colleagues.

Because I was determined to prevent the downward spiral of joblessness and disability, I started to ration my energy and schedule my trips outdoors. While I was lucky enough to be able to keep working, my ill health and commitment to keep it from worsening had removed everything else. As Mark Twain once said, "The only way to keep your health is to eat what you don't want, drink what you don't like, and do what you'd rather not." I took this advice to its extreme. I couldn't drink or inhale cigarette smoke, so I didn't go out at night. I got exhausted walking down the block, so I didn't travel or exercise. I couldn't eat anything, so I didn't go to restaurants. My sex drive had vanished, so I didn't have a girlfriend. My life had become a binary toggle switch of work and sleep. I started to think of myself as deeply weird. Hi, I'm Chris, and I do nothing. Can I get you some kelp?

Around this time, Elaine Showalter's book *Hystories* came along to further rattle my self-image. *Hystories* proposed the felicitous theory that my illness and Gulf War syndrome were physically manifested cases of mass hysteria.

This was received predictably by the ailment's sufferers, many of whom, I suspect, had suddenly found someone they would wish the illness on. But I actually greeted the theory with a certain degree of longing. If only she were right! To my mind, psychotherapy and antidepressants were infinitely more amicable than a complete abstinence from life. Sadly, I believe that chronic-fatigue and Gulf War syndromes are, and will prove to be, physiological illnesses that have only a tangential relation to mental dysfunction. I also find the spectacle of an English professor's dismissing the hundreds of physicians doing research, taking case histories, and treating patients to be a perverse extension of postmodern hubris—reminiscent of those who blamed tuberculosis on a tubercular personality, ulcers on repressed anger, and multiple sclerosis on lunacy.

Still, I have to admit that seeing an illness I'd been fighting for three years grouped alongside alien abductions and satanic abuse didn't exactly raise my spirits. Inevitably, as I continued on my dour regimen, I found myself looking into psychological factors, examining potential stressors, limning the psychic fissures that may be triggering this sleepy cry for help.

There had to be something in our present culture that abetted this pandemic. David Shenk's book *Data Smog* struck a nerve with its claim that the proliferation of cell phones, news media, e-mail, and so on is causing a mass overdose, a toxic overload of information. A 1996 Reuters Business Information study revealed a new modern malady, information-fatigue syndrome. The pathologification of modern life started to become irresistible to me.

I live in New York City, one of the most chemically saturated places on the planet. I work in the media, a white-water rapids of information. And now it seemed I was among the genetically ill-equipped for the information age. One evening when I saw Dr. Ali, he suggested I move out of New York.

After that meeting, I went home and lay on my back in the darkness, unable to move, pondering images of myself banished by allergens and toxins to some New Mexico commune where I would sit around in some kind of Aztec smock and sip Spirulina.

How poorly this disorder fit my tastes! Previously, I had always quite enjoyed the world's toxins. In fact, they were usually the best part. I felt cities were the only place to live, and cigarette smoke the surest indicator of vibrant social life. This trendy new disorder might have a certain sociocultural cachet—the medical expression of slackerdom—but I was having a terrible time wearing chronic-fatigue syndrome well: It is quite difficult to make a complete lack of puissance seem cool. My friends tried to help, nicknaming me the Chronic, but it was no use.

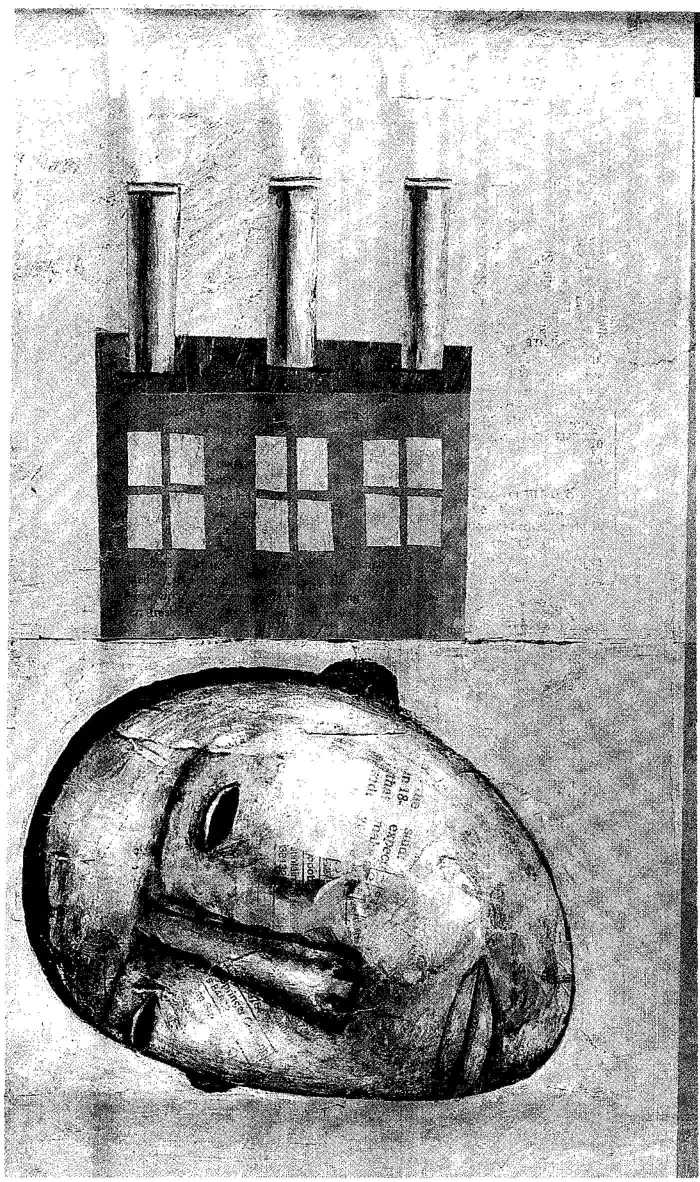
The problem was that the whole chronic-fatigue-syndrome culture was in fundamental disagreement with my years-established way of being. The restrictive life, the holistic outlook, the desperately upbeat and black-humored writings on CFS Web pages became their own form of toxin. I was, essentially, alienated from my own subculture of sickness.

This came to a head in late spring. I went to a West Village lecture held by another cult of homeopaths, many of whose progressive views on health and fitness jibed with the research I had done myself. During the lecture—whose topic was moon cycles and your health—the bandanna-clad health guru digressed for a moment to announce to the crowd of 50-odd people that man had never landed on the moon, that it was just a government-propagated hoax. He then shared the news that several women each year were made pregnant without sperm, merely by some errant dust or pollen. Some nodded, some took notes. I decided to give mainstream medicine another chance.

At my reunion with my HMO doctor, when I told him about the preceding eleven months, he said, as I expected he would, that I was making myself sick. My doctor, who was also an oncologist, informed me that the demographic with the worst prognosis for cancer was educated middle-class white males—probably because they obsess about the illness, try too hard to control it. I insisted, as I always had, that my problem was not depression, that the only sadness or "blue mood" I was aware of had to do with the nearly complete dissolution of my life. I was happy, became sick, and then was unhappy.

My doctor proposed that my symptoms could be what psychiatrists call somatic manifestations of depression. Apparently

FUMES, FEAR, ANGER."



certain subsets of depression—a chemically induced imbalance of the entire body—induced almost exclusively physical symptoms, symptoms which, when combined with a steady consumption of *Better Nutrition* magazine, could result in a nearly complete panoply of CFS symptoms. Since the alternative viewpoint meant moving into a plastic bubble, I was more predisposed to believe him this time. Two years ago, the *Times* of London reported that there is evidence, which has been presented by the Royal Colleges, that if a patient firmly believes that chronic-fatigue syndrome is a distinct disease, it will hinder his or her recovery.

I took some new antidepressant scrips—having weaned myself off the old ones—and began to rethink this thing yet again.

The mind-body schism is being increasingly debunked in medicine, and any illness, especially a chronic illness, demands an examination of possible underlying or exacerbating psychological components. Doctors like Ali, Andrew Weil, and other luminaries of the new medicine advise a more complete integration of mind and body. They counsel us to watch for warning signs, to preempt the total systemic collapse, to listen to our bodies.

But can't this be taken too far? Listen to your body—or crank its volume up to ten—and odds are you will not like what it has to say: My heart is beating. This chair is really hard. I'm aging. That pain in my chest is radiating to my left arm. In general, the fewer conversations I have with my body, the healthier I feel. Of all the side effects listed for the various drugs the doctor prescribed—from nausea to tremors to confusion to stroke—by far my favorite one is "a false sense of well-being." A false sense of well-being. That's a side effect? All I want out of life is a false sense of well-being.

Perhaps my body would benefit from a bit less attention on my part. I accepted the doctor's offer to refer me to a psychiatrist. If he couldn't transform uncommon misery into common unhappiness, à la Freud, perhaps he could at least turn an allergy to the twentieth century into what Iggy Pop would call an "ordinary bummer."

He couldn't. After a long interview, with many questions, detailed answers, and careful monitoring of my affect, the psychiatrist pronounced me mentally fit. I was not, he said, depressed. Which meant I was sick. Which was depressing. I was back to square one, where, in a sense, I remain.

I'VE LONG HELD THE FIRM CONVICTION THAT WHAT DOESN'T KILL ME only physically or emotionally cripples me for the rest of my life. So though I have improved over the years—whether due to time's natural healing, a foray into Chinese medicine, or downsized expectations—it's next to impossible for me to look at this whole experience as a positive one. I would gladly trade whatever insights, maturity, or personal growth the past four years might have yielded for a clean bill of health and the time back. Still, if I'm going to be stuck with the life lessons, I might as well heed them.

One of these lessons came, cornily enough, from the East. In my meanderings through the holistic world, I saw an acupuncturist whose diagnosis was the Chinese equivalent of something with the transmission: low chi. In addition to taking a course of Chinese herbs, I was to begin meditating. He said one of my main problems was that I think too much.

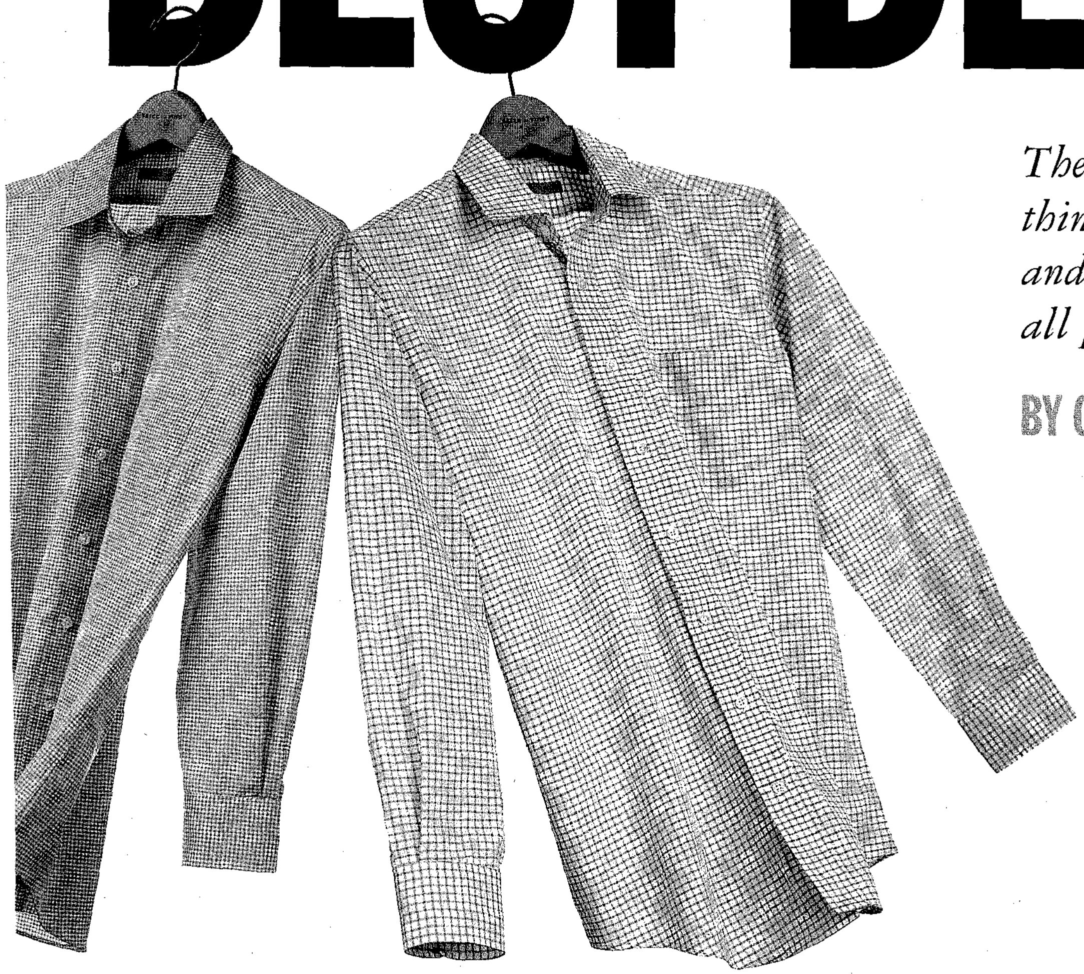
I began to think of overthought as a toxin. In fact, I began to integrate all life issues into the idea of toxins: polyurethane, drycleaner fumes, fear, hatred, self-pity. To some ways of thinking, alcoholism is not just a disorder of the body but a rift in the soul, one requiring careful scrutiny of everyday life. I began to examine my illness in the same light. I became more attentive, less analytical. I started to witness my life.

Fatigue, in all its guises, has wrought a new rhythm and disposition in my life. But I'm not sure that I like it. Whatever it is I'm suffering from appears not to be fatal, and I do have relatively good days. But I can't push myself, which greatly tempers my ambitions. I go to sleep around 10 P.M., which tends to cut into my social life. I tread, eat, and breathe with caution, and there is no break from the moderation, which I believe should be pursued only moderately. I have become fatally moderate.

Years ago, a worldly friend of mine once opined, "There is nothing worse than half a buzz." I now know exactly what he meant. As I said good-bye to my twenties, I said hello to a smaller, slower existence. It's a common enough complaint, I guess, but my maturation process was defined by a generalized renunciation. I began a life of half a buzz. Today, I am alive and functional. I am employed and off pharmaceuticals. For some reason—ions? barometric pressure?—I still can't function on rainy days. For some reason, I still act very strangely on less than nine hours of sleep. And I still look at foods, solvents, and certain pieces of office furniture with a kind of creeping suspicion.

In a sense, I've come to believe everything and nothing, which is appropriate for an age of recovered memories and Internet conspiracies. But I'm not as despairing as that might suggest. In a year and a half, I will greet the new millennium. I'll make toasts and resolutions. I'll relish whatever buzz I am allowed. My mood, I predict, will be one of guarded optimism. Because no matter what happens, I'll gladly welcome a century to which I have not yet proved allergic. ■

BEST BETS



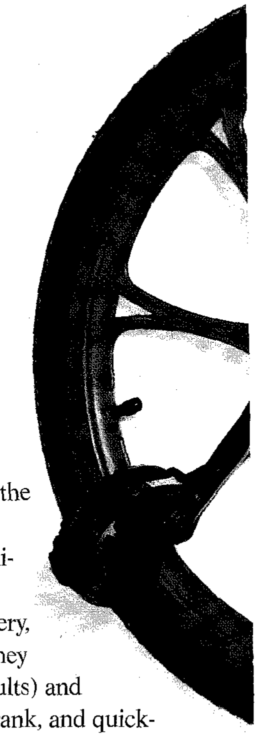
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Shirting the Issue

Ask James Jurney about shirting, and you'll find out more than you might want to know. He's an expert on ply and needle count, the exact cut of a collar (so it looks great even without a tie), the proper buttons (mother-of-pearl), and the right body (slender, for wearing with jeans or a business suit). Jurney, a former investment banker, and his interior-designer wife, Gwendolyn, got hooked on the notion of opening a shirt store while in Paris: When they couldn't unearth French ready-mades up to their high standards, they decided to manufacture their own. They found Egyptian cottons in Italy, a tailor right here New York, and a location on Elizabeth Street. Mostly, the shirting fabrics at Seize sur Vingt (translation: an A in French schools) are the finest checks, windowpanes, and ginghams, while slacks and sport jackets are Loro Piana wools. (From $30 for boxer shorts to $110 for a shirt to $625 for a jacket.)

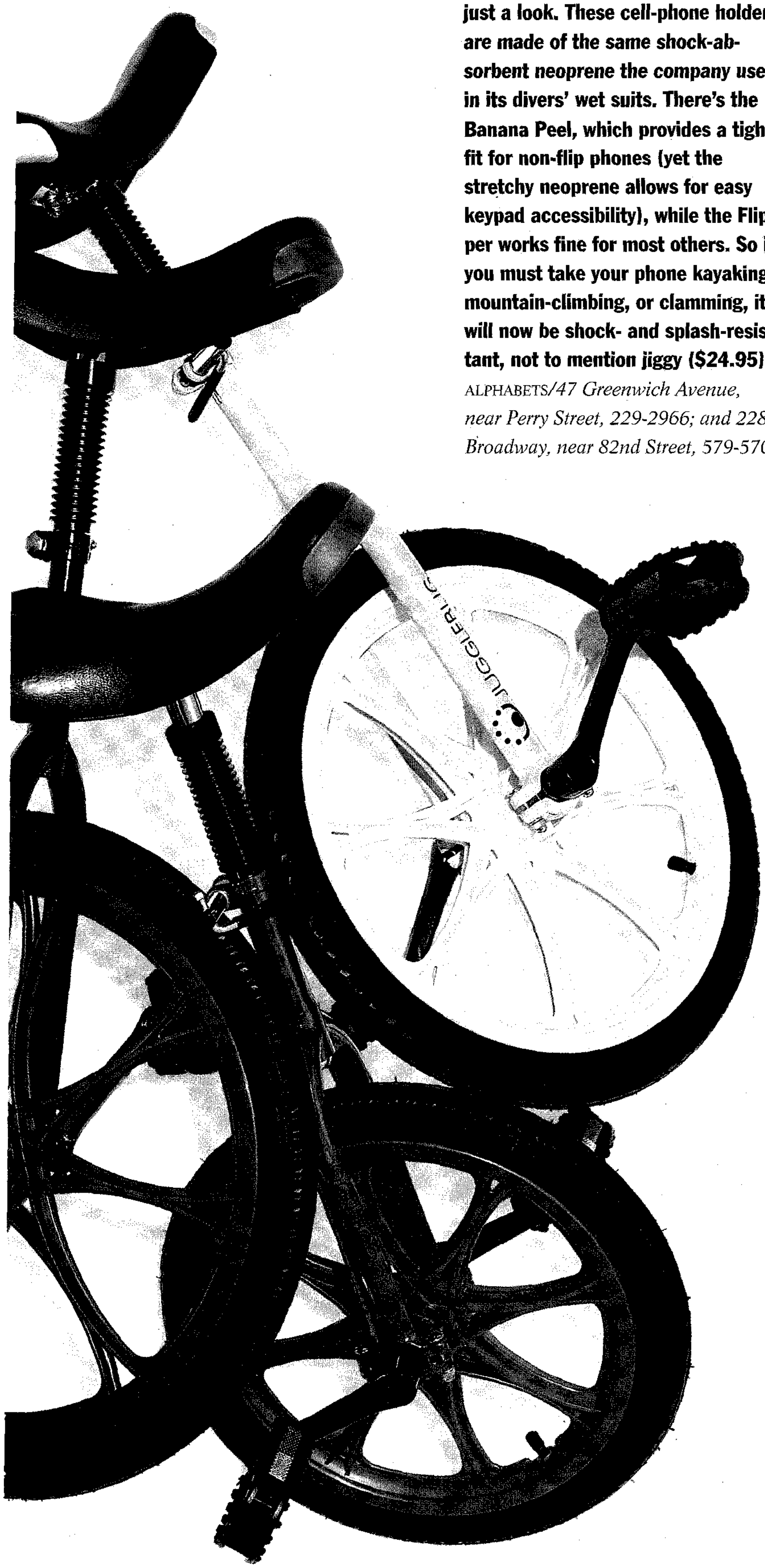
SEIZE SUR VINGT/*243 Elizabeth Street/343-0476*



Reinventing the Wheel

They may never be serious contenders in the obstacle course of bicycles, Rollerblades, and skateboards that we run daily, but unicycles are popping up in increasing numbers. Yet Jugglebug's unicycles are so cheery, you may not even mind dodging them. They come in three sizes (for 8-year-olds to adults) and have steel forks and shafts, a cotterless crank, and quick-lock padded adjustable seats ($90, $100, and $110).

THE CHILDREN'S GENERAL STORE/*2473 Broadway, near 92nd Street/580-2723*



Dry Behind the Ears

Body Glove's Cellsuits are more than just a look. These cell-phone holders are made of the same shock-absorbent neoprene the company uses in its divers' wet suits. There's the Banana Peel, which provides a tight fit for non-flip phones (yet the stretchy neoprene allows for easy keypad accessibility), while the Flipper works fine for most others. So if you must take your phone kayaking, mountain-climbing, or clamming, it will now be shock- and splash-resistant, not to mention jiggy ($24.95).

ALPHABETS/*47 Greenwich Avenue, near Perry Street, 229-2966; and 2284 Broadway, near 82nd Street, 579-5702*

Cordless Cocktail

Frozen margaritas on the patio? Cosmopolitans on the yacht? Smoothies on the beach? With Black & Decker's cordless PartyMate Drinkmaker, summer bashes are truly moveable feasts. Battery-operated, this bright blender has a lightweight and shatterproof jar and stainless-steel blades powerful enough to crush ice ($59.99; two rechargeable battery sticks included).

BLOOMINGDALE'S/*Sixth floor*

BLACK&DECKER
PartyMate
VERSAPAK

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Michael Grimm; Steve Wisbauer; Michael Grimm; Steve Wisbauer (2).

ONDINE COHANE

Neighborhood Watch

A deal on every block: *A Lower East Side pioneer drops its prices; a Chelsea boutique redefines "shop at home"; and* **NoLIta businesses go alfresco.**

Are you Frou yet? Accessories designer Paige Novick's showroom sale celebrates her new ready-to-wear line.

"IT'S A DIFFERENT TYPE OF store," says Rayman Boozer as he leads visitors through Apartment 48. Each room (decorated as bedroom, bathroom, living room, kitchen, etc.) is full of his handpicked home accessories and antiques. Unlike other places that organize by theme, though, you actually want to move in—it already feels like home. Selected items for summer (bowls, glassware, lanterns, furniture, decorative pillows, and the like) will be 20 to 60 percent off. *Apartment 48, 48 W. 17th St. (807-1391); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 11–8, Sat. till 7; 7/11–7/31.*

Holding Up the Side

SOME OF OUR FAVORITE NOLITA-and-vicinity stores are teaming up for a big sidewalk sale. Margie Tsai, Dressing Room, About Time, P.A.K. (outside 220 Mott Street), Ina, and Gates of Marrakesh, among others, are bringing their merch outdoors with prices 10 to 50 percent off retail. Sigerson Morrison (242 Mott Street) and Lucien Pellat-Finet (226 Elizabeth Street) are taking part in the action as well but are keeping their sales inside. With music, barbecues, lemonade, and stuff on sale, a summer weekend in the city might not be so tough. *Prince St. bet. Bowery and Lafayette Sts.; Sat.–Sun. 12–7; 7/11–7/12.*

Skirting This Issue

WHEN *NEW YORK*'S PHOTO EDITORS CALL downstairs to ask the price of the skirts and bag being photographed because they *love* them, we know we're onto something especially good. Frou's silk-embroidered skirts, retail $200–$295, now $75–$118; hair accessories, retail $30–$49, now $12–$19.50; bags, retail $150–$375, now $60–$150. *Frou by Paige Novick, 236 W. 26th St., Suite 303 (633-2066); checks accepted; Wed.–Fri. 11–7; 7/15–7/17.*

Thé Time

IF YOU SEEK MOROCCAN IMPORTS, CHECK out Thé à la Menthe's beautiful tile tables, wrought-iron furniture, rugs and pillows, mirrors, and antique doors. Everything will be priced at wholesale. For example: perfume bottles, retail $64, here $28; small lanterns, retail $50–$405, here $34–$259; rugs, retail $600–$2,400, here $250–$800. *TAG Gallery, 24 W. 57th St., Room 306 (307-7406); checks accepted; daily 11–6:30; 7/6–7/14.*

Sassy Sundays

IF YOU'RE IN TOWN ON A JULY SUNDAY AND need the kind of haircut and sun-kissed locks that'll make people wonder where you escaped to, try a Vidal Sassoon special. Haircuts, were $80–$88, now $60; one-process tints, were $70, now $40; European conditioning, usually $35, now free with any full-process color treatment. (Mention *New York* to get these rates.) *Vidal Sassoon, 90 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. (229-2200); 767 Fifth Ave., at 59th St. (535-9200); A.E., M.C., V.; Sun. 10–5; through 8/9.*

Ludlow's Leader

TG-170—ONE OF THE FIRST SPOTS to propel Ludlow Street to its hip status—has always had wares by up-and-coming New York designers. At its storewide sale, items by Diane Von Furstenberg, Rebecca Danenberg, Milk Fed, and Kiki Louise, as well as the store's own label, will be sold at 10 to 50 percent off. *TG-170, 170 Ludlow St. (995-8660); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Wed. 12-9; 7/14-7/15.*

D. Lightful

CLIENTS OFTEN USE D. ESSE'S HERBAL WRAP as a way to "detox" their bodies. We don't know if we were detoxed at the end of it all, but we were relaxed and our skin was skimpy-summer-clothing smooth. The wrap was $125 and now costs $106.25 (a mini facial is also included). *D. Esse, 56 University Place at 10th St. (420-1576); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–7, Sun. 12–6; 7/6–8/6.*

The Art of the Letter

WALKING INTO DEMPSEY & CARROLL ON East 57th Street, it's not hard to imagine that the establishment has been around since 1878. Not to mention that it's able to avoid making *manly stationery* a contradiction in terms—hardly an easy feat. On sale for the rest of July: men's leather shaving kits, were $290, now $100; leather wastebaskets, were $155, now $75. Select boxed stationery will be 50 percent off. *Dempsey & Carroll, 110 E. 57th St. (486-7526); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10-6; through 7/31.* ▬

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

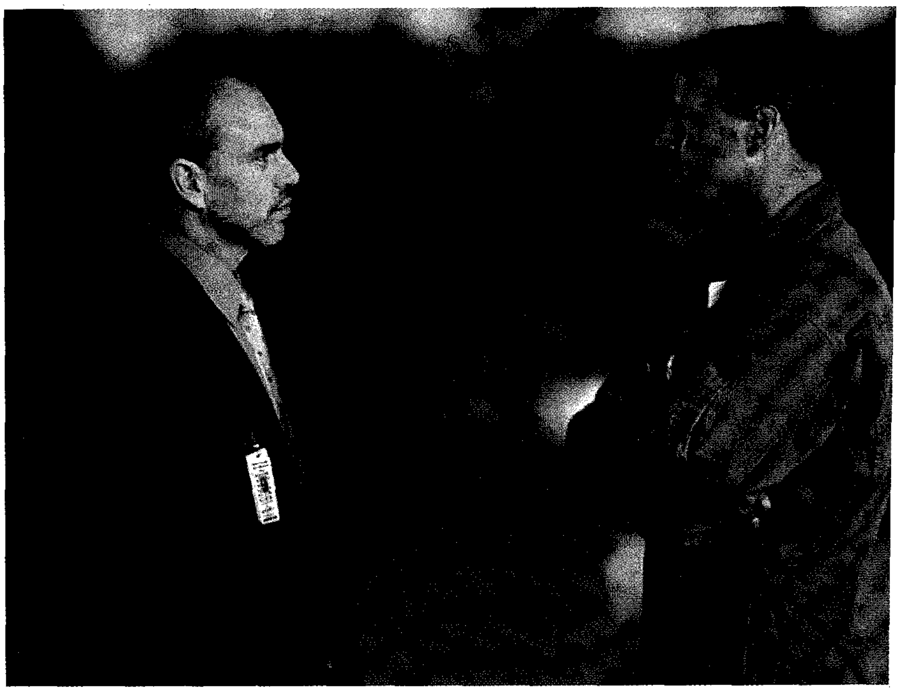
Photograph by Amy Freeth.

DAVID DENBY

Apocalypse Again

In 'Armageddon,' Bruce Willis is enlisted to save the world from another asteroid; with the entertaining 'Out of Sight,' George Clooney finally resembles a movie star.

CHARLTON HESTON, SPEAKING IN THE voice of God (at the very least), is heard at the beginning of **Armageddon** warning of death and destruction from an asteroid. But after that solemn initiation into the higher terrors, the movie turns into a clangorous, hyped-up entertainment. *Armageddon* is not a good movie, but it's probably the best movie that ever gave you a ringing headache—exciting, fast, often funny. Producer Jerry Bruckheimer has turned the total destruction of the world into a sentimental, frivolous action film. But what else can he do with it? Action is what Bruckheimer (*The Rock, Con Air,* etc.) specializes in, and Bruckheimer appears to have his wits about him—he was smart enough not to commit the errors of the other asteroid movie, *Deep Impact,* in which we were actually instructed in how to behave when the world ends (make up with Dad, stand on a mountain). Ivan Bekey, the scientific adviser to *Armageddon,* has admitted that if an actual giant asteroid is heading this way, and we have anything less than four or five years of advance warning, we can do nothing to stop it but pray. So both movies offer improbable fantasies of heroic rescue. A few jokes would seem to be in order.



Armageddon is squarely plotted, but it isn't squarely cast or written. Bruckheimer and director Michael Bay have shrewdly gathered together a group of idiosyncratic actors from independent movies. I've never been much of a fan of Billy Bob Thornton, but his hairy-faced scowl and slightly flattened malevolence work very well in the central role of the executive head of NASA—the guy who has to run the crisis center, issue orders, and save the world. Thornton's withering bluntness has a certain authority. Here's what he says: The thing is coming our way at 22,000 miles an hour; we have eighteen days in which to try to blow it up or deflect it; we need to land on the asteroid, drill a hole 800 feet deep, plant a nuke, take off, and detonate the nuke. The only person who can do this is "the world's best deep-core driller," who sounds like the hero of a porno movie and turns out to be Bruce Willis.

Willis, of course, is not an actor from independent films (though he has appeared in a few), but when his oil driller, Harry Stamper, demands his own raffish crew for this adventure in the skies, a whole bunch of actors from left field get to play at being astronauts. Suddenly, Bruckheimer and Bay are making "The Dirty Dozen in Space." Ben Affleck, of *Chasing Amy* and *Good Will Hunting,* is the young oil-rigging hotshot who happens to be in love with Willis's daughter (a mopey, dopey Liv Tyler, who looks eager to put a thumb in her mouth and crawl into a large crib). Also along for the ride are a fatty (Ken Campbell), a basso-voiced meatball (Michael Clarke Duncan), a naïve mystic (Owen Wilson), and a sardonic genius who loves whores (the invaluable sourman Steve Buscemi). In mocking imitation of *The Right Stuff,* Bay gives us heroic shots of these flakes walking straight toward the camera in their orange astronaut suits. In training, and aloft, the crew wisecrack their way through saving the world, as if they were teens trying to put up a pup tent on the first day of camp.

Michael Bay has a feeling for pace and bustle: The movie never lets up, and such things as the Houston control-room scenes, with everyone milling about purposefully, are done with much greater conviction and energy than usual. But Bay, who shoots action in fragments, continues to send asteroids into the collapsing body of film aesthetics. When *The Rock* came out, I complained that you rarely saw where one person firing a gun was in relation to another, and Bay does the same kind of thing again, creating excitement by cutting very rapidly from one close-up to another, filling the soundtrack with thuds, and shaking the camera as if it were in the grip of an electric paint mixer. Bay is a bit of a faker, but he gets away with it, because the movie is too much fun to argue with. The jolts and thrills, plotted against the ticking clock, just keep coming. *Armageddon* is both up-to-date and very old-fashioned. Some of the clichés (like Bruce Willis's not wanting Ben Affleck to marry his daughter

Houston, you have a problem: NASA chief Billy Bob Thornton and asteroid buster Bruce Willis, in *Armageddon.*

Photograph by Frank Masi/Touchstone Pictures.

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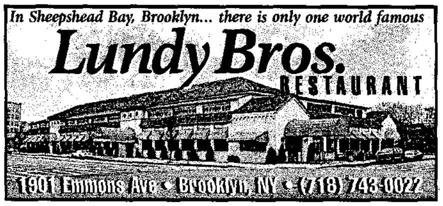

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because Affleck's daredevil reminds Willis of himself at the same age) are so ancient that the filmmakers seem to be counting on the audience's having forgotten them—or being so young as to have never experienced them. Still, *Armageddon* is a better joke than most of the other disaster and spectacle movies. Early in the picture, a group of flaming meteors tears into New York, completing the rehabilitation of Grand Central Terminal and bringing the needle-nose top of the Chrysler Building right down on our heads. When Paris gets it from another meteor later on, the conflagration is seen from the point of view of a grinning gargoyle atop Notre Dame. The New York and Paris scenes were stuck into the movie at the last moment at the suggestion of studio chief Joe Roth, but that gargoyle bears more than a passing resemblance to Jerry Bruckheimer.

IN THE EXTRAORDINARILY ENTERTAINING **Out of Sight,** George Clooney works for the first time with a smart script and a good director, and his handsome, mocking face, with its chin-down, saucer-eyed stare, suddenly seems the equipment of a star. Clooney plays Jack Foley, a bank robber with the temperament of a con artist. Jack is cunning and smooth, by instinct nonviolent, but he's still a loser who has spent too many years in prison. Something screws Jack up—a lack of ruthlessness, perhaps, or a too-great enjoyment of what he is doing. Jack's buddy (Ving Rhames) picks him up when he breaks out of the pen. When the two of them are confronted by a beautiful federal marshal, Karen Sisco (Jennifer Lopez), they throw her in the trunk of the car, and Jack, hiding, climbs in with her. The movie comes to a halt, and the most outrageous romantic scene in years plays itself out with leisurely calm. Jack and Karen discuss movies; they discuss life. Something in Jack's soothing manner and touch works for Karen: She falls in love with the man she is supposed to apprehend. And this woman is one tough cookie who annihilates any other man who makes a move on her.

Once again, screenwriter Scott Frank has successfully adapted Elmore Leonard (Frank also did *Get Shorty*). Steven Soderbergh, new to the comedy-thriller genre, directs in a style that might be called gentled Quentin Tarantino. As in *Pulp Fiction,* there's a warming friendship between black and white criminals at the center of the movie, and the story moves backward and forward (we see the same people at different times in their criminal careers and in different prisons). The gentler element is Soderbergh's way of stopping his movie now and then, pausing and just observing, as if he were trying to decide what to do next. The contemplative quality is sexy: Even though there's only one sex scene in *Out of Sight,* the movie is erotically imagined. The characters size one another up; they even dream about one another. These encounters move ahead on sheer personality and verve, and Jack and Karen have a love affair that takes place in glances and fantasies as much as in bed. Soderbergh has done something truly original: He has proved that a comedy-thriller can take place as much in the ideas people have about one another as in what they do. Soderbergh, who started out earnestly, with *Sex, Lies, and Videotape,* has become something of a hipster. The story of Karen and Jack and their friends plays itself out with satisfying twists and turns, and when violence comes, it is far more shocking than in most movies. When these people fire their guns, the bullets really hurt.

In brief: I THINK IT'S USELESS TO COMPLAIN, AS many people have, that **The X-Files** never makes any damn sense. This is a movie that is not supposed to make any damn sense. The material's unfathomability—its dedication to dark conspiracies, the powerful "they" controlling the chewing-gum supply for the entire world—is what gives the TV show its mass-cult zing of excitement. For the uninitiated, however, the movie is only moderately entertaining. David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson certainly bring a practiced rhythm to their deadpan gibberish dialogues. Duchovny's morosely preoccupied manner, as if he were trying hard to swallow the end of his nose, matches up nicely with Anderson's suppressed excitement as she grazes his face with her eyelashes. Apart from that, one is constrained by duty to point out that the director, Rob Bowman, employs the same horror-film trope over and over. Either Duchovny or Anderson or both enter a dangerous and enclosed place—an alley, a laboratory, a booby-trapped building, a cave, an enormous warehouse. They are menaced by something strange; they escape. If it weren't for one scene involving bees, who are all terrific, none of these encounters would amount to a thing. . . . Cédric Klapisch's expert **Un Air de Famille** is about a family in provincial France who gather for a weekly meal in the restaurant they own and who fight with the intimate violence of people whose habits have been grating on one another for years. The movie is a fluidly directed comedy of habit and surprise—delicate, eloquent, very satisfying. . . . In my review of *Six Days, Seven Nights* (June 22), I accused the filmmakers of ripping off a famous scene from *The African Queen* in which Humphrey Bogart pulls some leeches off Katharine Hepburn. The only trouble, as a reader pointed out, is that it's the other way around: Hepburn pulls the leeches off Bogart. My apologies to the film's fans. ■

David Denby's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

BOOKS WALTER KIRN

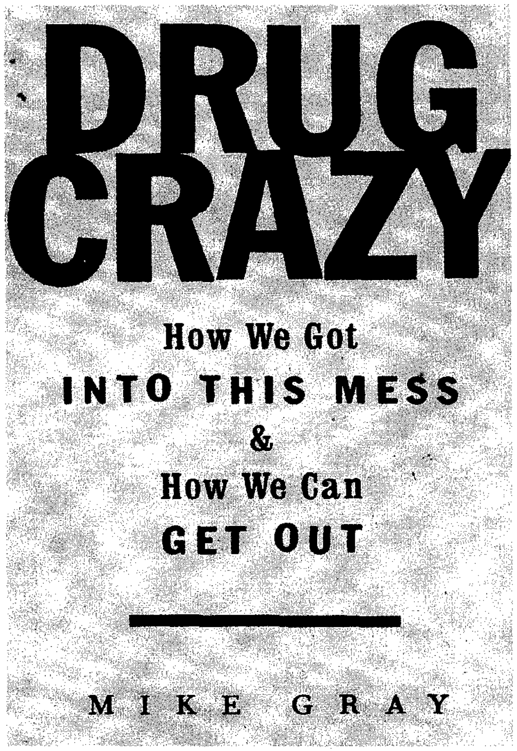
Stoning the Drug War

The drug war, Mike Gray argues in 'Drug Crazy,' makes governments and law-enforcement people feel good, but it's the most dangerous of addictions.

Drug Crazy

BY MIKE GRAY

Random House; 251 pages; $23.95



HAVING RAGED ON FOR MORE THAN 80 YEARS now, and with no end in sight, the federal government's war on drugs has suffered failures and achieved successes. First, the failures. Prisons the size of international airports, though far more crowded and markedly less secure. Organized rub-outs, open-air gunplay, and innocent-bystander-maiming crossfire that makes Capone's Prohibition-era Chicago seem like Knott's Berry Farm. Street gangs whose monthly net exceeds Netscape's, equipped with communication networks, command structures, and high-tech weaponry that could take Iraq. Lawmen licensed to seize, without due process, for their own institutional enrichment, your house, your car, your watch, and the crumpled twenty in your back pocket. A legal system racially rent asunder. Banks turned into Laundromats for dirty currency. Precinct houses that keep alive the spirit of the old Times Square, and tens of millions of American citizens whose own blood and urine, extracted under duress, can stand up in court, the Fifth Amendment be damned, and send their own host organisms straight to jail.

Now for the drug war's successes. For anyone of virtually any age who wishes to obtain them, heroin, marijuana, cocaine, amphetamines, and LSD, in ever more potent and appealing forms, remain abundantly available.

So much for a balanced weighing of an issue that no longer warrants such a courtesy. According to *Drug Crazy*, Mike Gray's compelling rant against the ruinous, big-budget witch hunt that has unleashed more evils than it's unearthed and devastated vaster legions of sinners than Jehovah at his grumpiest, the drug war can end in one of only two ways: a strongman-on-strongman national Ultimate Fighting match lamely refereed by dirty officials (the *Blade Runner* Scenario) or an orderly conditional surrender to imperfect human nature (the Dr. Benjamin Spock Memorial Peace Plan). Gray doesn't hide his preference for the second course, and the evidence he piles up for his case, historical, scientific, and anecdotal, fills only 200 pages yet still comes off as overkill. Gray knows he's right from sentence one, and by sentence 100 the thoughtful reader does, too, which makes for a book that's less an argument than a muted rant. Its veneer of reason barely hides Gray's apoplexy, and that's *Drug Crazy*'s strength. The time for fighting stupidity with intelligence (seldom an effective strategy anyway) is over. Now it's time to pour on the contempt.

Drug Crazy begins with a competent reconstruction of the drug war's turn-of-the-century early stirrings, which Gray writes began "as a collision of social reform and religious fundamentalism." Originally a stepchild to the temperance movement, the move against opium—a common ingredient in over-the-counter cough elixirs, its chronic abusers mostly white and female—was part domestic anti-Chinese racism and part a subtle diplomatic power play aimed at curbing British influence in Asia. The push against cocaine was more direct: Get those "drug-crazed niggers." With a genius for engineering a quagmire exceeding even LBJ's and McNamara's, the crusade's boobish point man, one Dr. Hamilton Wright (later exposed as a heavy-duty boozer), drew up a battle plan that targeted doctors first. Framed as a tax act, the 1914 Harrison Narcotics Act terrorized thousands of physicians who prescribed drugs to soothe addicted patients. In the meantime, a quackish cure-all for addiction based on a TNT-strength laxative absolved the crusaders of guilt for damning thousands of newly minted "drug fiends" to an anguished, cold-turkey withdrawal. Just flush out their guts and send them on their way.

The next tall white hat to ride into Drug City was not a doofus do-gooder but an inflamed fanatic. Described by Gray with unstinting derision as "a law and order evangelist," Harry Anslinger headed the Treasury Department's Federal Bureau of Narcotics, but his actual power base was in the private sector. Crowned a sort of one-man FDA, Anslinger could approve or veto at will

Gray fights fire with fire, excoriating the drug war with evangelical, William Bennett–like fervor.

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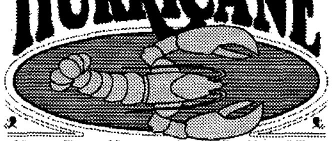
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pharmaceutical companies' applications to market narcotic-based painkillers. The King of Codeine, the Marquis of Morphine, he was perhaps the grandest example to date of the drug war's metaphysical ambivalence, its spiritual two-facedness. Whether it's Oliver North allegedly importing loads of coke in the name of Nicaraguan anti-communism, the CIA wading hip-deep into the opium trade in the Vietnam-era Golden Triangle, President Bush deforesting Bolivia while posing for handshake P.R. shots with Noriega, or the local undercover cop cruising with the top down in his freshly seized Ferrari, the enterprise seems to breed an evil more rarefied than payoff-style corruption. The good guys create the scarcity that guarantees the bad guys' profits, the bad guys fan the instability that secures the good guys' jobs, and all too often both sides find common cause protecting their synergistic racket from socialist agitators, zealous legalizers, internal-affairs units, and other interlopers. They're mutually nourishing parasites, and their hearts may someday beat as one.

The fiery doomsdays that Gray sees coming if things don't cool off soon (a war between the producing nations and those that consume their products, which seems to me far-fetched, or the subversion of U.S. civil society, which strikes me as already having begun) seem appealingly cathartic compared with the slow-roast status quo of racist law enforcement, diminished privacy, and the class of new untouchables who fail to score A-pluses on their urine tests. Gray's point—and though he's not the first to make it, he has honed and hardened it enough to pierce the thickest skulls—is that the drug war isn't now, and likely never was, an authentic conflict between enemies but a hysterical splitting of the whole, dividing blacks from whites, suburbanites from city dwellers, and, most cruelly and injuriously, doctors from their patients. If 10-year-olds can take Ritalin, an amphetamine, without dismembering their soccer coaches, and California cancer patients can smoke dope without raping their nurses, who put the *fiend* in *drug fiend* in the first place? The chemicals or the cops? Gray's book, justifiably bitter and sarcastic as well as lucid and informative, tells the drug-war story straight and true. Criminalization is what makes criminals, not hemp leaves, and demonization is what makes demons, not processed poppy juice. Drug addiction is hell for many addicts, and war is hell, too, according to the old saying. What ever convinced us that two hells make a heaven? ▬

Walter Kirn's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

JOHN SIMON

Tooth and Consequences

'You Never Can Tell,' the improbable tale of a Lothario dentist, is among Bernard Shaw's best, but the Roundabout's gummy production does it no justice.

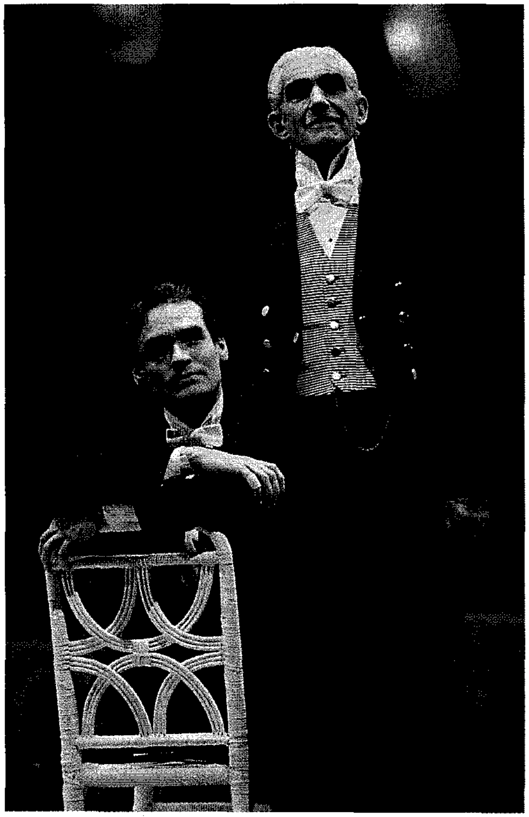
BERNARD SHAW NUMBERED **You Never Can Tell** among his "Plays Pleasant"; actually, it is more than that—enchanting. We have here a debonair young dentist and old-style Lothario, Valentine, smitten with Gloria, the haughty New Woman, hell-bent on resisting her emotional impulses. In the resulting duel of the sexes, the man seems to conquer the woman but must end by bowing down before the Eternal Feminine. There is also Gloria's mother, Mrs. Clandon, the archetypal feminist author writing prescriptive books on twentieth-century mores, only to find them flouted by her very children, including Dolly and Philip, the irrepressible younger ones. And there is Crampton, the patriarchal landlord who must belatedly learn a lesson or two.

Further, two very different lawyers, the old-fashioned M'Comas and the newfangled Bohun, with antithetical approaches to their profession. And benignly hovering over them all is the Waiter, a bottomlessly wise man from below who guides the upper-class twits through their follies, though his own son may be beyond his control. This fin-de-siècle comedy (1896) has a rattlingly merry but also shrewd understanding of what in the world changes and what, underneath, remains immutable.

In the end, the duel is not so much between the sexes, the old and the new manners, parents and children, society's proper insiders and brash outsiders, as between the semblance of progress and the persistence of eternal verities. In 1900, an American reviewer called *You Never Can Tell* "brainy champagne"; Shaw characterized it as demonstrating that drama can humanize mundane subjects, "even an exhibition of eating and drinking by people with an expensive air . . . as easily as they, in the wrong hands, can dehumanize the drama."

But this exquisite jape needs a subtle and elegant production, which it doesn't get from the Roundabout. Nicholas Martin, a clever director, strains this time to be cleverer yet and repeatedly overshoots the mark. Allen Moyer, an exemplary designer of contemporary sets, seems to have less affinity for period ones. And even the canny Frances Aronson overilluminates the closing nocturnal scene with unmagical *al giorno* lighting. The cast, conversely, is less bright, with one exception.

Robert Sean Leonard, shining as a disarmingly saucy Valentine, is perhaps the only young American actor who can leap off the screen and handle a demanding Shavian role with utmost finesse. Katie Finneran badly lacks Gloria's initial icy radiance but, when she starts to come unglued, is partly redeemed by a nice comedic sense, whereas neither the grating Catherine Kellner nor the graceless Saxon Palmer, playing Gloria's younger siblings, the Twins (but never so referred to here because they don't look remotely alike), is tolerable. Helen Carey, theoretically a fine Mrs. Clandon, somehow gets lost in the shuffle; as her rancorous spouse, Simon Jones is content to recycle his overused nasal snootiness. Nicholas Kepros is passable as M'Comas, but the charmless Charles Keating is far too spineless and smarmy as the Waiter. Jere Shea, miscast and misdirected, reduces Bohun to mere posturing. Sad to see a prancing racehorse of a play so thoroughly hobbled.



Don't ask: Robert Sean Leonard and Charles Keating in *You Never Can Tell.*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

WILLIAM FINN HAS ALL THE makings of a slave to autobiography. His various *Falsetto* musicals, the so-called Marvin Trilogy, rehearse the problems of a young Jewish intellectual and his goyish boyfriend, and what happens when the latter gets AIDS. In **A New Brain,** we get a young Jewish composer-lyricist with a goyish boyfriend, and what happens when the former seems to have an inoperable brain tumor. Obviously, this is not a strict autobiography, although the misdiagnosis did happen to Finn, here called Schwinn, perhaps because of his cyclical *oeuvre.*

Gordon Schwinn is working hard on a song for the odious TV-kiddie-show host Mr. Bungee, who masquerades as a frog and haunts Gordon as he grapples with his loathed material. Rhoda, a sympathetic friend, takes Gordon out to dinner, where his head falls onto the pasta

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and he himself lands in the soup: hospitalized and awaiting the end. To both help and harass him, there are Mimi, his mother, concerned but also undiplomatic; Richard, "the nice nurse," black, fat, and sassy; Nancy D., "the thin nurse," white, scrawny, and officious; and Dr. Jafar Berensteiner, the surgeon who juggles with human lives. Mr. Bungee frogs around; Lisa, a homeless woman, is periodically dragged in by the p.c. hairs; but conspicuously absent for quite a while is Gordon's lover Roger, off sailing somewhere. "Goyim," mutters Gordon.

The music and lyrics are uneven, but both try commendably to shake the Sondheim spell Finn has labored under. There is a good deal of hit-or-miss humor, not all of it Finn's; the book is a collaboration with James Lapine, who turned a projected revue into a story musical. David Gallo's playfully skewed scenery is a distinct pleasure, as are Michael Starobin's tart orchestrations. As director-choreographer, Graciela Daniele, fresh from *Ragtime,* goes from strength to strength; it is she, I suspect, who infused the proceedings with most of their exuberantly caroming originality.

The show makes a star out of the personable and versatile Malcolm Gets. Acting or singing, bedridden and sorely beset or frantically careering about, Gets fills the stage with his winning presence. Even seated at the piano, he tickles the ivories as easily as he does our ribs. The suave and sophisticated Penny Fuller conveys Mimi's maternal pluses and minuses in a mathematically flawless aggregate. As Roger, the usually good Christopher Innvar is here surprisingly ineffectual (and has, I gather, been replaced). Chip Zien is uncannily right as a batrachian bugaboo, but Liz Larsen is unimpressive as Rhoda. The rest—Michael Mandell, Mary Testa, John Jellison, and especially Kristin Chenoweth—are delectably on target. Though written still with the old brain, the teetering *A New Brain* at least manages to fall mostly forward.

WHATEVER POINTS THE ROUNDABOUT LOSES for its Shavian charade, it recoups for rescuing **Side Man** from vanishing with its brief downtown run. Warren Leight's comedy-drama is about the itinerant jazz musicians known as sidemen, who, during the big-band era, provided the needed backup. They could play anything asked of them, and were on the road most of the time, except when—regularly—they hit the unemployment line. It is all seen through the memory of Clifford, who at 30 remembers the doomed marriage of Gene, his trumpet-player father, and Terry, his mother, driven to drink and hysteria by her husband's neglect of everything but his precious horn.

There are three themes: the unhappy marriage that, from early childhood on, the son who loves both his parents tries to keep together; the jocular camaraderie of the sidemen, with their devil-may-care living and loving; and the passion of all concerned for a music condemned to fall victim to downward-changing tastes. Gene's friends and colleagues are the drug-addicted Jonesy, the lisping and nerdish Ziggy, and the womanizing Al. At their favorite hangout, the Rainbow Lounge, they spar with the waitress, the tough but likable Patsy, who beds trumpet player after trumpet player, waiting on all but waiting long for none. The play roams freely between 1953, when Gene and Terry met, married, and were briefly a couple; and 1985, when, split wide apart, Terry has been going through suicide attempts and hospitalizations and Gene has become more and more besotted with his music and blindly staggers on.

Leight knows this world inside out, and he writes in a Hemingwayesque style unusual in drama. "No more nonets and tentets," Clifford sums up about the jazzmen. "No more 60 weeks on the road. No more jam sessions till dawn in the Cincinnati zoo. When they go, that'll be it . . . a 50-year blip on the screen." The elegiac tone is laced with wry humor and concludes with the ironic stage image of the music coming up as the lights fade forever on this brave old world.

Michael Mayer has again directed consummately in the larger Broadway house without noticeable loss of intimacy. One sequence will stay in every memory: three horn players listening to the tape of a dead fourth one, as music soars to the rafters and burrows into their beings. The three friends' faces and fingers twitch along with the blue notes while Kenneth Posner's lighting, which has worked miracles all along, sculpts this trio of votaries into a monument to unanimous, enraptured surrender.

Frank Wood offers an unforgettable portrait of Gene, who makes his son "wonder how he could sense everything while he was blowing, and almost nothing when he wasn't." As Clifford, Robert Sella superbly draws you into his web of humor, intelligence, and compassion for his embattled parents: When his patience finally shatters, we too are shaken to our very foundations. Angelica Torn is a splendidly unsentimental Patsy, and as the other three horn players, Michael Mastro, Kevin Geer, and Joseph Lyle Taylor couldn't be bettered. Too bad that Wendy Makkena is nowhere near up to the unavailable Edie Falco she replaced as Terry: She does not age convincingly, she overdoes the lower-class accent, and she does not get you in the gut. Even so, *Side Man* is a must. ■

John Simon's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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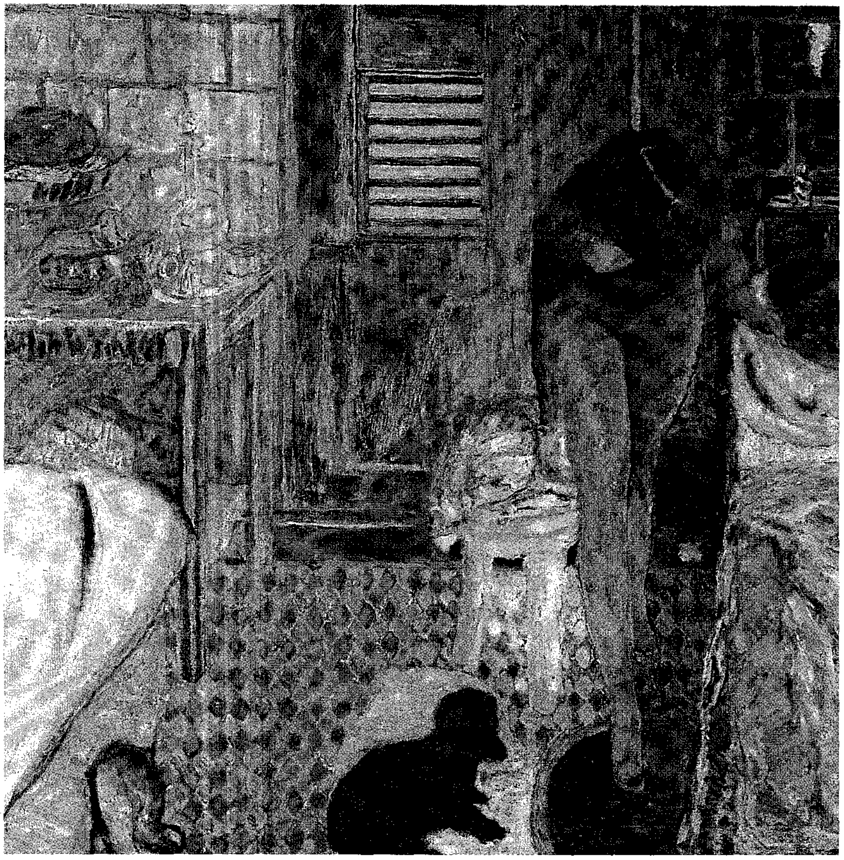
ART **MARK STEVENS**

First-Impressionist

The paintings of Bonnard—who liked to depict that fleeting instant of first sight, before the eye can sort out the details—in a thrilling exhibit at MoMA.

Bonnard, TO MUCH OF THE ART WORLD, IS A worthy bore. A French chef with a tasty brush who paints the nude in the bath, the meal on the table, and the view out the window. A nice domestic painter. A charming colorist. A pleasing irrelevance. When John Elderfield told his friends he was working on a Bonnard show for the Museum of Modern Art, the suppressed yawns almost broke their jaws. This response to Bonnard is baffling. It can come only from those with ideas instead of eyes, for Bonnard is joltingly radical with the brush. He places Impressionism under fierce, unrelenting pressure, creating a hothouse style of exquisite melancholy. He does nothing routinely; each detail in a painting is freshly confronted. And he is singularly strange in spirit.



Bath of wife: Bonnard's *The Bathroom* (1932).

The retrospective now at MOMA, which Elderfield organized with the critic David Sylvester and the curator Sarah Whitfield, who were working with the Tate Gallery in London, emphasizes this unsweetened Bonnard. As a young man in fin de siècle Paris, Pierre Bonnard (1867–1947) responded strongly to Gauguin and Vuillard, making use of the sharp crops in Japanese art and composing elegantly patterned pictures in which the figures seem visually sewn into the background. He was also deeply affected by symbolism; he retained until the end of his life some of the morbid dreaminess of that style. But the curators have rightly chosen to tilt the show toward the later, Impressionist-inspired art, in which Bonnard is most truly himself. The result is both thrilling and exhausting. A single Bonnard demands long looking—and there are 82 pictures on display.

Elderfield in his catalogue essay stresses the perceptual peculiarity of the work. Bonnard does not habitually center the focus of his pictures; he refuses to impose any hierarchy upon the eye. Often, you cannot take in the entire picture at once because he pushes the human figure—and other lively visual incidents—to the edge of the rectangle. You must then move your eyes around to possess the image fully; you slowly become aware of important elements in the corner of your eye; your each act of focus creates a beautiful blur elsewhere. (Bonnard is often treated as a conservative painter, but his approach to composition anticipates the later "allover" style of, say, Pollock or Newman.) He famously said he wanted "to show what one sees when one enters a room all of a sudden." To put it differently, he wanted to convey that glorious anarchy—that sparkling of riches—that occurs before the eye begins to tidy up.

How can that elusive sensation be depicted without creating a disorderly hodgepodge? Not easily. Bonnard would work on pictures for months, even years, trying to make a coherent image without suppressing the visual buzz one experiences when entering a room "all of a sudden." Critics often present him as a master of Arcadian pleasure, usually emphasizing his nudes. If there is the flicker of paradise in his work, however, it comes not from anything in the subject matter but instead from this ideal reconciliation of control and chaos, in which the eye is rapturously—and safely—intoxicated with the bliss of seeing. In *The Bathroom,* the eye can yield to the tumescent color because the formal composition holds so well. The serious play of verticals and horizontals helps release the evanescent softness in the color.

In contrast to Matisse, however, Bonnard does not finally play the part of a great pagan or an unabashed sensualist. The way he emphasizes the margins can be disturbing—our instinct is to fear what comes unexpectedly from the side—and he often keys up his color to the point that it arouses a kind of acidic queasiness. This is

Photograph ©1998 The Museum of Modern Art, New York.

partly just the action of a master challenging himself: Can those discordant colors live together? Can one actually make a picture of the viscous orange light in a bar? But Bonnard is also an artist who conveys the abiding anxiety of isolation, indirection, and bottled-up desires. His relation to his wife, Marthe, was claustrophobic. She did not want him to leave the house. Although he painted her over many years, her age never changed in the pictures. Many of his works reflect the glassed-away excitements of the voyeur: The figure is almost faceless, lost in a private world, unaware of being observed. There is such distance in Bonnard's pleasure! Perhaps that's why his touch with the brush is so poignant.

Toward the end of the exhibit, Elderfield presents two rooms that juxtapose—unforgettably—two of the artist's important themes. In the first of the rooms, we see the artist's depictions of his wife lying in her bath. Sensual pleasure? Well, of course. But the tub is also a tomb; it isolates her in the embrace of death. (His wife died in 1942 during the painting of one of the works; the artist also had an affair with a woman who committed suicide.) These works, as subtle in feeling as any in modern art, inextricably unite desire and decay, Eros and Thanatos. And not only in their subject matter. The forms themselves come apart like overripe fruit; the color is shimmery and deliquescent. Then, in the second room, we unexpectedly come upon Bonnard himself. What happens when the voyeur glimpses himself in the bathroom mirror? The deathly isolation seems no less real in these pictures. The head is often skeletal. The spaces are emptier than in many other pictures. The eyes are opaque. There is something painfully partial in what can finally be seen, as if one's breath will always smudge the mirror of the self. These are studies in, among other things, not knowing.

The melancholy meditation in Bonnard's work has one other dimension. Far from being an Impressionist afterthought, Bonnard plays one of the essential endgames in the tradition of French painting. A great late figure, he spends the inheritance of his culture with a certain studied weariness. He wants—and cultivates—a look of going to seed. (He preferred that his garden remain untrimmed.) He turns the founding modern style of the nineteenth century, Impressionism, into a kind of elaborate ruin, steaming, magnificent, intricate. He unstitches Vuillard. He pushes painting itself, not just the figure, toward the ghostly margins. If Matisse creates a burst of light at the end of the French tradition, his friend Bonnard provides the necessary shade. ▬

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DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Try a Little Tenderness

More of that old urban dread in Peter Martins's latest for the City Ballet; from Philadanco, spectacular dancers but a scattershot repertory.

The NYCB's Nichol Hlinka in her farewell performance, in *Scotch Symphony.*

Photograph by Paul Kolnik.

NOT ONLY DOES PETER MARTINS HEAD THE **New York City Ballet,** but he's also its chief supplier of new choreography. His output is so steady, one can be hard put to keep up with it. Only this season, shortly before the premiere of Martins's latest effort, *River of Light,* did I see last season's new Martins, *Stabat Mater.* The latter—to the Pergolesi score inspired by the medieval hymn to the grieving Virgin—seems to be Martins's meditation on his mentor, friend, and colleague, the incomparable pedagogue Stanley Williams. Williams, who died last fall, taught Martins at the Royal Danish Ballet and subsequently became the instructor chiefly responsible for the male dancers' purity of style at the NYCB-affiliated School of American Ballet.

Stabat Mater is among the rare Martins works that allow simple, tender sentiments to surface and a state of vulnerability to prevail. The piece is danced by three couples: Darci Kistler (a special protégée of Williams's) and Jock Soto, Yvonne Borree and Peter Boal, and Miranda Weese and Nilas Martins (the choreographer's son). They are presented as a small, bereft community that gradually—and with exquisite subtlety—comes to terms with its loss and resolves to carry on, bonded by what its members share and inspired by what they've been given, into an uncharted future. Duets and trios, solos and group dances, all arranged with Martins's familiar detailed craft, are swept forward by the elegiac mood. Martins's characteristic objectivity wards off what the Danes would call *sødsuppe* (literally, sweet soup), while the feeling he has allowed himself to experience and display prevents the technical workings from appearing dryly mechanical. Martins rarely heeds the more innocent and Romantic vein in his nature that is, by the way, part of his cultural inheritance as a Dane; if he gave it more attention, it might be the making of him as a choreographer.

River of Light, to the score of the same name commissioned from Charles Wuorinen, who conducted at the ballet's premiere, reveals Martins in his most characteristic mode. Hostility! Anomie! Fathomless dark space ominously streaked with shifting shafts of illumination! Welcome to contemporary urban life. Coincidentally, this ballet is also a sextet—for Kistler, Soto, Alexandra Ansanelli, Monique Meunier, Charles Askegard, and Sebastien Marcovici—but here, instead of the couples' being bonded, they play key party. Since neither individual figures nor temporary couples are differentiated very much, each seeming to convey the same message of anger and hopelessness, there appears to be little point to this exercise.

A welcome contrast to this rote gloom was provided by Nichol Hlinka, giving her final performances with the company after a long career. Hlinka, who managed to be wonderful despite a lack of particular enthusiasm for her gifts on the part of both Martins and Balanchine before him, went out in a burst of radiance. She's a small woman who dances huge, with an ebullience, a spontaneity, and a subtlety of phrasing that are becoming too rare on the classical-ballet stage. She exemplifies the combination of instinctive intelligence and unquenchable joy in movement and never fails to demonstrate that dancing is not pictorial but sculptural. I'll miss her presence, and I'll never forget her.

JOAN MYERS BROWN HAS BEEN DOING SOMETHING RIGHT with her black-oriented modern-dance troupe, **Philadanco,** and she's been doing it for 28 years with increasing success. The dancers she brought to the Joyce this season from their home base in Philadelphia are sensational movers. They combine swiftness and strength with voluptuous fluidity, their action seeming to originate in a coiled-spring spine. Their carriage is notably proud and elegant, the exquisite balance of their posture inevitably suggesting harmony of spirit. Each performer has retained—and can project—an individual temperament; a stageful of them looks like a group of real, idiosyncratic human beings who are fiercely committed to a common cause.

Hope Boykin, who is one of the most extraordinary dancers I've ever seen in any genre, serves as the model for the women: compactly built, fleshy, at times don't-mess-with-me powerful, at other times buoyant with delight. Boykin herself makes prodigious physical feats look as instinctive as breathing. See her spinning swiftly downstage on an unerring diagonal path, her curved arms softly plunging and rising, and you've witnessed the essence of dance magic.

The problem that Philadanco has yet to resolve is the one of repertory. Although in recent years the company has astutely added postmodern works to its collection of dances whose sentiments and conventions are mid-century and middlebrow, the results give it an air of vague eclecticism rather than a distinctive profile. The Joyce program offered two old-fashioned pieces, a preview of Milton Myers's *Echoes: A Celebration of Alvin Ailey* and an excerpt from Gene Hill Sagan's *La Valse,* to a recording of the Ravel score that underlines its resemblance to the orgiastic *Bolero.* The Myers is simply ersatz Ailey, which Ailey himself gave us enough of. The Sagan throws a veil of glamorous decadence over a relentless barrage of physical thrills.

I preferred the two latter-day items on the program: an excerpt-in-preview of Ronald K. Brown's *Gate Keepers,* which is lean, mean, intermittently frenzied, and aching with loneliness—a tale of the city. Full of viable material, it needs some firm architectural organization. Blondell Cummings's *100% Cotton Natural Fiber* was the most ambitious and, for me, the most stimulating item of the evening. Blending traditional African movement with the polyglot language of postmodernism, it proposes honoring ancestry and childhood as a key to adult self-awareness. Cummings's half-abstract vignettes portraying, in a "herstory" mode, work and ritual, women's sorrows and women's endurance, are visually and rhythmically compelling. The piece could use radical trimming, in terms of length and wordiness—poetry projected onto the backdrop—but it's admirably inventive, sophisticated, and authentic in the feelings it evokes. ▬

Tobi Tobias's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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LASER WRINKLE REMOVAL

JOHN LEONARD

Sick Transit

In 'My Own Country,' an Ethiopian-born doctor finds a kind of redemption treating AIDS victims in rural Tennessee; 'Oz' returns with more visions of hell behind bars.

IF YOU CHOOSE TO STAY INDOORS THIS SUMMER, YOU had better be wired for cable. Except for World Cup soccer on weekday afternoons on ABC—displacing the soaps to a prime time for which they will never be ready—the networks are in hibernation, fallow speaking to fallow. Clinton in China looked like a studio production, as if the terra-cotta warriors in a ghostly vault at Xian were June Taylor dancers on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Even baseball, our warm-weather narrative, our beach novel about boys in knickers stealing home, has been turned into a triumphalist tract, a sort of Gulf War voice-over, by the apparently unbeatable Steinbrenners, who might win 120 games without ever rousing their own announcers from somniloquy to sentience.

Johnson City all-stars: Naveen Andrews (right) as Dr. Abraham Verghese, who treats Vickie Tally, an HIV-infected patient played by Glenne Headly.

Fortunately, chance-taking narrowcast cable delivers. Consider those odd elements that combine to such surprising effect in **My Own Country** (Sunday, July 12; 9 to 11 P.M.; Showtime). The inspiration is the autobiography of Dr. Abraham Verghese, whose Indian-emigrant family was forced to flee Ethiopia in 1975, when a military coup deposed Emperor Haile Selassie; who grew up to study medicine in Madras; who would not only do his internship and residency at a country hospital in Johnson City, Tennessee, but return to the Great Smokies in 1985, after a fellowship in Boston to study infectious diseases, just in time to treat the first appearance of AIDS in rural America. The perfect director of this material is the idiosyncratic Mira Nair, who gave us *Salaam Bombay!*, *Mississippi Masala*, *The Perez Family*, and *Kama Sutra: A Tale of Love*. She has assembled a remarkable cast, from Naveen Andrews, who played Kip in *The English Patient*, as Dr. Verghese, to Glenne Headly, Hal Holbrook, Marisa Tomei, and Swoosie Kurtz, with Sean Hewitt and William Webster as aging gay lovers who were also childhood sweethearts.

Who even knew there were Indians in Johnson City, a whole community of V. S. Naipauls and Indira Gandhis? They are an otherness, to borrow some pomo, as defamiliarizing as all those St. Louis Indians in Jonathan Franzen's *The Twenty-Seventh City*. Yet Nair is less interested in them, or in the stressed marriage of Andrews to Ellora Patnaik, than she is in the white people for whom the color of their doctor's skin is of no consequence whatsoever—the disease has turned everybody into an other. And her interest in these people, who are as eccentric as a mixed bag of Flannery O'Connor gummy bears, is surpassingly affectionate. She will even allow Glenne Headly's foul-mouthed, chain-smoking truck driver's wife to steal the TV movie.

But not before Nair has interpolated gaudy flashbacks and nightmare fantasy sequences—of Marisa Tomei's cross-dressing brother singing in a gay bar, of full-immersion baptisms with a hallelujah chorus, of Patnaik bleeding all over a Technicolored sari in an all-white wheat field—that counterpoint the invisible mystery of the disease with a surreal spectrum analysis that's almost slapstick. There is also so much dancing, mostly by the Odissi-trained Patnaik, that anything Swoosie Kurtz might have had to say has been left on the cutting-room floor. Dr. Verghese will, of course, leave Johnson City—the hospital isn't making any money on AIDS patients who show up from miles around to consult the only doctor who seems to like them, and his wife and children need some of his sympathy, too—but not before we have spent quality time in several unusual countries, with much tumultuous weather, among citizens variously splendid.

LAST SUMMER, IN ONE OF THE MOST COUNTERINTUITIVE programming ideas ever to occur to a television-production team, HBO asked us to spend July and August inside a maximum-security prison. Instead of giving us sun on the skin and sand in the eyes and saltwater brain-dip, the eight-part dramatic series **Oz** locked us up behind bars with every imaginable deviant behavior, from rape to cannibalism. It was as though executive producer Tom Fontana, who also wrote every episode, wanted us to see what happened after his splendid network cop show, *Homicide*, did its job—and he had to go to cable to accommodate the raw language and caged emotions. We lock up what we don't want to think about, but it's still our closet, full of our unmentionables. Oz the prison is a kind of factory for processing spare human parts until there is nothing left but waste. *Oz* the series was an anthropology of terror, a

Photograph by Rafy/Showtime.

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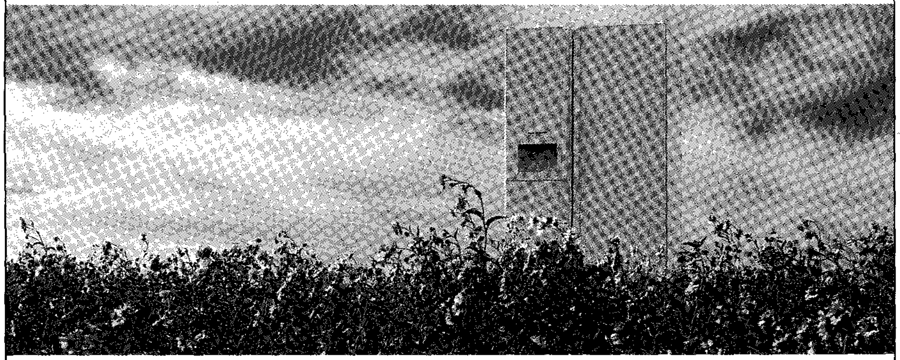

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kind of nightmare parody of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town.*

Fontana and *Oz* return (Saturday, July 11; 10:15 to 11:15 P.M.; Mondays thereafter, 10 to 11 P.M.; HBO) with eight more hours. Returning, as well, are Terry Kinney as the idealistic social worker who set up Emerald City, a semi-permissive experimental subsystem of total surveillance, and who was shot in the riot that ended last summer's season; Ernie Hudson as the warden in servitude to a law-and-order governor, Zeljko Ivanek, who runs for re-election on a platform of capital punishment and total contempt for the dregs; Rita Moreno as the nun who organized conjugal visits when they were still allowed; B. D. Wong as the priest who knows too many secrets and was personally betrayed in the riot; Lauren Velez as a doctor who must deal with everything from knife wounds to AIDS; Edie Falco as the single-mother corrections officer who sleeps with Kinney and smuggles in cigarettes for one of the prison gangs; Eddie Malavarca as the boss of the wiseguys; Eammon Walker as the boss of the Black Muslims; Kirk Acevedo as the boss of the Latinos; J. K. Simmons as the boss of the Aryan Brotherhood skinheads; and Dean Winters as the designated Westie. Besides which there are bikers, gangstas, Christians, gays, and Harold Perrineau as the wheelchair-bound omniscient narrator of all the awful occurrences we see, who will also meditate at length on what the Spanish, with their horses and cannons and smallpox, did to the Aztecs.

Charles S. Dutton guest-stars in the first new episode, "The Tip," as the law-school dean investigating the causes and handling of the riot. He will be followed in subsequent installments by visitors like L.L. Cool J, Zakes Mokae, Austin Pendleton, and Elaine Stritch. None of them will coddle you any more than Oz coddles its inmates. The best we can hope for is that Dutton, knowing what he knows, actually runs against Ivanek for governor. *Oz* is amazing television—a Kafka penal colony grafted onto novels by Zola and Céline and James Ellroy. I will not pretend it's for the squeamish. A rat is forked to keep it from crapping in the kitchen. The tip of a man's penis is bitten off in the middle of coerced fellatio. In the speed-freak, jerk-around style of *Homicide,* we are ambushed from all angles. But if you can't stand to watch this stuff in your living room, how can you possibly accommodate the very idea of a country where prisons like Oz are a growth industry while we have stopped building schools because we'd rather not pay property taxes? ■

John Leonard's 1997-98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET PETER KAMINSKY

All Skewered Up

At Brooklyn's Bay Shish Kebab, enjoy the many moods of grilled lamb, Uzbek-style; across the borough, there are subtle spices (and belly dancing) at Caravan.

FOR THOSE WITHOUT A HAMPTONS BEACH HOUSE or a rambling Victorian in Hudson Valley—the so-called second-homeless—a trip to Sheepshead Bay, with its fleet of fishing boats and the tang of salt air, makes for a fairly convincing weekend consolation. Now outfitted with a neon-lit Loehmanns, refurbished piers, and the newly energetic Lundy's seafood restaurant, the area has an unexpected, culturally confusing feel—Old Brooklyn meets Modern Mall. Recent (and increasingly affluent) Russian immigrants crowd the fishing piers in their telltale late-Socialist brown flip-flop sandals and fill the sidewalk cafés, their cell phones placed on the tables alongside ever-present cigarette packs. Most seem to regard food as something to put in your mouth in between hits of nicotine.

Uzbek in town: The wait staff at Bay Shish Kebab.

Photograph by Anna Williams.

But modestly located on a strip mall overlooking those piers is an Uzbek outpost where the food, redolent of Asian spices, deserves its diners' lavish, smoke-free attention. Eat your fill at **Bay Shish Kebab** (2255 Emmons Avenue, Sheepshead Bay; 718-769-5396), the only place in New York that offers this particular variety of specialties of the wild Asian steppes.

Adnan Sarki and his brother Razik (their name means "Easterner" in the Uzbek tongue), who preside over Bay Shish Kebab, pay tribute to their ethnic origins with displays of intricately embroidered caps, handmade knives, and Turkish paintings. The Sarki brothers are proud of their heritage and the role of their family in it: Having fought against the Stalinization of their homeland in the thirties, their grandfather, now a national hero, was forced into exile in Afghanistan.

From there, some fifteen years later, the family moved to Turkey, and some of the restaurant's food bears traces of that influence. The smoky grilled-eggplant salad and the lemony tabbouleh are memorably simple, exceedingly flavorful dishes, as is the lightly dressed shepherd salad of parsley, dill, cucumber, tomatoes, salt, and pepper.

For a more substantial appetizer, try the lamb-filled steamed Uzbek dumplings, or sample a selection of crusty pide, thinnish homemade bread studded with white and black sesame seeds and stuffed, according to your order, with smoked meat, sausage, cheese, or vegetables.

The Sarki kitchen turns out a number of kebabs that I have not seen elsewhere. The artfully arranged Tildiz kebab is a pinwheel of hand-chopped lamb marinated in peppers, tomatoes, garlic, and salt, then grilled on a skewer and served with a pepper coulis. Iskander kebab covers gyro meat (salt-cured ground lamb) with a sprightly, oregano-enhanced marinara-like sauce invented in the Turkish city of Barsa by a celebrated chef (named Iskander, of course). The auspiciously titled special beyti kebab is a Eurasian burrito—chopped lamb laced with garlic and hot peppers and wrapped in a hand roll of thin lavash bread. Finally, my favorite, bay shish kebab, the Sarki brothers' interpretation of one of their mom's meals: sliced seasoned lamb on chunks of fried pide topped with a mound of caramelized, butter-fried onion. The yogurt-and-mint sauce is a cooling palate cleanser and apt complement to the hearty meat at the center of the dish.

Bay Shish Kebab is open Monday through Friday 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., Saturday and Sunday till 11:30. Appetizers, $2.50–$6.50; entrées, about $11. BYOB. All major credit cards.

ON THE BOROUGH'S OTHER SHORE, AT THE SOUTHERN border of Brooklyn Heights, you'll find—amid a host of Middle Eastern restaurants and groceries—**Caravan** (193 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn Heights; 718-488-7111), an establishment run by Moroccan-born Khadija Outanine and her Yemeni husband, Ken. Where

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other restaurants might display eight-by-ten photos of soap-opera stars or local newscasters testifying to the establishment's quality, Caravan's entrance is a picture gallery of sultry belly dancers, most of whom do their hip-swinging thing at the restaurant on Saturday nights to the accompaniment of a live Moroccan band.

The baba ghannouj, tabbouleh, and hummus in the appetizer assortment were nicely turned out but held no surprises. Only when I ripped off a piece of freshly made pita to gather up a dollop of mohamarh—a purée of red pepper, minced almonds, garlic, onions, and pomegranate juice—did the taste get mind-blowingly complex, with sweet, tart, sharp, smooth, and nutty impressions all competing for attention.

Fish dishes were uniformly expert and varied. From the Yemeni-influenced part of the menu, samak mashwi is, depending on availability, a split red snapper or a striped bass roasted in a bread oven and seasoned with coriander, cumin, garlic, and hot or sweet paprika. A spritz of lemon juice before serving gives an acid kick that raises the flavor level of the whole dish.

Equally successful is a Moroccan kingfish steak, in a very Mediterranean sauce of olives, tomatoes, and fresh garlic. You could very well think you were trying a Provençal dish were it not for the healthy dose of saffron in the sauce.

On the meat side, try the tagines, the traditional Moroccan stews served in clay dishes with conical lids. It may be unusual, but the sweet tagine, served with prunes, honey, nuts, cinnamon, and raisins, will overcome even a finicky third-grader's fear of the culinary unknown, as will the flaky pastella, a chicken pie with almonds and raisins wrapped in phyllo dough.

More grown-up gourmets will be satisfied with the zurbian, a Yemeni mélange of roasted lamb that is diced and sautéed with tomatoes and onions, then tossed with cardamom and cloves in the fluffiest basmati rice. Completely new to me was a cornish hen stewed with preserved lemons, olives, cumin, and coriander. So heady with perfume was the taste of that hen that when I opened my eyes after the first bite, I half expected to see North Africa's Atlas mountains shimmering in the distance.

Caravan is open Monday through Friday 11 A.M. to 10 P.M., Saturday till midnight, Sunday 2 P.M. to midnight. Appetizers, about $3; entrées, about $12. Beer and limited wine selection or BYOB. A.E., M.C., V. ■

Peter Kaminsky's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

c e

A Weekly Guide to En *Arts in New Y*

She Was Not Afraid of Mice

The Ludwig Bemelmans classic *Madeline* comes to the screen with Hatty Jones, pictured, and Frances McDormand as Miss Clavel (page 85)

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movies

Brother..."The Pleasures of Love"...Whatever

Photograph from Kino International.

Opening
Killing Time

In 'Brother,' a young man (played by Sergei Bodrov Jr., above left) finishes his army service and returns to post-Soviet-era St. Petersburg, where his only career option is to become a hit-man, just like his sibling. Starts Wednesday, July 8, at Film Forum.

New Films

Armageddon—See Denby, page 41. (About 2 hours.; R) *Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; Jackson Triplex; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Brother—A gangster tale of two brothers getting by in post-Soviet Russia. Starring Sergei Bodrov Jr. Directed by Alexeï Balabanov. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Buffalo '66—Vincent Gallo is a loser who kidnaps Christina Ricci and makes her pose as his wife when they visit his parents. Also starring Angelica Huston and Ben Gazzara. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Continental.*

★**Bulworth**—A thrillingly dangerous political comedy. Senator Jay Bulworth (Warren Beatty) has fallen into a hapless funk. Yes, years ago, he hung out with Bobby Kennedy, but in recent days, Bulworth has been attacking "welfare cheaters" and taking up other modishly conservative positions, and now he stands for nothing at all. The senator, in utter misery, hires a professional hit man. He's going to die—what has he got to lose? In the final days of his campaign, he races around California telling off his constituents. *Bulworth,* which Beatty directed and also wrote (with Jeremy Pikser and—uncredited—Aaron Sorkin), turns into wild, disorderly farce. The movie is a comedy, but Beatty has set off an explosion beneath the thick, insulated floorboards of American politics. Bulworth goes well beyond the usual late-night-TV attack on political correctness: It says that our politics are now so completely devoted to propitiatory lies that anyone who speaks candidly would have to be—by definition—half-crazy. Here is a populist left-wing movie, the first in years, and it offers its protest over the abandonment of liberalism not in the pained, earnest tones of, say, an editorial in *The Nation,* but as a blast of craziness and scorn. The movie is a scandal, an outrage—and irresistibly entertaining. (Denby; 5/18/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Alpine.*

Can't Hardly Wait—Graduating senior Jennifer Love Hewitt preens and frets at the final party. With Ethan Embry, Charlie Korsmo, and Lauren Ambrose. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea; 59th Street East; Criterion Center; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Chinese Box—A dying British journalist (Jeremy Irons) living in Hong Kong is in love with a former prostitute he can't have when he meets an equally engaging street hustler while videotaping the city for memory's sake. With Gong Li, Maggie Cheung, and Ruben Blades. Directed by Wayne Wang. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

City of Angels—The drearily inevitable has come true—an original and rather haunting poetic conception has been turned into a literal-minded love story. Wim Wenders's 1987 movie—on which this film is based—was set in Berlin when the Wall was still up and, for better or worse, the movie had a super-earthly delicacy. This movie is a love story right from the beginning. Nicolas Cage plays an angel named Seth who hangs around the operating rooms of an L.A. hospital, waiting to take away the patients who die. When a wired-up surgeon, Maggie Rice (Meg Ryan), loses a patient on the operating table, Seth falls in love with her, comforting her with an invisible hand as she weeps (it's a lovely moment, equal to anything in the original). But the movie quickly takes a tumble—it becomes an argument for life, for sensuous experience, for not living in the vacuum of immortality. But this is a movie set in Los Angeles, not in shattered, soulful, guilty Berlin. Could anyone possibly argue against pleasure in the sunlit paradise? The movie becomes a compellingly photographed advertisement for the good life, and nothing, in this setting, could be more redundant or banal. (Denby; 4/20/98) (2 hrs. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

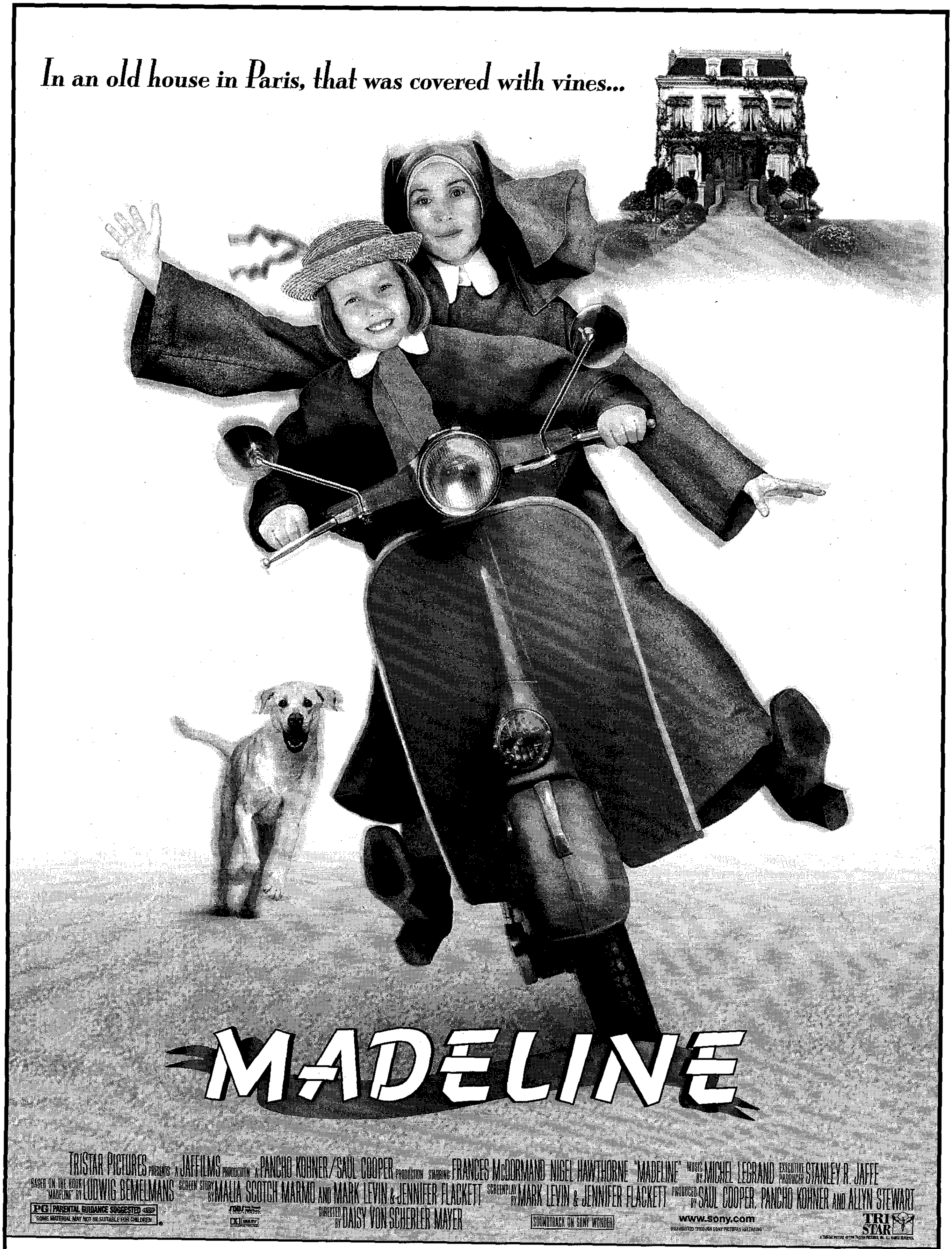
Clockwatchers—Toni Collette, Parker Posey, Lisa Kudrow, and Alanna Ubach are temp workers who bond over their second-class status in the office. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *The Screening Room.*

Dear Jesse—A young gay filmmaker takes a personal and political journey through his home state of North Carolina. Written and directed by Tim Kirkman. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Deep Impact—A huge comet is heading this way, and the world is about to end. And what do the unlucky earthlings do? It's mainly what they don't do that astonishes me. They don't splurge, they don't drink champagne, they don't experiment with interesting sexual possibilities. Robert Duvall, as the levelheaded boss of a spaceship trying to intercept the comet, reads *Moby Dick* to one of the less literate younger crew members. The president of the United States, Morgan Freeman, talks turkey to the public: He tells us we will die. I have been known to complain about the hollowly ironic manner of the recent big spectacles, but I don't know that I was longing for a literal-minded, "sensitive" movie about the end of the world. The filmmakers treat us as if we were badly in need of instruction as to how to behave on that mighty day. So we learn: Head for the high ground. (Denby; 5/25/98) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *19th Street East; 59th Street East; Criterion Center; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill.*

Dr. Dolittle—Eddie Murphy plays the man with a gift for communicating with the animal kingdom. Also starring Kristen Wilson, and Kyla Pratt. Directed by Betty Thomas. (About 2 hours.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Continental; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; The Movies*

'Cue' cover photograph by Eika Aoshima/Columbia/TriStar.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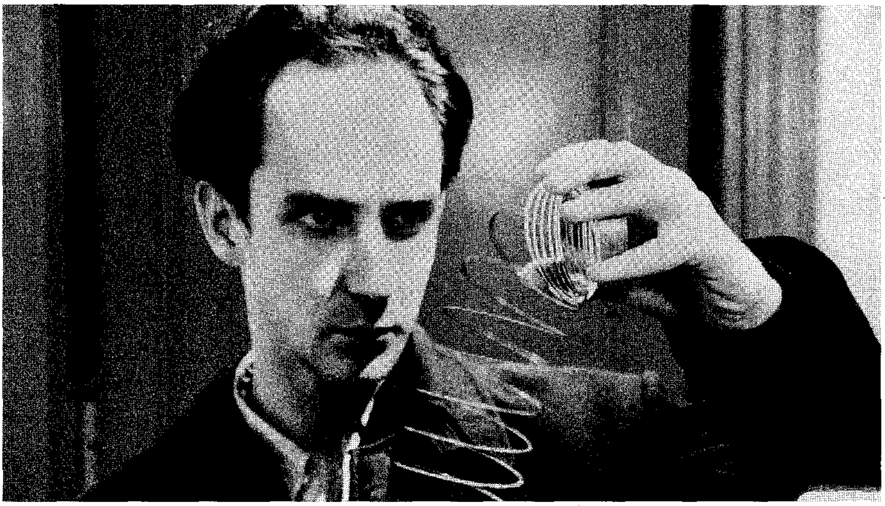
Talent Numbers, Man

Mathematical theory is a tough sell for the moviegoing masses, even if you combine it with a migraine-plagued genius, club music, and Jewish mysticism. At least that's what filmmaker Darren Aronofsky feared when he arrived at Sundance this year with his sci-fi thriller, π (opening July 10 at Angelika Film Center). He worried that people would think his film was just "a bunch of weirdness," but, happily for him, he was wrong. The cerebral story of a mad mathematician (played by Sean Gullette, below) who dodges Cabala scholars and Wall Street heavies while searching for a pattern in the stock market earned Aronofsky the Best Director award—and Hollywood's attention. Suddenly he was the star of every indie filmmaker's dream sequence: securing a $1 million distribution deal for π (which he made for $60,000) and selling his other sci-fi script, a World War II–era story called *Proteus*, to Miramax's Dimension Films (he's also directing the film, for $600,000). These are very real numbers for a guy who's more intrigued by "really cool, mystical math, all that chaos-theory stuff you hear at cocktail parties" than by the more mundane mechanics of, say, algebra. "All the sort of mathematical theories in the film just grew out of observations I'd had," he explains. "You always think about your DNA and you think about the Milky Way . . . and it's like just kind of a weird coincidence that they're both spirals." Deep thinking aside, Aronofsky's now psyched for the fun stuff: π's soon-to-be-released soundtrack ("It's gonna be slammin'," he says) and, he hopes, a π snowboard. "I did okay in math," the Coney Island native and Harvard graduate admits, "but like most people, as soon as I could stop taking it, I did." **PATRICIA FALVO**



Photogrraph by Matthew Libatique.

at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas—Johnny Depp and Benicio Del Toro are Raoul Duke and Dr. Gonzo in this highly inventive film adaptation of Hunter S. Thompson's psychedelic novel. Also starring Ellen Barkin, Gary Busey, Cameron Diaz, Harry Dean Stanton, and Christina Ricci. (2 hr. 2 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Godzilla—This film is not a fiasco and it is not an insult to the audience: Within its dreary wastes, there are a few scares, a few thrills. But the movie is soggy, murky, and depressing—a joyless and redundant experience that leaves one in a ghastly mood. (Denby; 6/1/98) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Criterion Center; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Concourse Plaza; Canarsie; Cobble Hill; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Gone With the Wind—A newly restored print of the eight-time Academy Award winner starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, and Olivia de Havilland. (3 hrs. 42 mins.; G) *Chelsea; State; Gemini; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay.*

Hav Plenty—A poor, struggling writer falls for a wealthy career woman on New Year's Eve in Washington, D.C. Written and directed by first-timer Chris Cherot, it stars Cherot, Chenoa Maxwell, and Robinne Lee. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2–3; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Crossbay II.*

★**He Got Game**—Jake Shuttlesworth (Denzel Washington), a man serving time for murder, receives a weeklong leave to persuade his own son—the hottest prospect in the country—to accept an athletic scholarship from the alma mater of the governor. If he is successful, his prison time may be shortened. The kid's name is Jesus Shuttlesworth (Spike Lee trained Ray Allen, the 22-year-old Milwaukee Bucks guard, to take on the role), and the problem is that Jesus hates Jake, a good athlete who failed to make the pros and, in the middle of a heated argument, killed Jesus's mother. The movie is a volatile combination of ambitious mythmaking and nasty reality, and like most of Spike Lee's work, it is also an inextricable combination of good and bad. (Denby; 5/11/98) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Henry Fool—A depraved writer moves in with a New Jersey garbageman and encourages his host to write, too. Starring Thomas Jay Ryan, James Urbaniak, and Parker Posey. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**High Art**—A fresh young girl (Radha Mitchell), a sub-editor at a highbrow photo magazine in Manhattan, gets pulled into the life and bed of a star photographer (Ally Sheedy) who lives in the So-Ho apartment above her. Having withdrawn from work, the photographer sits around doing dope with her lover, a wasted German actress (Patricia Clarkson), and a bunch of terminally wrecked cronies. The atmosphere is one of apocalyptic languor—everyone speaks in a whisper, and the coffee tables groan under the weight of heroin. This may sound like a very dreary funeral, but it isn't. The writer-director Lisa Cholodenko sustains her intimate moods with skill, and bit by bit the love story takes hold. I was fascinated by the movie's commitment to passion and to art. In its solemn way, *High Art* is a victory for both. (Denby; 6/15/98) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 62nd and Broadway; Cinemart.*

Home Before Dark—A family's crisis is seen through the eyes of an 11-year-old girl. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at the Hamptons Film Festival. Starring Katharine Ross and Patricia Kalember. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Quad Cinemas.*

Hope Floats—A small-town girl returns from the big city with her daughter in tow, and is reminded of the person she used to be. Starring Sandra Bullock, Harry Connick Jr., and Gina Rowlands. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Cobble Hill; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas.*

The Horse Whisperer—I cannot imagine that this film would have been anything but a very soft pillow to lay one's head on without Kristin Scott Thomas. One is soothed by it, bored by it, touched by it. One is grateful when it is over. The basic idea of the story is no more than "What if Anna Wintour fell in love with a cowboy?" Kristin Scott Thomas plays Annie MacLean, a strong-willed Brit magazine editor in New York. Annie's horse-loving daughter, Grace (Scarlett Johansson), suffers a terrible accident and loses a leg; the horse, Pilgrim, bashed by a truck and badly scarred, rears and kicks when anyone comes near. But Annie takes action; she packs up her damaged daughter and horse, leaves her husband (Sam Neill) in Manhattan, and heads for Montana and the ministrations of the famous horse trainer Tom Booker (Redford). Tom lets the horse, the girl, the woman—all unhappy creatures—express their misery before he turns them, with a gentle hand, back to their true nature. It's a fantasy, of course, a fantasy directed at women, of a man who is sexually powerful but never aggressive. (Denby; 5/25/98) (2 hrs. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Gemini; Alpine; Cobble Hill.*

I Went Down—An Irish gangster's tale about a crime boss and an ex-con who is pressed to serve him. Starring Tony Doyle, Peter McDonald, Brendan Gleeson, and Peter Caffrey. Directed by Paddy Breathnach and written by Conor McPherson. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; Beekman.*

Junk Food—A series of vignettes about modern Japan and the gangsters, female wrestlers, and junkies who live there. In Japanese with subtitles. Written and directed by Masashi Yamamoto. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Kurt and Courtney—British filmmaker Nick Broomfield talks to a number of scary people who knew the duo when and develops a particularly humorous and unflattering—albeit sketchily sourced—portrait of the Divine Ms. Love. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Land Girls—Three girls join Britain's Women's Land Army and tend fields while their men are fighting WWII. Starring Catherine McCormack, Rachel Weisz, and Anna Friel. Directed by David Leland. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Paris Theatre.*

The Last Days of Disco—Whit Stillman drains the life out of a potentially terrific subject—the end of that period in which a thumping beat and drugs made nightlife in Manhattan an ecstatic release. His clubgoers, by contrast, are prattling yuppies; they don't want to lose themselves, they want to seek status. This may have been intended as a satirical idea, but it doesn't play as funny. The men (Chris Eigeman, Matt Keeslar, Mackenzie Astin, and Robert Sean Leonard) are so boring, weak, and self-absorbed that one can hardly tell them apart. The women, at least, come off a little better. Chloë Sevigny, as a respectable girl who works in publishing, is charming, and Kate Beckinsale as her malicious colleague might have been charming, too, if only her character wasn't such a dummy. Yet I suppose there is hope: If Stillman preserves his female characters as carefully he does the male ones, these two may have further conversational adventures. In a Paris café, they could talk about the propriety of public smoking; in a Mexican whorehouse, about the wearing of mantillas at funerals; and so on. (Denby; 6/15/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Lethal Weapon 4—Danny Glover and Mel Gibson return to the roles they first played in 1987. Also starring Chris Rock, Joe Pesci, Rene Russo, and Jet Li. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Madeline—The film version of the much-loved children's story. Starring Frances McDormand and Hatty Jones. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Opens Friday.*

Marie Baie des Anges—Two teenagers run wild on the Riviera and get into serious trouble. Starring newcomers Vahina Giocante and Frederic Malgras. Directed by Manuel Pradal. In French, with subtitles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Mr. Jealousy—Eric Stoltz is a man so obsessed with his girlfriend's ex-boyfriend that he begins attending the guy's group-therapy sessions under an assumed name. Starring Annabella Sciorra, Chris Eigeman, Marianne Jean-Baptiste, Peter Bogdanovich, Bridget Fonda, and Carlos Jacott. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

Mulan—Disney's animated version of China's most popular legend, in which a young girl becomes a war hero when she disguises herself as a man, joins the Imperial army, and fights against the invading Huns. With the voices of Ming-Na Wen, Eddie Murphy, B. D. Wong, and Donny Osmond. (1 hr. 26 mins.; G) *Village East; Chelsea West; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; Plaza; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Nights of Cabiria—A restored print of the Fellini film about a Roman streetwalker. Winner of the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film in 1957. Starring Giulietta Masina. (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Opposite of Sex**—This film breathes the air of freedom from its opening moments, in which we are warned by the film's narrator, a 16-year-old bitch named Dedee (Christina Ricci), that "if you think I'm just plucky and scrappy, and all I need is love, you're in over your head." Running away from home, Dedee moves in with Bill (Martin Donovan), her gay half-brother, who is an exceptionally nice, intelligent man but almost pathologically mild. Dedee now has her patsy; she immediately seduces Bill's live-in lover, the handsome but rather stupid young Matt (Ivan Sergei), and soon the two of them, with Bill's money in their pockets, escape from his house in Indiana. They are pursued—not just by Bill but also by a fellow teacher, a woman named Lucia. As played by Lisa Kudrow, Lucia turns into a major comic creation. Lucia and Bill are the decent and high-minded ones; they represent "the opposite of sex"—the opposite of promiscuous Dedee, who has no standards at all. Dedee, though, has a certain truth. Some of her outrageous demand on life passes into the virtuous people. They want happiness, too. And happiness doesn't lie in the opposite of sex. (Denby; 6/22/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Regency; The Movies at Bayside.*

Out of Sight—See Denby, page 42. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea;*

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

In the June 29–July 6 issue, the current week's 'Guardian' answers were printed instead of the preceding week's. The solutions that were skipped appear below.

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★**A Perfect Murder**—Michael Douglas plays a cuckolded husband who loves his wife and plots her death at the same time. We don't at first know what has gone wrong between Steven Taylor (Douglas), a wealthy Wall Street investor, and his elegant young wife, Emily (Gwyneth Paltrow). When the movie opens, Emily, who works at the U.N. as a translator, is in bed with her lover, David Shaw (Viggo Mortensen), a soulful young artist—at least, that is what Emily thinks he is. If all this sounds vaguely familiar, you may want to know that this film is based on the same Frederick Knott play that inspired Alfred Hitchcock's *Dial M for Murder* in 1954. Andrew Davis, the director of *The Fugitive*, has added pace and heat and explicit sexuality to the material without whipping up phony excitement. His direction is swift and very effective, and the movie, shot in shades of ebony (the color of black marble), looks exceptionally handsome. A very proficient and enjoyable big-budget thriller. (Denby; 6/15/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; State; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Marboro; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay; Forest Hills; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Picnic at Hanging Rock—It's Valentine's Day, 1900, and when a group of finishing school students spend the afternoon on a field trip, some of them don't come back. The director's cut of the 1975 film by Peter Weir. Music by a then-unknown Zamfir. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

A Price Above Rubies—Renee Zellweger is an Orthodox woman who gets a job in the jewelry business and begins to question the religious community she's living in. Also starring Julianna Margulies and Christopher Eccleston. Directed by Boaz Yakin. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *North Shore Towers.*

Quest for Camelot—The animated story of Kayley, a girl who wants to be a knight of the Round Table just like her late father. Voices by Gary Oldman, Gabriel Byrne, Bronson Pinchot, Cary Elwes, Pierce Bronson, Jane Seymour, Sir John Gielgud, and Don Rickles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Alpine; Main Street Cinemas.*

Six Days, Seven Nights—Anne Heche is pretty much the only reason to see this movie, a clownish retread of familiar material. Heche is initially matched up with David Schwimmer, a man patently wrong for her. Heche and Schwimmer take a vacation in the South Seas, but Heche gets ordered by her boss to do a photo shoot, so she and Harrison Ford, a drunken old pilot, take off in an ancient plane. You may not be astonished to hear that the plane crash-lands on a deserted island. Of course, they loathe each other and the generic elements stack up quickly: The Strange But Satisfying Meal (peacock), the Night of Safety (under a tree that holds an old Japanese warplane), and so on. I'm glad that Anne Heche, who has spirit and intelligence, wants to establish herself as a romantic lead, though I regret that she has to scream lines like "There's nothing wrong with my tits!" in order to do so. (Denby; 6/22/98) (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–3; UA East; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Sliding Doors—Gwyneth Paltrow is a London girl who gets to answer the eternal question (What if?) when her life heads down two different paths at the same time. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Gemini.*

Small Soldiers—A small town is overrun by its children's feuding action figure toys. Starring Phil Hartman, Jay Mohr, Kirsten Dunst, Ann Magnuson, Denis Leary, and Frank Langella. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday, July 10.*

Smoke Signals—A comic Sundance favorite about a young Native American boy who reluctantly brings his goofy friend along when he travels from his Coeur d'Alene reservation to Arizona to pick up his father's ashes. Written by Sherman Alexie and directed by Chris Eyre. Starring Adam Beach and Evan Adams. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Crown Gotham.*

★**The Spanish Prisoner**—Campbell Scott, of the serious brow and the serious cleft, plays a young inventor, Joe Ross, a self-made man uneasy among the rich and powerful yet secretly eager to join their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of technological masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. A shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up and flatters Joe, and the trap has been set. As Joe gets more and more isolated, Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here, but to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Opening
This Girl's Life

The real dramas of most small-town teenagers' lives—partying awkwardly in some stranger's backyard, realizing that your coolest friend (and social role-model) won't be doing anything with her life—resonate in *Whatever,* Susan Skoog's story of a Jersey girl (played by Liza Weil, below) who dreams of getting into Cooper Union. Starts Friday, July 10, at Angelika Film Center and the Eastside Playhouse.

Photograph from Sony Pictures Classics.

★**Titanic**—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. *Titanic* begins with a treasure hunter, Brock Lovett (Bill Paxton), who is obsessed with the sunken hulk. Lovett's submersible robot enters one of the deluxe staterooms to retrieve not the famous diamond he was looking for but only a drawing of a naked young woman wearing the stone. It turns out that the woman, Rose, is still alive; she's an articulate 100-year-old beauty (Gloria Stuart) who joins Lovett at his ship and then holds him and his crew of techno-ruffians in thrall with her story of what happened. Back in 1912, the 17-year-old Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) boards the ship in utter misery. Rose is accompanied by her awful fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane), a domineering steel-baron heir from Pittsburgh, and her snobbish mother (Frances Fisher). Onboard, Rose meets her soul mate, Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio). A gambler, Jack has the wit to see that Rose's unhappiness hides a bold, deeply romantic and sexual nature. Except for the crude, good-hearted Denver millionairess Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), the wealthy are unspeakably rude or just frightened and starchy. Jack, the interloper, takes Rose down to steerage, where the real people are having themselves a fine time drinking and dancing up a storm. This sort of cheesy stuff is redeemed only by the romantic charge between Winslet and DiCaprio. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. As Jack and Rose hang at the railing, people lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. As for Rose, she is delivered into an active and brilliant life. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Alpine.*

The Truman Show—A clever but empty movie that is rapidly turning into the most overpraised picture of the year, *The Truman Show* is about a young man named Truman Burbank (Jim Carrey) who works as an insurance salesman in a town called Seahaven. From the day of his birth, Burbank has been surrounded by actors, his every move captured by hidden cameras. He doesn't know any of this, though he's beginning to suspect that something in his uneventful life is a bit weird. The lord of this realm is named Christof (Ed Harris), who wields absolute power from his control room. This is a profound movie for people who don't like to think, or perhaps for people who are in the media and of the media, and can't imagine any life outside it. *The Truman Show*, however, will not disturb anyone's sleep. (Denby; 6/8/98) (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; North Shore Towers; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Un Air De Famille (Family Resemblances)—See Denby, page 42. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Voyage to the Beginning of the World—Marcello Mastroianni's last film, in which he plays a director on a road trip with three actors. Directed by Manoel de Oliveira. (About 2 hours.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Whatever—A Jersey girl struggles to grow up in her boring hometown, sustained by dreams of moving to New York. Starring Liza Weil and Chad Morgan. Written and directed by Susan Skoog. (1 hr. 54. mins.; R)

Opens Friday July 10 at Angelika Film Center and Eastside Playhouse.

The X-Files—See Denby, page 42. (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Coronet; Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Continental; Crossbay; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Buffalo '66; Henry Fool; High Art; The Opposite of Sex; Smoke Signals.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Out of Sight.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Dear Jesse; Kurt and Courtney.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Brother; Junk Food; Marie Baie Des Anges; Picnic at Hanging Rock.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *The Land Girls; Talk to Me; Un Air De Famille (Family Resemblances); Voyage to the Beginning of the World.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Clockwatchers; Mr. Jealousy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Hav Plenty; Mulan; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Spanish Prisoner; The X-Files.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Dr. Dolittle.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Deep Impact; Dr. Dolittle; The Last Days of Disco; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Out of Sight; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Can't Hardly Wait; Gone With the Wind; Hav Plenty; Out of Sight; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Mulan.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Armageddon; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Can't Hardly Wait; Deep Impact.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Truman Show.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Buffalo '66; Mulan; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The X-Files.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Bulworth; Can't Hardly Wait; City of Angels; Deep Impact; Dr. Dolittle; Godzilla.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Smoke Signals.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Armageddon.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Hav Plenty; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Mulan.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Land Girls.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Gone With the Wind; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Armageddon.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Big Hit; Chinese Box; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Good Will Hunting; He Got Game; Lost in Space.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The X-Files.*

Festival
Liaisons Amoureuses

That impressive body of work known as French erotica has been trimmed to a mere thirteen films for "The Pleasures of Love: Then and Now," starting July 7 at the French Institute. The lineup includes the little-seen 'Love and the Frenchwoman' (below, starring Jean Delannoy), which follows the very full life of a pouty mademoiselle, as well as the usual menu of obsession, manly men, open marriage, and marital tragedy. Plus Brigitte Bardot. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

LA FEMME FRANÇAISE ET L'AMOU
seulement des epouses ont choisi
mari pour sa « belle situation »

Photograph courtesy of the French Institute.

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *A Perfect Murder.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Dr. Dolittle; Out of Sight.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *I Went Down.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Dr. Dolittle; The Last Days of Disco; Out of Sight; The Spanish Prisoner.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Gone With the Wind; The Horse Whisperer; Sliding Doors.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *The Truman Show.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Armageddon; Mulan; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Six Days, Seven Nights.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *High Art.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Armageddon; The X-Files.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Buffalo '66; Henry Fool; The Last Days of Disco; Nights of Cabiria; The Spanish Prisoner; Un Air De Famille (Family Resemblances).*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Dr. Dolittle; Godzilla; Gone With the Wind; Hav Plenty; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.* IMAX:*Across the Sea of Time; Everest; Dr. Dolittle; L5–First City in Space.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Out of Sight; The X-Files.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Godzilla; Mulan; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Armageddon; The Truman Show.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Hav Plenty; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Armageddon; Deep Impact; Dr. Dolittle; Godzilla; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Armageddon; Deep Impact; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Almost Heroes; Bulworth; Deep Impact; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot; Titanic.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; The X-Files.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Can't Hardly Wait; Deep Impact; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; The X-Files.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-

FILM#576) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; A Perfect Murder; The X-Files.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; A Perfect Murder.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Out of Sight; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Boulevard and Eldert Lane, Brooklyn (277-0303) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Hav Plenty; Mulan; Out of Sight; Six Days, Seven Nights; The X-Files.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Mulan; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Gone With the Wind; Mulan; Out of Sight; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Out of Sight; The X-Files.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Gone With the Wind; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Armageddon; Godzilla; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Armageddon; Mulan; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Godzilla; Hope Floats; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Armageddon; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Armageddon; High Art; Mulan; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Buffalo '66; Dr. Dolittle; The X-Files.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Armageddon; A Perfect Murder; The X-Files.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Dr. Dolittle; Godzilla; Hav Plenty; Mulan; Out of Sight; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Armageddon; Mulan; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Armageddon; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Out of Sight.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Godzilla; Hope Floats; A Perfect Murder; Quest for Camelot; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *A Price Above Rubies; The Truman Show.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Mulan; The X-Files.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Can't Hardly Wait; Dr. Dolittle; The Opposite of Sex; Out of Sight; The X-Files.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *The Truman Show.*

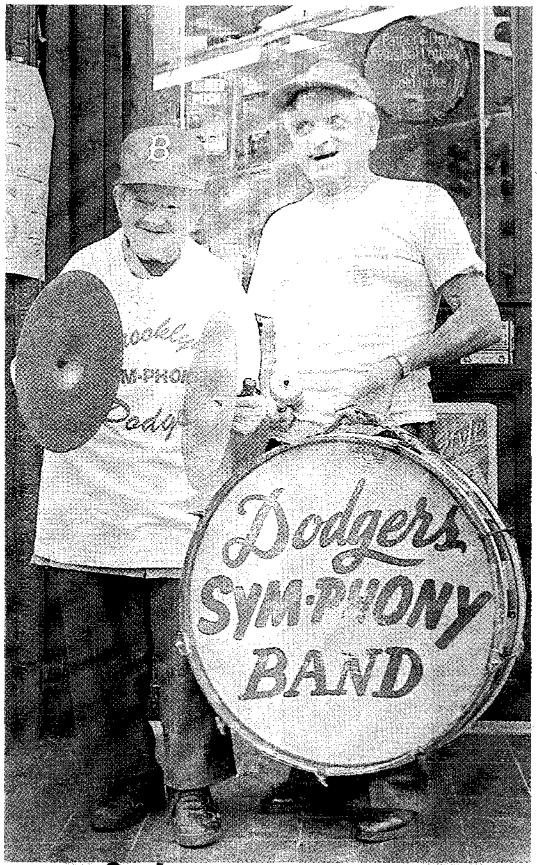
Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Armageddon; Can't Hardly Wait; Dr. Dolittle; Godzilla; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*



Photograph by Melvin Estrella, the American Museum of Natural History.

Series
Our Town

"Celluloid City"—a collection of shorts—portrays more than 60 years of New York through the wild eyes of artists like Red Grooms (in 1976's 'Ruckus Manhattan') and documentary-makers like Pegi Vail (who revisits the amateur musicians of Ebbets Field in 'The Dodgers Symphony,' above). At the American Museum of Natural History, starting July 9. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"A Spielberg Summer." 7/11: *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977) and *The Sugarland Express* (1974). 7/12: *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Back to the Future* (1985). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—Through August 29: "The Cinematography of Gabriel Figueroa." 7/11: *The Young and the Damned* (1950). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Bklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 members, students, and senior citizens.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 7/6: *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* (1936). 7/13: *Holiday* (1938). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Different Light—7/12: *Baby Doll* (1956). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"The Faces of Janus." 7/8: *The Cranes Are Flying* (1957). "Tuneful Summer Afternoons." 7/8: *The Band Concert* (1935) and *Stowaway* (1936). "Ciné-City: New York on Film and Video." 7/9: *A Bronx Morning* (1931) and *The Way It Is or Eurydice in the Avenues* (1985). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"La Vie d'Artiste." 7/6: *Day for Night* (1973) and *Man About Town* (1947). 7/7–7/8: *Paris 1900* (1946), *Glory to Felix Tournachon* (1967), and *Simone de Beauvoir* (1982). 7/10–7/11: *Jules and Jim* (1962) and *Celeste* (1981). 7/12–7/13: *La Belle Noiseuse* (1991). 7/12–7/14: *Van Gogh* (1991). "Movies for Kids." 7/11–7/12: *A Little Princess* (1995). "Golden Silents." 7/9–7/10: Teinosuke Kinugasa's *Page of Madness* (1926) with a new score by Phillip Johnston. Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"The Pleasures of Love, Then and Now." 7/7–8/18. 7/7: *L'Eau à la bouche* (1959) and *La Fiancée du pirate* (1969). 7/14: *La Française et l'amour* (1960). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Guggenheim Museum—6/26–7/31: "The Motorcycle on Screen." 7/8: *Evel Knievel Story* (1972) and *Little Fauss & Big Halsy* (1970). 7/10: *On Any Sunday* (1962) and *The Great Escape* (1963). 7/11: *Bike Boy* (1967) and *The Leather Boys* (1963). Peter B. Lewis Theater, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Jewish Museum—7/7: *The Man Without a World* (1991). 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3224); General public $7; members $5.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/7: "A View From the Vaults: Recent Acquisitions and Restorations." 7/6: *A Perfect World* (1993) and *America America* (1963). 7/7 and 7/11: *Orphans of the Storm* (1922). 7/7: *Don Q, Son of Zorro* (1925). 7/9–7/10: *Do the Right Thing* (1989) and *The Last of the Blue Devils* (1979). 7/10 and 7/14: *Dogfight* (1991). 7/11–7/12: *The Mystery of the Leaping Fish* (1916) and *Grandma's Boy* (1922). 7/12–7/13: *Street Angel* (1928). 7/13 and 7/17: *Bird* (1988). 7/14 and 7/16: *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song* (1971). "Coming Apart: Films From 1968 and Thereabouts." 7/6–7/7: *Native People's Issues, 1966–1969* and *The Alternative Life: Hippies, Yippies, and the Fugs, 1966–1968.* 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of July: *See How She Runs* (1978). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

National Museum of the American Indian—Through 9/17: "Thursday Night at the Movies." 7/9: Honey Moccasin (1998). Call 514-3730 for information. 1 Bowling Green (825-6914); free.

Riverflicks—Through 8/14. 7/9: *Moby Dick* (1956), Pier 54 at 13th St.; 9/10 at Pier 25 at N. Moore St. Call 533-7275 for more info.

The Screening Room—Weekends at midnight: *Bound* (1996). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

theater

Capitol Steps...*Othello* in the Parking Lot

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Twelfth Night—If only Helen Hunt could have a *normal* relationship. In *As Good As It Gets,* she indulged the cruelty and peculiar behavior of an obsessive-compulsive man; in this, one of Shakespeare's sweetest comedies, she dresses as a man, falls headlong for her master (Paul Rudd), woos another woman on his behalf (Kyra Sedgwick), and winds up the object of her affections instead. Where's steady, dependable Paul Reiser when you need him? Directed by Nicholas Hytner. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/16 opening. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for recreating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The major performances are all at least a mite off, but the supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Forever Tango—Or at least for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testament to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form, not to mention its power to seduce. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Marquis Theatre, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

High Society—A hybrid of the 1956 movie musical of the same name and Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story.* Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/98. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

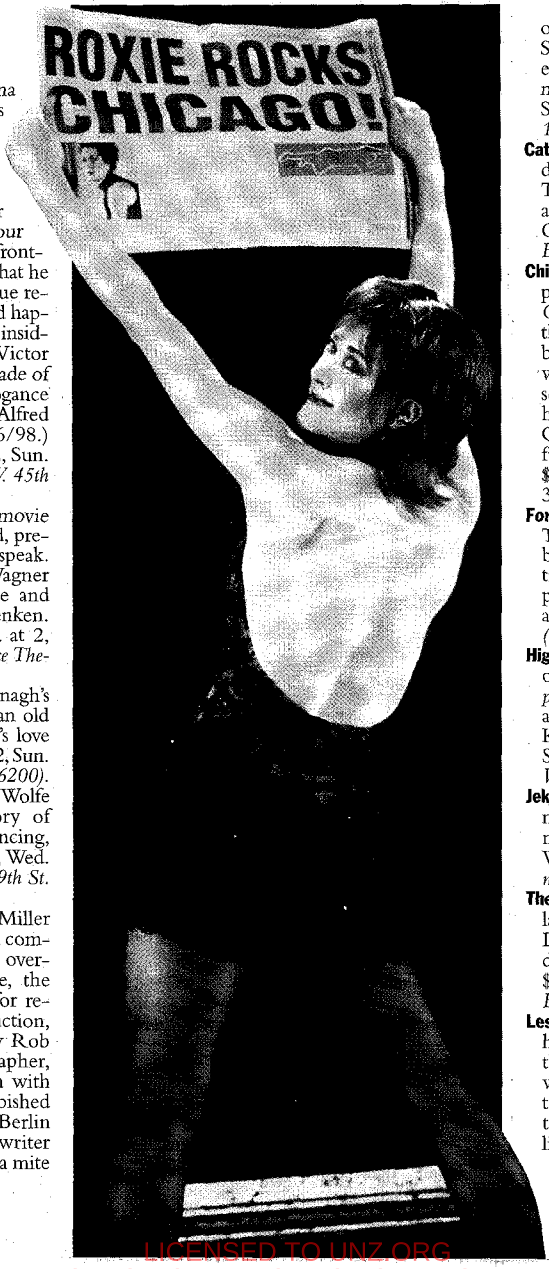
The Judas Kiss—David Hare's new play about the relationship between Oscar Wilde and his lover, Lord Alfred Douglas. Liam Neeson plays the condemned baron of bon mots; Richard Eyre directs. $15–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot

Onstage

She's Got Hart

Since it opened in November 1996, *Chicago* has undergone a number of cast changes, some of them successful, some not. Karen Ziemba, the most recent addition to the ensemble, falls squarely into the former category, her performance an unintended rebuke to those who opt for gimmicks over talent to prolong the lives of their shows. Ziemba's Roxie Hart is a ragamuffin cutie—even if she did cheat on her husband and murder her lover in cold blood—with a cloudless singing voice and nimble feet. Call 239-6200 for tickets, but be prepared to wait a few weeks for decent seats.


ROXIE ROCKS CHICAGO!

Photograph by Carol Rosegg/Joan Marcus.

Previews
Tripp Wired

Bob Packwood, serial groper. That was rich. Gary Hart, 'Monkey Business.' Also loaded with comic possibilities, even if they were a bit obvious. But Monica—!!! To paraphrase the president, that story was goooooood. Never, says Bill Strauss, co-founder of the Capitol Steps, has his political-comedy troupe gotten so much mileage out of one scandal. They've already written eight songs about it. ("The Bimbo Collection," for instance, sung to the tune of "The Rainbow Connection.") They've also written an elaborate, tongue-twisting monologue in their trademark backwards-speak. ("Trinda Lipp hid a bapedeck in her toobs!") They've even had to censor themselves. "It's the first time we've had to clean up some of the saucier stuff," he says. "I mean, teenagers come see our show." So can you, if this sort of thing boats your float; 'Unzippin' My Doo Dah and Other National Priorities' begins July 9 at the John Houseman Theater.

Photograph by Robyn Scott.

brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn did the score; Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven solid actors in a fine production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed, Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Anthony LaPaglia stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts after his niece; Allison Janney plays his long-suffering wife. Michael Mayer directs. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/19. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Wait Until Dark—Even if a girl weren't blind, she'd find it pretty unnerving to be trapped in a house with Quentin Tarantino. Unfortunately, the new production of Frederick Knott's 1966 thriller requires that Marisa Tomei be both (blind and trapped, that is) and that Tarantino, as a psychotic drug dealer, torture her. Robert Duvall and Lee Remick starred in the original Broadway version; Leonard Foglia directs the revival. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Jayson—A new musical, based on the short-lived gay cartoon of the same name. Book by Jeff Krell; music and lyrics by Ron Romanovsky and Paul Phillips. $28. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 7/10 opening. *45th*

Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (279-4200).

Savion Glover/Downtown—Savion Glover, the toe-tappin', soft-sole-shufflin' whiz kid who led the troupe in *Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk,* sings with his feet in this limited engagement through 7/25. $25–$47.50. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Unzippin' My Doo Dah and Other National Priorities—The latest, Monica-driven installment from the Capitol Steps, Washington's popular political comedy troupe. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. Previews begin 7/9 for a 7/15 opening. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

As Thousands Cheer—Irving Berlin's 1933 satire of the famous and well-to-do. With sketches by Moss Hart; starring B. D. Wong and Judy Kuhn. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 7/18. *Greenwich House Theater, 27 Barrow Street. (541-8441).*

Aunt Chooch's Birthday—The old broad turns 75 and you're invited. More interactive theater from *Tony 'n' Tina* director Larry Pellegrini with dinner, dancing, and lots of family squabbling. $65. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and Sun. at 3. *Vegas Room, 221 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Dinah Was—Before dying at age 39, Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, became the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Yvette Freeman *(ER, Working)* tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Eddie Izzard: Dress to Kill—Britain's hottest, cross-dressingest comic offers his views on dinosaurs, the space program, and being raised by wolves. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. Through 7/11. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—Actor and director John Cameron Mitchell conceived and wrote this rock concert-cum-musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Ordinarily, Mitchell stars in the production too, though Michael Cerveris, the original Broadway Tommy, will be taking over for one month beginning 7/8. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $40. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—A reprise of Frank McCourt's irreverent, affectionate history of the Irish people. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Labor Day—A. R. Gurney revisits John, the main character in *The Cocktail Hour,* in his new play about the obscenities of show business. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Through 7/22. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Love's Fire—A collection of seven original playlets from John Guare, Tony Kushner, Eric Bogosian, William Finn, Marsha Norman, Ntozake Shange, and Wendy Wasserstein, all inspired by Shakespeare's sonnets. Performed by the Acting Company. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *The Public's Newman Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Love's Fowl—A multimedia puppet opera about Chicken Little, or *La Pulcina Piccola,* who famously believes the world is about to end. With clothespin creatures by Susan J. Vitucci and music by *Dreamgirls'* Henry Krieger. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Through 7/11. New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).

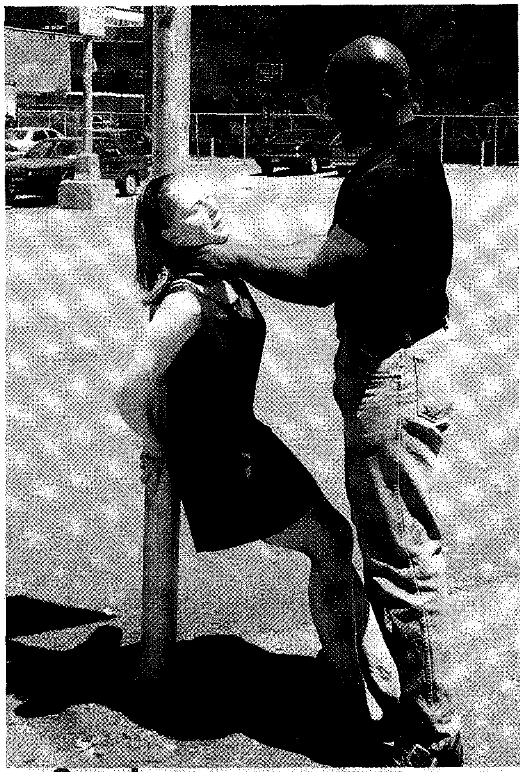
Manhattan Music: A Performance Festival—A trio of cabaret acts. Running through 7/19: *Hot Mouth,* a postmodern oratorio conceived by Grisha Coleman. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

A Month of Sundays—A comedy from new playwright Jason Cicci about a group of friends who meet weekly to discuss relationships and other young-adult ailments. $12. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/15. *Theater Row Theater, 412 W. 42nd St. (414-5110).*

A New Brain—Shortly after winning a pair of Tonys for *Falsettos,* William Finn was rushed to the hospital for emergency brain surgery and told that his songwriting ability might be forever compromised. This new musical, which he also created with James Lapine, is an autobiographical account of the introspective period Finn spent in a hospital bed, contemplating the possibility of a more limited future. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. 239-6200.*

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. $30–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 6/23/98. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Peep Show—The latest installment in the Ronnie Larsen chronicles of New York sleaze. $30–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/31/98. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South, at Sheridan Sq. (239-6200).*



Opening

Moor Parking Outside

Many people forget that *R&J,* the lauded no-frills reinvention of *Romeo and Juliet* playing in midtown, had its humble beginnings in a Lower East Side parking lot. Expanded Arts continues with this fine tradition of free Shakespeare and free parking with *Othello,* retold as a boxing parable and specially tailored to its gritty-gummy venue. Performances are Thursday through Saturday evenings at 8 in the municipal lot at Broome and Ludlow Streets; tickets are available at 85 Ludlow, across the way. Opens July 10. For more information, call 253-1813.

Pera Palas—Set in the Istanbul hotel by the same name, this drama by Sinan Unel roams over nearly 100 years and tells three separate stories, all of people trying to build a bridge—not just to the new millennium, but over the Bosphorus, in order to reconcile Turkey's past with its present. Starring Lou Liberatore and Turkey's leading stage and film actor, Ali Poyrazoglu. $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/19. *McGinn Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (354-2220).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizing the Indian immigrant expe-

Photograph by Jennifer Spahr.

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NEW YORK

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Competition

continued from page 99

WILLIAM O. OH DOUGLAS—venerable but clumsy Supreme Court justice.
Leonard Sims, N.Y.C.

EL CID CAESAR—conquered Valencian television in the 1050s.
Dan McInerney, Providence, Utah

RYAN O'NEAL ARMSTRONG—first walk-on in *Paper Moon.*
Kay Tallis, Alexandria, Va.

GEORGE HERBERT SKY WALKER BUSH—the best fencer Yale ever had.
Chris Horvath, Southport, Conn.

FULL MONTY HALL—host of *Let's Make a Chippendale.*
Holly Thomis, Cambridge, Mass.

JERRY LOUIS XIV—comic the French affectionately dubbed "Le Roi du Crazy Soleil."
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

SUSAN B. EARL ANTHONY—all-time leading money-winner on *Bowling for Silver Dollars.*
Melanie Bussell, Las Vegas, Nev.

ARTHUR MILLER LITE—translator of Great American Classics for comic books.
Cookie Gray, Closter, N.J.

ALI BABA GHANNOUJ—"Open eggplant."
Yehuda Hilewitz, N.Y.C.

JACK NICHOLSON DIMES—star of low-budget films.
Howard Slenk, Grand Rapids, Mich.

OMAR KHAYYAM IAM—Persian astronomer, poet: *Green Tents and Ham.*
Chuck Smith, Woodbridge, Va.

KENNY G. GORDON LIDDY—inflammatory saxophonist.
Lorraine Zielinski, Rochester Hills, Mich.

BOUTROS BOUTROS-GHALI G—effective but gullible diplomat
Ed Davids, Seattle, Wash.

RUPAUL MCCLANAHAN—not quite Golden Girl.
James K. Graham, Royal Oak, Mich.
sp. ment.: Laurice Nemetz, Ossining, N.Y.

JEAN-BAD-LUC GODARD—French film director who turned down *Titanic.*
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

LINDA "NO-PEST" TRIPP—owner of a telecommunications server that eliminates bugs.
Thomas Ferguson, Astoria, N.Y.

PRINCE MARV ALBERT—he's been canned . . . *YESSSS!*
Kevin Zielinski, Farmington Hills, Mich.
sp. ment.: Jay A. Smith, Deal, N.J.

HELEN OF TROY, N.Y.—my sister-in-law.
Thomas Alpren, Shorewood, Wisc.

DYLAN MCDERMOTT MULRONEY—that guy in *My Best Friend's Wedding.* No, wait, I think it's *The Practice.* I'm really not sure . . .
Barbara Sussman, Englewood, N.J.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 916, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by July 17. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the August 17 issue.

rience through his tale of opening a New York restaurant. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder won a Pulitzer for it; now the Public is making it its first Central Park offering of the season. Starring John Goodman, Kristen Johnston, and Frances Conroy. Free. Call for specific showtimes. Through 7/12. *Delacorte Theater in Central Park (539-8750).*

Smoke on the Mountain—A new production of the gospel musical comedy by Connie Ray. $35–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fabulous creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. Through 7/31. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas, at Dominick. (647-0202).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Villa Villa—De La Guarda, a young theater troupe from Argentina, performs a show that's part carnival, part rock concert, part ballet—all above the audience's heads. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

The Winds of God—A drama about two Tokyo comedians who find themselves reincarnated as Kamikaze pilots. Written and directed by preeminent Japanese actor Masayuki Imai. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/19. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

You Never Can Tell—The Roundabout returns to its roots—and what it does best—with this early comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Douglas Martin. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Off-Off Broadway

All Spoken by a Shining Creature: A Hypertext Punk Tragedy—Kevin Oakes's surreal work about a family who loses a child. Starring Oakes, four other actors, and 42 screens. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Previews begin 7/9 for a 7/13 opening. *The Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. (420-1466).*

Falsettoland—Just as *A New Brain* opens uptown, the National Asian American Theatre Company revives William Finn's eccentric musical from 1990. $15. Thurs.–Tues. at 8. Previews begin 7/9 for a 7/14 opening. *Vineyard's Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

The Race of the Ark Tattoo—W. David Hancock's play about objects and memories—which, appropriately, takes place in a flea market. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 8/2. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

art

Yayoi Kusama...Mary Ann Willson

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

James Lee Byars—Four early drawings in ink on paper and a single wooden figurative sculpture; through 8/31. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Melinda Stickney-Gibson/Nancy Cohen—Lyrical abstractions painted on the covers of small books/Assemblages of handmade paper and familiar objects. Through 7/31. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Steve Wheeler—Intricately patterned color silkscreen prints that incorporate Native American iconography, Cubism, Surrealism, and Automatism, and were produced in conjunction with the artist's 1947 book *Hello Steve*; 7/8–8/28. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

57th Street Area

Robert Berlind—Small on-site and large studio paintings of reflective surfaces of streams and ponds and of the woods near the artist's summer home in the Catskills; through 7/17. DeNagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Shirley Goldfarb—A survey of paintings by the artist (1925–1980) who began as a gestural abstractionist, then switched to a controlled, minimal style characterized by small strokes of color in mosaic-like patterns; through 9/4. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Paul Klee—Paintings, drawings, and prints from all periods of the artist's career; through 7/23. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Yayoi Kusama—Recent sculpture, installations, and paintings by the Japanese artist whose works from the fifties and sixties are currently the subject of a MOMA retrospective (see "Museums"); through 8/7. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

McDermott & McGough—"Sentimental Education," a set of eight photogravures depicting the artists' clothing and studio and household belongings; through 8/31. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Robert Emmett Owen—Landscapes of New England by the American Impressionist (1878–1957); through 8/22. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Anne Ryan—Collages from the fifties; through 7/31. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

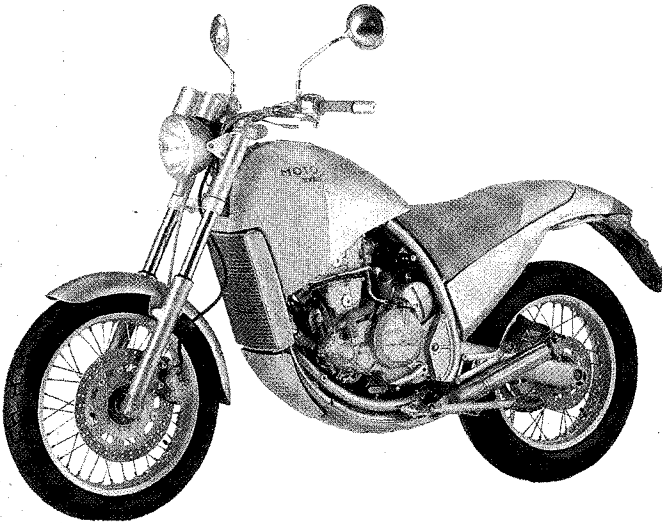
SoHo and TriBeCa

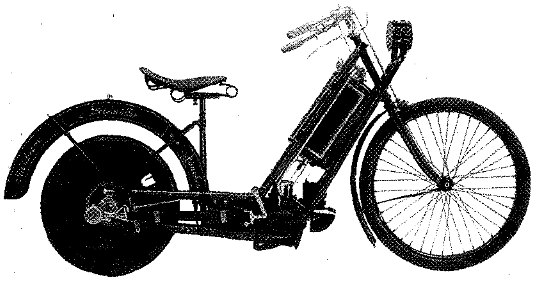
Chakaia Booker—Black-and-white photomontages that function as self-portraits; through 7/31. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Brian Clarke—A stained-glass wall dedicated to Linda McCartney; through 9/12. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Georges Schreiber/Fred Shane—Paintings and works on paper by both that offer an inside look at the Hollywood movie industry of the thirties and forties; through 8/27. Teller, 568 Broadway (941-7335).

Eberhard Havekost—Paintings based on photographs of anonymous residential buildings in Europe; through 7/31. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).





Installation **Okay, motorcycles do not constitute art with a capital *A*, but they're certainly among the most stunningly designed objects of the past 100 or so years. And they look especially great in "The Art of the Motorcycle," with an exhibition installation by architect Frank Gehry. At the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 88th Street; through September 20.**

Jane Kaplowitz/Dave Muller—Wall drawings and works on paper/Drawings, watercolors, and paintings. Through 7/24. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project 1977–1997* that consists of five color projections with musical soundtracks by the Poetics, an artists' rock band that Kelley and Oursler were members of in the seventies and eighties; through 7/31. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753). See "Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler" under Solo Shows, Chelsea.

Yayoi Kusama—Works on paper from the fifties by this artist who is currently the subject of a retrospective at MOMA; through 9/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Ground Rules:

In the summer Galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Thom Merrick—Wall reliefs of "handwritten" words constructed from copper tubing; through 7/31. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Martin Myers/Simon Ungers—Paintings on plywood squares and rectangles that depict images of levitating boxes, architectural elements, and buildings rendered in a cartoon perspective/New wall works that refer to abstraction and architecture. Through 8/7. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Chelsea

Deborah Brown—Recent paintings of wild birds in fantastic settings; through 7/31. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project: 1977–1997* that incorporates painted panels, video projections, sculpture, music, and drawings in a dense, mazelike installation; through 9/12. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100). See "Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler" under Solo Shows, SoHo and TriBeCa.

Charles Long—New sculpture; through 7/24. Bonakdar, 521 W. 21st St. (414-4144).

Michael Perelman/Lane Twitchell—Paintings of everyday generic objects/Cut-paper pieces that draw on the artist's Mormon upbringing in Utah and the landscape of the American West. Through 8/1. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (206-3686).

Richard Tsao/Madeline Weinrib—Paper layered on round Plexiglas plates/Botanical drawings. Through 7/18. De Chiara/Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. (967-6007).

Andrea Zittel—New living environments from the artist's ongoing "A–Z" series; through 8/31. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Other

Joan Personette—Paintings and costume designs, as well as photographs, film footage, and posters documenting her career as a costume designer for Broadway musicals; through 8/9. Courtyard Gallery, World Financial Center, 220 Vesey St., lobby level (945-0505).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (249-8950). "Crosscurrents," contemporary paintings from Panama; through 7/19.

Gat—1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441). "NO! art," with a wall-size mural by Lurie, a video and still photographs by Patterson, and conceptual cryptography by Kirves; through 9/30.

Nardin—605 Madison Ave. (486-1888). An exhibition saluting the Long Point Gallery of Provincetown, Massachusetts, with works by Beauchamp, Boghosian, Bowen, Bultman, others; through 7/18.

Taggart—48 E. 73rd St. (628-4000). "Concerning Expressionism: American Modernism and the German Avant-Garde"; through 7/31.

Photographs: top, Aprilia; bottom, David Heald.

57th Street Area

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). "Large Scale," with works by Le Va, LeWitt, Mangold, Scully, others; through 7/24.

DC Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). "Food for Thought: A Visual Banquet," with works by Avery, Bates, Bishop, Buck, others; through 8/12.

Emmerich—41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). "Painting in Provincetown," with works by Avery, Hofmann, and Tworkov; through 7/31.

Fischbach—24 W. 57 St. (757-0202). "Summer and Some Aren't," paintings, sculptures, and works on paper inspired by summer retreats; through 8/15.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). Works by gallery artists Andoe, Beattie and Davidson, Bowling, Gipe, Moskowitz, Oppenheim, Sicilia, Waldman, others; through 7/31.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Summer show of works by gallery artists Abakanowicz, Botero, Caro, Estes, Grooms, Kitaj, Marisol, others; through 9/4.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). Sculpture by Amato, Graham, Karella, Twombly; paintings by Caracciolo, Fendrich, Meyer, Trujillo, others; through 9/5.

Ryan—24 W. 57th St. (397-0669). Prints by Attie, Bailey, Feldman, Garfinkel, others; through 7/31.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). American Modernist works by Avery, Bolotowsky, Calder, Davis, Greene, Moholy-Nagy, Slobodkina, Wheeler, others; through 7/24.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). "Summertime," with works by Aponovich, Dewey, Freeman, Harkins, others; through 8/14.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Basilico—26 Wooster St. (966-1831). "Deep Thought," with works by Becher, Bochner, Bunn, Chan, Schatz, others; through 7/31.

Beitzel—102 Prince St. (219-2863). "Knowing Children," with works by Baechler, Bailey, Bey, Carnwath, others; through 7/31.

Collins—83 Grand St. (226-1861). "Over the Mantle, Over the Couch," with works by Basora, Bill, Cemin, Chia, others; through 7/31.

Deitch Projects—76 Grand St. (343-7300). "Paintings from Another Planet," works by Los Angeles artists Appel, Argent, Calame, Cook, others; through 7/31.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Selections Summer '98," with works on paper by Ali, Barker, Erenberg, Faust, others; through 7/31.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Exit 8, Way In, Way Out, Way Cool," benefit print portfolios featuring prints by Baechler, Bovasso, Green, Kearns, Mellyn, Smith, Simpson, Spero; through 7/17.

Feature—76 Greene St. (941-7077). Works by Hawkins, Hug, Ono; through 7/31.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Works that depict map-related imagery by Baechler, Boetti, Fuller, Turrell, Warhol, others; 7/8–8/28.

Kelly—43 Mercer St. (343-2405). "Contemporary.Self.Portraits," an exhibition of autobiographical works by young artists, curated by Jens Hoffmann; through 7/24.

Kustera—41 Wooster St. (965-1527). Drawings by 14 artists, among them Burkhart, Craven, Kostabi, Mellyn, Zawada; through 7/24.

Ross—568 Broadway (343-2161). "Peep Show," with works by Alpern, Arndt, Barsness, Bowen; through 7/24.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). An exhibition exploring the relationship between filmmaker David Cronenberg's work and that of a group of contemporary artists, with works by Acker, Baudrillard, Crockett, Rockman, others; through 7/18.

Chelsea

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474). Drawings and objects from Benedict, Chaudouet, Schneider, Shrigley; through 7/31.

Billis—526 W. 26th St. (645-2621). "10 Women," with works by Barr, Blair, Bruno, Gillespie, others; through 7/25.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). "Small Paintings," with works by Burton, Fishman, Meller, Uslé, others; through 7/31.

Clementine—526 W. 26th St. (243-5937). "Summer Bonanza," with works by Bauer, Brawley, Evans, Logan, and Ruyter; through 7/31.

Cristinerose—529 W. 20th St. (206-0297). "The Theater of Cruelty," with works by Blake, Blondel, Boyd, Galas, others; through 7/25.

D'Amelio Terras—525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460). "Humble County," with works by Apfelbaum, DeBellevue, Feher, Friedman, others; through 7/31.

Feigen Contemporary—535 W. 20th St. (929-0500). "Inglenook," with works by Artschwager, Auder, Blake, Brackman, others; through 7/31.

Healy—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). "Bathroom," guest curated by Wayne Koestenbaum, with works by Clem, Minter, Warhol, Waters, others; through 8/7.

Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366). "Now and Forever, Part I," a two-gallery exhibition with Matthew Marks Gallery (522 W. 22nd St.) featuring works by 45 artists, among them Halley, Dunham, Feeley, Koether, Kusama, Marden, Prince, Winters; through 7/31.

Kempner—501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872). "Now & Then," with works by Frankenthaler, Johns, Marden, Rauschenberg, Warhol, others; through 7/31.

Kreps—529 W. 20th St. (741-8849). "Sassy Nuggets," with works by Danluck, Davie, Kusama, Noland, St. John, others; through 7/28.

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). Works by Grigely, Rondinone, and Wilson; through 7/31.

Marks—522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200). "Now and Forever, Part I," a two-gallery exhibition with Pat Hearn Gallery (530 W. 22nd St.), with works by 45 artists, among them Almog, Bickerton, Cain, Dunham, Heilmann, Murray, Tuymans, others; through 7/31.

Protetch—511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999). "From Here to Eternity: Painting in 1998," with recent paintings by 28 artists, among them Currin, Dona, Fraser, Lasker, Lomberg, Nozkowski, Reed, Sillman; through 8/31.

Shainman—513 W. 20th St. (645-1701). "Ecstasy," with works by Ewen, Goodwin, Harris, Hyde, Molinari, others; through 7/31.

Team—527 W. 26th St. (279-9219). "Channel 3," with works by Brunetti, Emin, Levy, Ortuno, others; through 8/14.

Tibet House—22 W. 15th St. (807-0563). "The Tibetan Art of Healing," paintings by Nepali artist Romio Shrestha in collaboration with 40 Nepali and Tibetan artists, based on diagrams and illustrations from seventeenth-century Tibetan medical texts; through 8/14.

Tonkonow—601 W. 26th St. (255-8450) and Bound & Unbound, 601 W. 26th St. (463-7348). "Disappearing Act," with works by Byars, Roth, Warhol, Weiner, others; through 8/1.

Weber—529 W. 20th St. (691-5711). "Matched Pairs," with works by Antonaci, Aycock, Buren, Buvoli, others; through 7/31.

Other

Pelavin—13 Jay St. (925-9424). Paintings, works on paper, and drawings by Costan, Craddock, Crane, Crull, others; through 7/31.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500). "Ahab's Wife," with works by Driscoll, Gillespie, Sans-Arcidet, Scott; through 10/4.

Photography

Michael Ackermann—Recent photographs that depict the people of Cabbagetown, the oldest industrial settlement in Atlanta; through 7/26. Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. (477-1820).

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—The 95-year-old photographer's recent photographs of his garden in Mexico; through 7/24. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Ship/Shape," photographs of nautical subjects by American and European photographers, among them Margaret Bourke-White, James Doolittle, Herbert Matter, Edward Steichen, Weegee; through 8/29.

Fredericks—504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555). "Naked & Famous," with photographs by Chiappa, Choi, Fowler, Marder, Steiner; through 8/14.

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (334-0010). "Take the A Train," images of New York City subways and trains by Ralston Crawford, Arnold Eagle, Robert Frank, Arthur Leipzig, Helen Levitt, Louis Stettner, Dan Weiner, and others; through 8/15.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777, ext. 100), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Comparative Concepts: Photographs by August Sander, Karl Blossfeldt, Albert Renger-Patzsch, and Bernd and Hilla Becher; through 9/13.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images as History, Photography as Art." A retrospective of more than 100 images by the American photographer (1823?–1896) known for his Civil War photographs; through 9/6. . . . "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS by Steve Hart"; through 9/6.

Platinum—551 W. 22nd St. (352-0070). Photographs of New York by Coburn, Haviland, Stieglitz, Strand, Trager, Yang; through 7/31.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). "Neighborhood Watch," with photographs of the suburban environment by Baran, Bordwin, Crewdson, Etheridge, Garfield, Greiner, Hido, Salisbury, Svenson; 7/8–8/14.

SoHo Triad—107 Grand St. (965-9500). Photographs of New York by Abbott, Bridges, Stieglitz, others; through 7/19.

Josef Sudek—Vintage pigment and silver prints by the Czech photographer, including still lifes, landscapes, flower studies, and building interiors; through 8/1. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Objects of Our Time." Ceramics, furniture, textiles, wood, glass, book arts, and jewelry by 80 British artists and designers; through 9/6. . . . "Ties That Bind: Fiber Art by Ed Rossbach and Katherine Westphal From the Daphne Farago Collection." Fiber works by Charles Edmund Rossbach and his wife Katherine Westphal spanning the sixties through the nineties; through 9/6. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"The Narrative Thread: Contemporary Women's Embroidery From Rural India." A selection of 30 embroidered quilts that were made by Indian women from rural Bihar through the assistance of Adithi, a nonprofit organization; through 8/8. . . . "More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Finnish Modernism in Design: Utopian Ideals and Everyday Ideals, 1930–1997." A survey of works produced by Finnish designers for the ceramics firm Arabia, the glass factories of iittala, Karhula, and Nuutajarvi, and the textile and clothing manufacturer Marimekko; through 7/12. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Tomie Arai: Double Trouble"; through 8/23. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri.

10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Exterior/Interior—The Way I See It: Five Photographers Working in Brooklyn." Works by Peter Garfield, Anne Mandelbaum, Susan Daboll, Martin Dixon, and Michael Spano; through 8/16. . . . "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 8/23. . . . "Mexican Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." 126 prints by 47 Mexican artists, among them José Orozco, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo; through 8/9. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Under the Sun." An outdoor exhibition of solar and solar electric products; through 10/25. . . . "Opening Our Doors: Selections From the Design Resource Center." Works from the museum's four collecting departments, Drawings and Prints, Wallcoverings, Textiles, Applied Arts, and Industrial Design; through 10/11. . . . Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The first exhibition to explore the function and design of American and European fountains, featuring original drawings, prints, rare books, photographs, and postcards; through 10/11. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Image and Text: Orientalist Works on Paper From the Permanent Collection." Nineteenth-century paintings, prints, photographs, and illustrated books depicting the Middle East and Africa, by Jean-Léon Gérôme, Wilhelm Gentz, David Roberts, and others; through 9/5. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Beatriz Gonzalez: What an Honor to Be With You at This Historical Moment, Works 1965–1997." A retrospective of the Colombian artist's paintings, drawings, and objects; through 10/25. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Fuseli to Menzel: Drawings and Watercolors From the Age of Goethe." German drawings from the collection of the Munich attorney Alfred Winterstein (1895–1976), by Caspar David Friedrich, Henry Fuseli, Adolph Menzel, and others; through 8/30. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Police Pictures: The Photographs as Evidence." A survey of forensic and evidentiary photographs from the mid-nineteenth century to the present; through 7/18. 100 Washington Square E. (998-6780), Wed. 11–8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Art of the Motorcycle." An exhibition chronicling the evolution of motorcycle technology and design, featuring more than 100 motorcycles dating from 1894 to the present; through 9/20. . . . "Vilhelm Hammershoi (1864–1916): Danish Painter of Solitude and Light." Sixty paintings by the Danish artist known for his images of sparsely furnished interiors; through 9/7. . . . "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration." Paintings and sculptures from Peggy Guggenheim's collection, as well as guest books and other memorabilia from the collector's Venice house; through 9/2. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Hugo Boss Prize: 1998." Works by the award finalists Douglas Gordon, Huang Yong Ping, William Kentridge, Lee Bul, Pipilotti Rist, and Lorna Simpson; through 9/20. . . . "Fabrizio Plessi." Four large-scale video installations; through 9/20. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Shiko Munakata, the Modern Master of Woodblock Art." A retrospective of prints by Japan's greatest modern woodblock artist (1903–1975); through 8/16. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

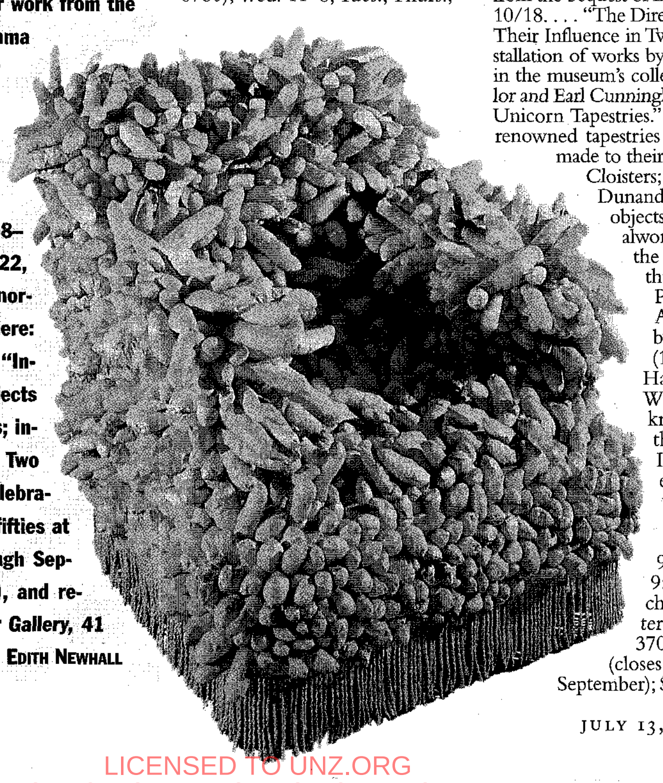
Jewish Museum—"George Segal, A Retrospective: Sculptures, Paintings, Drawings." A survey of the artist's works made between 1958 and 1996; through 10/4. . . . "An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." The first museum exhibition devoted to the painter's work in nearly five decades, focusing on the period between Soutine's arrival in Paris in 1913 and his death there during World War II; through 8/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Sir Edward Burne-Jones." The first comprehensive American exhibition devoted to the paintings and decorative works of the nineteenth-century British artist (1833–1898) who was among the second generation of Pre-Raphaelites; through 9/6. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . "Boccioni and Women." Watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1902 to 1915 by one of the founders of Futurism, from the bequest of Lydia Winston Malbin; through 10/18. . . . "The Direct Eye: Self-Taught Artists and Their Influence in Twentieth-Century Art." An installation of works by self-taught artists represented in the museum's collection, among them Bill Traylor and Earl Cunningham; through 10/18. . . . "The Unicorn Tapestries." A short-term exhibit of the renowned tapestries while renovations are being made to their permanent display area at the Cloisters; through 9/6. . . . "Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through 10/25. . . . "The Paintings of Judith Rothschild: An Artist's Search." Paintings by an American artist (1921–1993) who studied with Hans Hoffmann and Stanley William Hayter and is best known for her collages; through 9/6. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Retrospective

All in a Decade

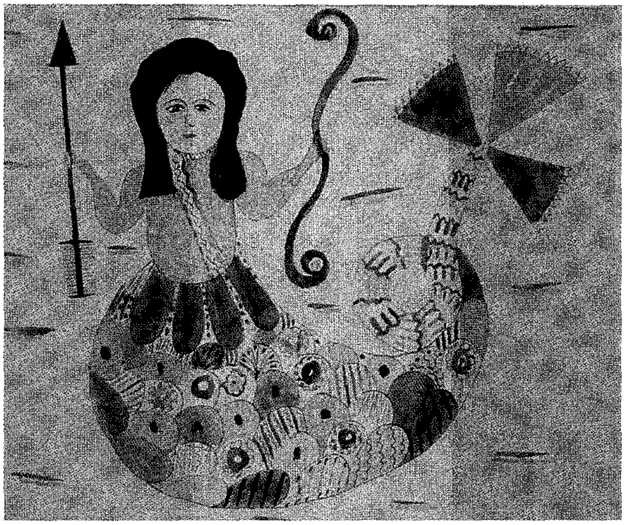
Before she left Japan for the United States, in 1957, Yayoi Kusama staged a passionate, theatrical act that would eventually symbolize the trajectory of her career: In the heat of a feud with her mother, the artist burned thousands of her drawings on a riverbank behind her parents' house. Over the next ten years, Kusama, who moved to New York at 29 and is now 69, created some of the most groundbreaking paintings and sculptures of her generation, then systematically deconstructed her idiosyncratic vision in environmental installations, films, and avant-garde performances starring herself. Critics, for the most part, shrugged off Kusama's "happenings" as publicity stunts, and in 1973, the artist, who had a history of mental illness, returned to Japan and committed herself to a psychiatric hospital, where she still lives today. (Kusama, who works in a studio near the hospital, turned to writing in the late seventies, producing twelve books, among them novels, poetry, and short-story collections.) In America, Kusama's artistic achievement was largely forgotten until 1989, when New York's Center for International Contemporary Arts mounted the first New York survey of her work from the fifties and sixties. That was followed by a Kusama show at Paula Cooper Gallery in 1996. Now MOMA, whose sculpture garden fountain was once the site of a Kusama performance (comprising eight naked participants), is hosting a full-scale retrospective of her works from those years. "Love Forever: Yayoi Kusama, 1958–1968," which runs July 9 through September 22, gathers most of Kusama's surviving—and enormously influential—output from her decade here: sprawling, monochromatic paintings from the "Infinity Net" series; sculptures of domestic objects sprouting phalluslike protrusions (right); films; installations; and slides of her performances. Two gallery exhibitions round out the Kusama celebration: a selection of works on paper from the fifties at Peter Blum gallery, 99 Wooster Street, through September (closed August 2 through August 24), and recent paintings and sculpture at Robert Miller Gallery, 41 East 57th Street, through August 7. **EDITH NEWHALL**



Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

On View
Early Modern

Not only were Mary Ann Willson's watercolors advanced for their time (circa 1800–1825), often verging on abstraction; so was the artist, who shared a romantic attachment with another woman in her household in rural upstate New York. A retrospective of Willson's watercolors can be seen at the Museum of American Folk Art (2 Lincoln Square, through September 27); her private life inspired the new opera 'Patience and Sarah,' beginning July 8 at John Jay College Theater (see "Cue: In Concert" for details).



Photograph courtesy of the Museum of American Folk Art.

Museum at the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Innovation/Imitation: Fashionable Plastics of the 1930s." A survey of textiles, garments, accessories, and decorative objects made with various kinds of plastics; through 8/1. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"Masterpieces From Central Africa." Central African objects on loan from the Royal Museum of Central Africa in Tervuren, Belgium; through 8/9. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 12:30–8, Sun. 12:30–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Mary Ann Willson: Artist Maid." A survey of watercolors by the early-nineteenth-century American folk artist; through 9/27. . . . "Edge to Edge: Selections From the Studio Art Quilt Associates." Contemporary quilts by eighteen artists; through 9/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage–A Living Memorial to the Holocaust—"Israel at 50 Years: Diverse Views by Magnum Photographers." Images by Robert Capa, Micha Bar-Am, Leonard Freed, David Seymour and others; through 9/7...Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. and Fri. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Love Forever: Yayoi Kusama, 1958–1968."The first in-depth survey of the defining decade of the artist's career—1958 to 1968—when she lived and worked in New York, including paintings, sculptures, photographs, collages, two environmental installations, a film made by the artist, and slides documenting her performances; 7/9–9/22. . . . "Tony Smith." A retrospective of the sculptor's work; through 9/22. . . . "Aleksandr Rodchenko." Photography, photocollages, and functional and graphic design work by one of the founders of Constructivism; through 10/6. . . . "Bonnard." The first retrospective of the French artist's paintings to be shown in New York since 1964, focusing on his interiors, still lifes, and figure paintings; through 10/13. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willie Cole"; through 10/13. . . . "Giacometti to Judd: Prints by Sculptors"; through 10/13. . . . "Projects 63: Karin Davie, Udomsak Krisanamis, Bruce Pearson, Fred Tomaselli; through 6/30. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Half Past Autumn: The Art of Gordon Parks." A retrospective of photographs by the photojournalist, filmmaker, novelist, poet, and musician; through 11/1. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Masterworks From the Permanent Collection of the National Academy "; 7/15–8/30. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri, 12–6 (Fri. 5–6 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Sweet Oblivion: The Urban Landscape of Martin Wong." A retrospective of paintings by the San Francisco–based artist who first came to attention in the eighties for his paintings depicting the graffiti and street-poetry scenes of New York's Lower East Side; through 9/13. . . . "Bill Bidjocka, Los Carpinteros, Rivane Neuenschwander." Works by five young artists, three of whom collaborate as a group, from Cameroon, Brazil, and Cuba; through 9/20. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. . . . "A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing, 1960–1980." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 7/25. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Uniting Neighbors: The Role of Settlement Houses in New York City." Historical and contemporary photographs and artifacts documenting the history of the settlement house in New York; through 10/4. . . . "Militant Metropolis: New York City and the Spanish-American War 1898." A selection of newspapers, caricatures, letters, photographs, and other materials from the Society's Lathrop Colgate Harper Collection of Spanish-American War materials; through 7/12. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 8/23. . . . "Paul Robeson: Bearer of a Culture." An exhibition of photographs and memorabilia commemorating the centenary of the actor's birth; through 7/12. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Gordon Matta-Clark: Reorganizing Structure by Drawing Through It." Works on paper, films showing the artist at work, and re-creations of site-specific installations; through 8/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"a.k.a. Lewis Carroll." An exhibition of books and memorabilia marking the centenary of the death of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832–1898), focusing on his life as a teacher, mathematician, photographer, and author; through 8/30. . . . "Settling New Scores: Music Manuscripts From the Paul Sacher Foundation." Music manuscripts, letters, and other documents from some 60 composers of this century; through 8/30. . . . "A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 2100–500 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 8/16. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings." A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender, by the 72-year-old African-American artist; through 8/30. . . . "Dawoud Bey." New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; through 8/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Norman Lewis: Black Paintings, 1946–1977." An exhibition examining the aesthetic and metaphorical use of the color black in over 60 paintings; through 9/20. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth." The first retrospective of the artist's work to focus solely on his landscapes, inspired by his life-long environs of Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, and Cushing, Maine; through 8/30. . . . "Charles Ray." A survey of the Los Angeles-based sculptor's career since 8/30. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart: The Studio Within." A partial re-creation of the studio the artist worked in for more than 30 years, including 20 paintings from different periods of his career, a selection from his collection of notebooks, and poems and small artworks; through 9/13. . . . "Louise Nevelson: Structures Evolving." A selection of sculptures and works on paper from the museum's collection that highlights the artist's practice of recycling components of existing works to create new ones; through 9/13. . . . "Lee Mingwei's 'Way Stations.'" Two interactive installations, *The Dining Project* and *The Letter-writing Project*; through 7/19. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Who What When Where: An Installation by Carrie Mae Weems"; through 7/10. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). Next auction on 7/23.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). Next auction on 7/22.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 7/14 at 10:30: "Summer Sale of Furniture, Paintings, Silver, and Decorative Arts." On view from 7/8.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 7/9 at 10:15: "Stamps." On view from 7/6. 7/10 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture and Decorations." On view from 7/6.

restaurants

Malatesta...Beef on Broadway...Café M

[illegible]

Lower New York

Acappella—Food is prepared tableside at this Northern Italian downtowner. Ask for owner-host Sergio to explain the specials, or choose among veal chops, the Italian-flag combination of three styles of pasta, and lobster Acappella. Try the prix fixe lunch. Jackets required. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Paggio—After two Long Island triumphs, the owners decided to brave the restaurant battlefield that is TriBeCa. The commodious surroundings, private party room, and TV-equipped cigar room make for a comfortable place to enjoy sophisticated Italian food. Don't miss the grilled polenta with fontina cheese and porcini mushrooms sautéed with fresh herbs and truffle essence. *223 W. Broadway (334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

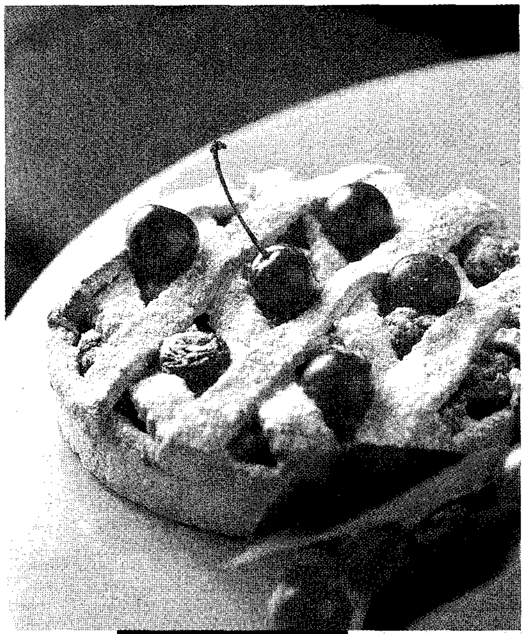
Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make



ASK GAEL

Isn't this the time of year for sour-cherry pie?

Slip on your running shoes and get to Payard Pâtisserie & Bistro fast before the sour cherries fade away. The season's so short—just four or five weeks—most chefs let it slip by uncelebrated. Not François Payard. Always game to try a new trick, the pastry whiz defies all the classic French pastry commandments by tumbling the pale-red fruit into a cakey all-American crumble. For an encore, he bakes a lattice-topped, sharply tart pie with a buttery crust. It has no sticky thickening at all and so little sugar it makes your toes curl. Make cherry pie a finale to lunch, or carry it away in a size to please four ($16), six ($24), or eight ($32). (1032 Lexington Avenue, near 73rd Street; 717-5252.)

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted into service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic American fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked bacon, and roasted tomatoes. *70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish or beef. Perfect for pre- or post-Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Grand Ticino—This venerable Greenwich Village Italian restaurant has attracted the likes of Frank McCourt, Al Hirschfeld, and John Patrick Shanley, who set part of *Moonstruck* on its comfortable premises. Try the ostrich with Barolo wine sauce, the bistecca alla Fiorentina, and the panna cotta. *228 Thompson St. (777-5922). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Opening

Head Case

The owners of the tiny, oversubscribed Piadina have wisely leased some West Village real estate for their more commodious offshoot, Malatesta Trattoria. The rustic, homespun restaurant—whose name refers to either a venerable Emilia-Romagna family or the idiomatic phrase for "crazy in the head"—offers affordable salads, hearty pastas, grilled meats, and, of course, crispy flatbread piadina stuffed with prosciutto, spinach, or cheese. (649 Washington Street, at Christopher Street; 741-1207.)

Photograph by Robert Wright.

Robiola—Everyone comes for the focaccia robiola, but you wouldn't go wrong with roasted baby chicken, pasta, or anything from the wood-burning oven. This is the second venture by the folks behind midtown's popular Da Ciro. *535 Hudson St. (620-3838). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ribollita—This cozy little Italian restaurant is a refreshing change of pace from the new wave of posh Flatiron food halls. Open every day from noon until closing for its namesake soup, unusual pastas, and roasted meat and fish. *260 Park Ave. S., nr. 20th St. (982-0975). (I–M) TM.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pacific East—This streamlined, casual Chelsea restaurant is the spin-off of an enormously successful Hamptons destination for Asian seafood. Lobster-and-shiitake gyoza, cedar-planked black cod, and other fusion fish abound. *318 W. 23rd St. (243-0777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rari-

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ty in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex-Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has a flair with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. Try something from the extensive raw-bar menu. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. A $55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Go to Rio: General managers Dennis Rhee and Joanne Chang.

Opening

There's the Beef

The Brazilian phenomenon of churrascaria rodizio—continual table-side service of rotisserie-roasted meat—has gradually infiltrated Manhattan, via the Latin American enclaves of Queens and New Jersey. Now newcomer Rio de Janeiro brings the all-you-can-eat excess of beef (as well as poultry and seafood), plus an endless soup-and-salad bar, to the Theater District. $29.95 prix fixe, less $5 for those pre-curtain diners who can sit through a show on a very full stomach. (127 West 43rd Street; 575-0808.)

China Regency—This Chinese-Japanese hybrid is located conveniently in midtown's hotel nexus. Try any of the noodle dishes or a sampling from the sushi bar. Private-party facilities are upstairs. *850 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (247-6440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Coco Pazzo Teatro—Tucked away alongside the Royalton Hotel, this popular theater-district hangout is equally suited for a drink before the curtain or a leisurely meal after the show. The colorful dining room is a comfortable, informal spot for hearty dishes like Florentine steak with crispy herbed fries, and lobster with saffron pasta. *235 W. 46th St. (827-4222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of $13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the $25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, homestyle Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a

Photograph by Safia Fatimi.

vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live piano music Wednesday through Saturday; prix fixe menus available ($18.95 at lunch; $29.95 at dinner). *127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant in the heart of midtown is a convenient spot for onion bhajia, chicken tikka masala, dal bukhara, and other subcontinental standards. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meatlovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tuscan Square—Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paean to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room; a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta bars; and a retail department selling kitchenware, clothing, leather goods, and stationery. Chef Patrick Nuti's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as chicken-and-ricotta meatballs and garganelli with pancetta, puréed leeks, fava beans, and baby peas. *16 W. 51st St. (977-7777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Deniz à la Turk—The focus in this casual East Side Turkish restaurant is on superlatively fresh fish. Nibble on appetizers like red beans in lemon and olive oil; mashed eggplant salad; and mussels stuffed with rice, pine nuts, and currants. The seafood and meat—like lamb chops, Turkish meatballs, and ribeye steak—are char-grilled and succulent. *400 E. 57th St. (486-2255). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, non-professionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, French-Indian lamb stew, and ginger salmon. *8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coco Pazzo—Pino Luongo's Upper East Side temple of Tuscan is a neighborhood spot for a particularly demanding neighborhood. For everyone else, dishes like potato ravioli with sautéed leeks and truffle oil, and breaded pork chop with mizuna salad and red onion—not to mention an award-

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winning wine list, definitely merit a special trip. Try the jazz brunch. *23 E. 74th St. (794-0205). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with bottles from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like jumbo lump-crab gyoza and coriander-spiced tuna loin. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Coco Opera—This West Side branch of Pino Luongo's national chain of Tuscan restaurants is perfectly situated for a meal before or after a Lincoln Center performance. House specials include sautéed veal chop with chickpeas and fried sage, and rigatoni with sun-dried tomatoes, capers, black olives, and chili peppers. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Evelyn Lounge—A lounge-style bar uncommon on the Upper West Side, with the requisite couches, armchairs, Oriental rugs and, upstairs, a cozy restaurant serving an accessible American menu of roast chicken, pork chops, steak, and burgers. *380 Columbus Ave., at 78th St. (724-2363). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Casa Pepe—Mexican and Spanish fare meld in this elegant restaurant, with garden dining in fine weather and a fireplace to warm up the gray days of winter. The seafood-heavy menu finds best expression in the zarzuela de mariscos, the paella marinera, and the tacos Vera Cruz. *114 Bay Ridge Ave. (718-833-8865). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Long Island

Sapore di Mare—The concept of this long-lived Hamptons hot spot is "coastal Tuscan," which translates into dishes like roasted halibut with caramelized fennel, sautéed spinach, and aïoli. The rustic, farmlike décor harks back to the days when this resort community was all potato fields and this kind of Italian food completely unavailable. *Wainscott Stone Rd. at Montauk Hwy., Wainscott (516-537-2764). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Seafood Barge—Every seat has a view of the water at this North Fork restaurant, and as you'd expect, the menu reflects the location. Calamari, crab cakes, oven-poached bass, lobster, and mussels are just a sampling of the house specialties. And the wine list, commendably, is heavy on Long Island vineyards. *62980 Main Rd., at Port of Egypt Marina, Southold (516-765-3010). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Opening

Dial M for Makeover

After stumbling at the gate with the short-lived Nica's, tireless restaurateur Matthew Kenney and hotelier partner André Balazs have reconfigured the dining room at the Stanhope hotel as Café M, with a new menu and a new, half-million-dollar renovation, courtesy of the design team behind Chateau Marmont and Atlantic Grill. Chef Jeremy Griffiths adheres to Kenney's signature Mediterranean spirit with succulent riffs on the flavors of the French and Italian Rivieras: chili-steamed clay-pot mussels, an earthy macaroni with walnut-herb pesto, dense and addictive chickpea fries, a Niçoise salad dressed up with quail eggs and fingerling potatoes. Fish soup, rabbit stew, and the rest of the entrées range from $18 to $25. (995 Fifth Avenue, at 82nd Street; 717-0303.)

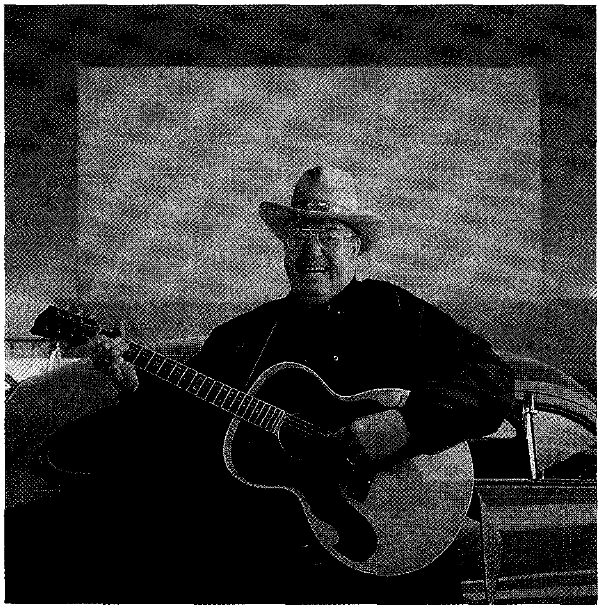
Photograph by Steven Freeman.

nightlife

Girls Against Boys...New Music at Tonic

Talent
Down-Home, Uptown

Hot on the two-stepping heels of his excellent new album, 'Down at the Sky-Vue Drive-in,' Austin honky-tonker Don Walser rouses Upper West Siders with a yodeling visit to Lincoln Center's Midsummer Night Swing on July 15.



Photograph by Wyatt McSpadden.

Concerts

Big Bad Voodoo Daddy—Sometimes it doesn't take much to jump from minimal success to actual (if minor) stardom. These eight nostalgia-happy Angelenos made just such a transition when they appeared in *Swingers*, providing the high-octane soundtrack for John Favreau's lindy-hopping seduction of Heather Graham. Their hit from the film, "You & Me & the Bottle Makes 3 Tonight," has the usual neo-swing assortment of blaring horns, thumping double bass, and campily belted vocals. Cock an ear for more of the same on their self-titled major-label debut. With kitsch-crazy Bostonians Combustible Edison. 7/14 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $17.50–$20.*

"Blues Cruise"—A weekly spin through the muddy waters of New York Harbor. 7/7: Ubiquitous, perpetually grinning ex–*SNL* guitar guy G. E. Smith and his High Plains Drifters. 7/14: Marcia Ball. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M., rain or shine. *Pier 16, South Street Seaport (630-8888). $25.*

Cecil Bridgewater—Hard-bop stalwart and composer to the stars (Max Roach, Art Blakey), the trumpeter leads his own outstanding quintet for this date. 7/10 at 7 P.M. *Harry de Jur Playhouse, Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (598-0400). $10.*

Burning Spear—The reggae vets give out rasta-man vibrations for free (the only truly appropriate way for them to do so). Irie, mon. 7/10 at 7:30 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West (718-855-7882, ext. 52). $3 suggested donation.*

Central Park SummerStage—From family programs to acid-eating garage rock, the most eclectic music in the city is also the best deal around. It's all free (unless otherwise noted), so go ahead and explore. 7/11: Literary-pop poster girl Lisa Loeb has never reproduced the success of her early breakup hit "Stay." But her recent *Firecracker* isn't such a shabby effort, all things considered. With her on the bill is San Franciscan singer-guitarist Mark Eitzel, whose melancholic ruminations put him right up there with the best of the romantics. 7/12: "Vive La World 2." Orchestre National de Barbes; Rachid Taha; Tayfa. Weekday shows at 7 P.M.; weekends at 3 P.M. *Rumsey Playfield, near Fifth Ave. and 72nd St. (360-1399). Free.*

Chicago; Hall & Oates—You can't argue with the twenty-odd albums from the midwestern musical overachievers of Chicago. As for Hall & Oates, they walk that murky line between blue-eyed soul heaven and ski-resort-cheese hell. 7/12 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$47.50.*

The Contours—The Motown vets keep on keepin' on. 7/14 at 7 P.M. *Fort Greene Park, Brooklyn (718-636-2021). Free.*

Cuba Gooding & the Main Ingredient—That's the honey-voiced Cuba *Senior,* of "Everybody Plays the Fool" fame, not Tom Cruise sidekick Junior. 7/7 at 7 P.M. *Fort Greene Park, Brooklyn.* 7/9 at 7 P.M. *Sternberg/Lindsay Park, Brooklyn (718-636-2021). Free.*

Iron Maiden—Run for the hills, baby. With Dio and W.A.S.P. 7/7 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $29.50.*

"Jazz Insights"—Arnold J. Smith's weekly lecture series concludes this week with a talk by Benny Powell. 7/7 at 7:45 P.M. *The New School, 66 W. 12 St. (229-5690). $17.*

Lilith Fair—Last year, Sarah McLachlan's traveling femmefest transformed the face of pop—making FM radio a friendly haven for acoustic-strumming, poetry-spouting Jewels everywhere. This year's lineup includes a few standbys (McLachlan, Indigo Girls) and a few pleasant surprises (Liz Phair, Morcheeba, Missy Elliot). 7/15–7/16 at 4:30 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$47.50.*

Michael Flatley's Lord of the Dance—Ever fantasize about a greasy-chested, long-haired, headbanded Irishman clog-dancing his way into your knickers? Didn't think so. But *somebody* out there clearly has. How else can you explain the wild success of this toe-tapping Celtic Svengali? 7/10–7/11 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$55.*

Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers—The late nineties are becoming a heyday for the Gen-X (and -Y) offspring of boomer icons, with Dylan, Lennon, and Simon *fils* all checking in with musical statements in recent months. But Ziggy and his three siblings were ahead of their colleagues—having tried to work their way out of their father's shadow for well over a decade now. With a poppier take on reggae than Bob's, Ziggy has charted a few times (most notably with 1988's "Tomorrow People") and won three Grammys—more than his dad could brag about. With album No. 9, *Fallen Is Babylon,* under their collective belt, the Melody Makers make a pit stop in the latter-day Sin City. With Ghetto Youth Crew and the Why Store. 7/9 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $25.*

McCullough's Sons of Thunder—The twenty-piece gospel brass choir shakes the rafters with its joyful noise—even when it's playing under a sturdy concrete band shell. 7/11 at 7:30 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West (718-855-7882, ext. 52). $3 suggested donation.*

"Midsummer Night Swing"—Five nights a week, the plaza at Lincoln Center is transformed, as a whirling, dipping maelstrom of swingers, lindy-hoppers, and two-steppers takes over with excellent live music and just enough instruction to prevent any major dance-floor mishaps. Tues.-Sat. Lessons at 6:30 P.M., dancing at 8:15 P.M. 7/7: The Loren Schoenberg Big Band; the George Gee Orchestra. 7/8: Loleatta Holloway; Rochelle Fleming. 7/9: Miles Peña; Johnny Almendra y Los Jovenes del Barrio. 7/10: Steve Ross & His Deluxe Orchestra; Bob Hardwick & His Orchestra. 7/11: The Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. 7/14: Tanguardia; Orquesta La Moderna Tradición. 7/15: Don Walser & His Pure Texas Band; Derailers. *Lincoln Center (875-5766). $10 per session or $180 for the full season.*

Arlo Guthrie—Even as Woody is memorialized by Robyn Hitchcock and Wilco's new interpretations of his unfinished work (on *Mermaid Avenue*), his shaggy-headed offspring continues to keep the flame burning in his own sixties-inflected way. 7/9 at 7 P.M. *Castle Clinton, Battery Park (835-2789). Free.*

Johnny Pacheco & Hector Casanova—Billed as "the Salsa Legends," these red-hot vets invite plenty of rump-shaking action. 7/8 at 7 P.M. *Sternberg/Lindsay Park, Brooklyn (718-636-2021). Free.*

"Gordon Parks's Paris"—As part of the "Musical Journey with Gordon Parks" series, composer and pianist Emme Kemp recreates the cabaret music of the Gay Paree the photographer saw in his postwar visit. 7/10 at 6:30 P.M. *Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672). Free.*

Tommy Dorsey Band—Now that Dorsey's most famous vocalist (Sinatra) has passed to the Great Beyond, it's strangely fitting that the band itself carries on without even its eponymous leader. 7/8 at 7 P.M. *Wagner Park, Battery Park City (945-0505). Free.*

Widespread Panic—With its new live double CD, *Light Fuse, Get Away,* WP gives the noodle-dancing masses more of the jam-wise blend of southern rock, jazz, and blues they crave. Also appearing is Philly blues-rap trio G. Love & Special Sauce; Guster, whose wacky between-song shtick is a perfect complement to happy-go-lucky rock; and Sister 7. 7/9 at 6 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre,*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$28.

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/7: California Guitar Trio. 7/10: Teruo Nakamura & the Rising Sun Band. 7/14: Joe Grushecky & the Houserockers; the Floating Men. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—This former shoe store turned carpet outlet took seven months to transform into a 500-person tri-level hall, and it's easy to see why. The place is fully tricked out, from the Art Deco ironwork in the balcony's half-moon window to the more *intime* bar set far off from the noise. 7/7: Girls Against Boys (see page 81); Buffalo Daughter; Stanford Prison Experiment. 7/9: Semisonic; Harvey Danger. 7/10: Versus; the Pacific Ocean. 7/13: The Newsboys. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 7/12: Joan of Arc. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 7/7: Vivian Bell. 7/9: Johnnie Johnson. 7/10: Little Sammy Davis. 7/11: Bobby Kyle. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

China Club—Having moved out of its Upper West Side basement and into a second-floor Hell's Kitchen location, the eighties' most infamous den of iniquity has gone more or less legit, with a swank restaurant, cigars aplenty, and bathroom attendants to keep the stalls nice and, er, clean. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800).*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 7/10: The Queers; Chixdiggit. 7/14: Better than a Thousand. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. 7/15: Larry Loftin. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the subbasement Old Office lounge. 7/13: Snowpony, a Brit-rock supergroup starring members of Stereolab, My Bloody Valentine, and Quickspace make their third New York appearance. As their spaced-out, trancey pedigree would indicate, the band plays a hypnotic blend of drone-rock, psychedelia, and large-scale dissonance. Sets at 8 and 10 P.M. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Life—Okay, we give. It *is* the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesday night's "Lust for Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. 7/10: The Fixx; Kill-5. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Louisiana Community Bar and Grill—Weird neighborhood in which to label anything "community," but the joint books some surprisingly good blues, jazz, and country acts. Saturdays, octogenarian swing survivors the Harlem Jazz Legends play sets at 8 and 9:45 P.M. 7/9: Grant Green Jr. 7/10: Samba Novo. 7/11: Hugh Pool. *622 Broadway, bet. Houston and Bleecker Sts. (460-9633).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 7/7: Drugstore. 7/8: Train. 7/10: The Getaway People. 7/11: The Geraniums. 7/13: Those Bastard Souls. 7/14: Garrison Star. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 7/7: The Rodeo Bar All-Stars. 7/8: David Hamburger & the Gowanus Valley Orchestra. 7/9: The Ex-Husbands. 7/10: The Burnley Brothers; Kevin Gordon. 7/12: The Flying Neutrinos. 7/13: Western Caravan. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Shine—Open only since December, Shine's already attracting crowds, and the usual celebrity suspects, like John-John, Wesley Snipes, megacool oldtimers like Jimmy Plant and Robert Page, and Leo, Leo, Leo! *285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 7/9–7/10: Hugh Masakela. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—Further capitalizing on the success of her first non-Maniacal album, *Tigerlily*, Natalie Merchant has just released its follow-up, *Ophelia*. The verdict: If you liked the singer's plaintive, distinct alto in the past, you'll still love it. If you found her post-collegiate boho affectations grating, you still will. Her raw live show (7/14; sold out) continues to highlight her singular voice—both as a singer and as a social activist. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 P.M., the Supper Club's house big band swings with abandon. 7/10: The Flipped Fedoras. 7/11: The Camaros. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 7/10: Garage-rock stalwarts Thee Headcoats; the Make-up; Lung Leg; the Insomniacs. 7/11: Eek-A-Mouse; Brigadeer Jerry; Junior Jazz. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 7/10: New York's Toasters have been working the ska revival since before most of the current crop of two-toners were born. They catch the new wave, along with plenty of Jamaica-minded cohorts. 7/14: Erstwhile Doors guitarist Robby Krieger, with his new solo act. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

Windows on the World—At Tuesday night's "Sway," D.J.'s Angola and Conrad get the party people jumping to hip-hop sounds from yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" continues to turn the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail nation freakfest. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Happening
Phantom Limbo

The Lower East Side's newest jazzbo hang, Tonic, kicks off the season in style with an intense, summerlong series curated by alto-sax MVP John Zorn. The lineup includes, in addition to multiple appearances by the host himself, sets by fusionist extraordinaire Vernon Reid, klezmer kingpin David Krakauer, and six-stringer Marc Ribot (pictured). The guitarist-about-town—along with his band, Los Cubanos Postizos ("the prosthetic Cubans")—is in July 10 for a night of distinctly brainy Latin sounds. (See "Jazz" listings for details.)

Photograph by Lisa Rinzler.

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays, the Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by 19-year-old Paul Ellington. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. 7/8–7/9: Cornell Dupree, Idris Muhammad, Gordon Edwards, Ernie Watts, and Jack McDuff give up the soul-jazz goods under the apt name the Soul Survivors. 7/10–7/11: Annie Ross. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 7/7–7/12: Lee Ritenour. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers, and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 7/7–7/12: Andy Bey Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. The crowds are still thin on weeknights, which is a good thing for audiences: You can't keep a scene like this secret for long. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 P.M., Irish guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled-and-brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Tuesdays, cerebral and atmospheric guitarist Kurt Rosenwinkel leads his quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 7/7–7/12: Bruce Barth. $5 cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory demographic. (So far, indications are good: A recent night was so packed, even local luminary John Lurie got turned away at the door.) All summer, John Zorn brings in assorted players to make the scene. 7/8: Vernon Reid. 7/9: Painkiller; Ikue Mori. 7/10: Marc Ribot y los Cubanos Postizos. 7/11: Previte/Sharp/Zorn. 7/12: David Krakauer's Klezmer Madness. 7/15 East Side Percussion. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 7/7–7/12: Cedar Walton Trio. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Wilson's Bar & Grill—The Upper West Side's finest jazz- and torch-singer bar. Wednesdays and Fridays: The Stingers. Thursdays: Eric. Saturdays: The Judy Barnett Quartet. Sundays: Jazz brunch with Gerard Carelli. *201 W. 79th St. (769-0100).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fri. and Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—Chelsea's high-class variety showplace offer's sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and music—all in a theater vaguely reminiscent of the old *Late Night With David Letterman* set. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor-rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. 7/8: "Corkshaw County Fair." 7/9: "Funny Folk," at which, we are told, "folk singers do funny songs." That must be a first. 7/10–7/11: Eric Kornfeld; Mike Royce; Randy & Jason Sklar; Mitch Fatel. *253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

Chicago City Limits—The long-running and much-ballyhooed troupe, performing their latest, "@ChicagoCityLimits.comedy." Wed.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M., Fri.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30 P.M. $20 cover. *Chicago City Limits Theatre, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. (888-LAFF).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 7/10–7/11: Rich Francese; Wali Collins; Rob Magnotti. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—At Monday night's "Eating It," veterans of *The State* and *Saturday Night Live* turn up regularly, as does Janeane Garofalo. Expect lots of personal monologues, of a post–Spalding Gray variety, plus the odd freak in dime-store costumes and glitter-encrusted wings performing numbers from the Krofft Superstars show. Some of it is successful, some is not, but none of it is Jay Leno warmed over. $5 cover. *171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Pierre—Joining the ever-growing list of performers to offer such "tributes," singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs the work of George Gershwin in "Things Are Looking Up." $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $40 cover. All summer long, Bryan Batt, Lewis Cleale, Heather Mac Rae, and Janet Metz celebrate the Big Apple in song with "I Love New York." *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Thursdays, comic, singer, dancer, and pianist Mark Nadler performs numbers from his 3,000-song repertoire of standards, show tunes, and other theater-district fare ($15 cover). Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

"Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know"—In the tradition of *Forbidden Broadway* comes Stan Freeman and Jay Leonhart's new broad slapstick-'n'-show-tunes revue. Zeroing in on tourism's wacky cross-cultural misunderstandings may not be quite the precision exercise the old West 72nd Street warhorse's fearless parodizing was. But does anybody go to dinner theater expecting subtlety? Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8 P.M.; Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30 P.M.; Sun. at 3 and 7:30 P.M. $40 cover. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Bars

Idlewild—For mile-high-clubbers with no destination, the former Den of Thieves offers all the plasticky internationalism of its namesake airport, plus an eerily realistic replica of a plane's coach-class section. Unfortunately, perhaps, for the aforementioned public-sex freaks (but mercifully for the rest of us), the rest rooms are devoid of airliner-style molded-plastic commode covers. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

Drinkland—Just off Avenue B, this psychedelic candy-colored playland borrows décor elements from Beck album covers and the same sixties Italian sci-fi flicks that inspired *Austin Powers.* Dig the neighborhood's ongoing transition from boho enclave to yuppie bedroom community, embodied in the place's schizophrenic clientele. *339 E. 10th St. (228-2435).*

PICTURE
THIS
T-SHIRT
WST

Photograph by Terry Richardson.

Talent

Future Rock

In the early nineties, the entire rock world, it seemed, was trying to claim a bit of the sludgy glory created by northwestern grunge gods Nirvana, Pearl Jam, and Soundgarden. But while the bandwagon-hoppers were furiously updating old Black Sabbath riffs, a musical revolution of an entirely different variety was discreetly taking shape in the nation's capital, courtesy of the sexy, dirtied-up electronica of Girls Against Boys. Now that their hometown's hardcore scene is largely defunct and grunge has gone the way of new wave, this (all-male) quartet's darkly futuristic electro-rock hybrid finally sounds timely. Fittingly, Girls Against Boys moved operations not long ago to that most forward-looking of cities, New York, where scenesters endured months of nail-biting anticipation as they awaited the June release of the band's major-label debut. On *Freak*On*Ica* (DGC/Geffen), the improbably handsome group takes the sound it pioneered on four indie albums to new heights, peppering gritty soundscapes with oblique hints of anti-glam decadence (sample dance-floor order: "Kiss the strobe light"). On July 7, singer-guitarist Scott McCloud and his cohorts take the stage at the shiny new Bowery Ballroom for their first New York show of the *Freak*On*Ica* era. With luck, an unemployed grunge guitarist or two will turn up for pointers. (See "Clubland" listings for details.)

ETHAN SMITH

the mix

A Literary Bastille Day...Melville at Sea

John Leonard's TV Notes

Sam Shepard: Stalking Himself (7/8; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is a "Great Performances" conversation with the playwright; interviews with buddies like Edward Albee, Ed Harris, Ethan Hawke, John Malkovich, Gary Sinise, and Lois Smith; and snippets from *True West, Curse of the Starving Class, Buried Child, Killer's Head, Chicago, Action, The Tooth of Crime,* and *Fourteen Hundred Thousand.* We also hit his many roads, go to London and outer space, visit his unhappy childhood California home, hear about his "strange family of cranky men," look in on LaMama and Steppenwolf and Judson Poets and Theatre Genesis, and contemplate "aloneness" ("It's very interesting to me") and "exile" ("banishment—being cut away") while listening to a remarkable series of "chants, incantations, spells" (what he calls the "pulse" of an American language redeemed from noise). A very fine hour that could have been much longer.

My Husband's Secret Life (7/8; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) lets Anne Archer play Patti LuPone. She's a cop's wife with a Brooklyn accent and aspirations for her daughter (Marguerite Moreau) that include crossing the bridge to Manhattan for more than just seeing *Rent.* Her husband's death in the arms of another woman (Maria Conchita Alonso) leads her into a romantic involvement on a Coney Island carousel with his ex-partner (James Russo) and a fraught investigation of after-hours clubs and police corruption in the meat-market business, after which . . . well, sisterhood. Tired material; fine performances.

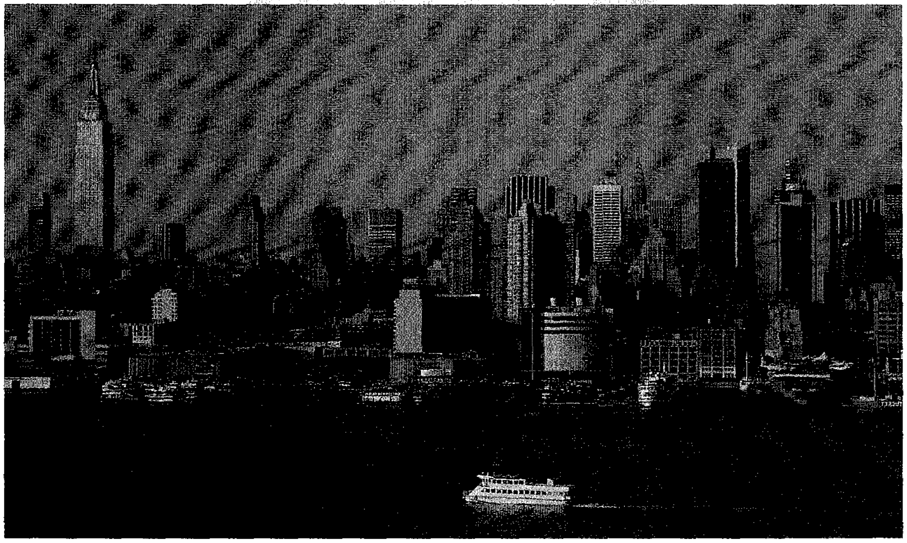
Hard Rock Live (7/10; 7 to 18 P.M.; VH1) launches a Friday-night summer series with a performance by the Pretenders that wasn't ready for preview, so American Express sent along agreeable snippets of Soul Asylum, Ben Folds Five, Squeeze, Yes, Ani DiFranco, and chart-topping Australian heart-throb-waif Natalie Imbruglia, which was nice of them, so thank you.

Everything That Rises (7/12; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT) is almost the obverse of Jane Smiley's *A Thousand Acres*—a farm family thankfully innocent of Shakespeare, in Montana, and therefore capable of loving one another, eventually, after the worst has happened. This worst includes a paralyzing accident to 14-year-old Ryan Merriman (young Jarod in NBC's *The Pretender*), the inability of his father (Dennis Quaid) to deal simultaneously with the tragedy and a threatened foreclosure on his land by a bank determined to build vacation homes, the inability of his wife (a wonderful Mare Winningham) to bring him out of his guilty funk, the selling of George Custer's very own rifle by hired hand and surrogate grandfather Harve Presnell (also a regular on *The Pretender*), and a rodeo steer-roping contest in which the kid wants to compete even though he can't move his legs. Quaid himself directs, and knows what to do with Big Sky country.

The Berlin Airlift (7/13; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) looks back 50 years to Stalin's attempted power grab of the Western sector of the city, and the pilots who bombed it with 2 million tons of everything from loaves of bread to sticks of gum, as seen in the newsreels and as recalled by the participants and recipients. Bound to make you nostalgic for the Cold War, as well as lead you to ponder the ironies of such a public-television special being brought to us by Mobil and Daimler-Benz!

Happening
Riverside Chat

The East River waterfront, on the verge of change so grand it may be rendered unrecognizable, has a history by turns shady and proud. Its past and future will be celebrated July 8 on the Seventh Annual Municipal Art Society Fellows Boat Tour, with readings by Tony winner Cherry Jones of works inspired by the famed waterway. (See listings.)



Photograph by Bill Losh/FPG.

Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 7/11: Susan Cowell, vice-president and staff director of UNITE, speaks about the union's campaign against illegal sweatshops in this country and the global garment industry's increasing use of cheap foreign labor; Dan Kurzman on *Soldier of Peace: The Life of Yitzhak Rabin;* James Ledbetter and Sharon Lerner of *The Village Voice* on the Rockefeller drug laws. WOR, 710 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 9:30 A.M., 8 and 8:30 P.M. 7/12: The guest is Nicholas Sparks, author of *Message in a Bottle.* WPAT, 930 AM.

The Written Word

"Herman Melville Aboard the *Peking*"—7/7 at 6 P.M.: Readings and a sail around South Street Seaport. Call 360-1378 for more information; $20.

"The French Connection"—7/14 at 7 P.M.: The editor of *A Dozen French Farces: Medieval to Modern,* Albert Bermel, will read from the works of Molière, Courteline, Feydeau, and others in celebration of Bastille Day. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Victoria Gotti—7/16 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *I'll Be Watching You.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

"Hot Queer Poetry and Fiction"—7/12 at 7 P.M.: Patrick Donnelly, Paula Martinac, Cecilia Tan, J. M. Beazer, Tim Driscoll, David Pratt. Cornelia Street Café, 29 Cornelia St. (575-0433); $5 includes a drink.

Cecilia Tan—7/8 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Feathers.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

"The Source of the Spring: Mothers Through the Eyes of Women Writers"—7/16 at 6 P.M.: Maria Hinojosa, Nancy Kline, Cyndi Stivers, Mary Tannen, and the two winners of the Barnard College Essay Contest will read their essays from the new collection. Borders Books, 461 Park Ave., at 57th St. (854-5842); free.

Sky Gilbert—7/6 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Guilty.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Grace Paley and Bell Hooks—7/9 at 8:30 P.M.: Reading from *Just As I Thought* and *Wounds of Passion,* respectively. Central Park SummerStage (360-CPSS); free.

Lectures and Panels

"Interpreting the Dream: The Story Behind the *Peony Pavilion*"—7/15 at 10 A.M.: A symposium presented in conjunction with the Lincoln Center Festival, featuring demonstrations by the Shanghai Kunqu Opera Company and discussions with scholars Jonathan Spence and Annping Chin. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); $25.

New York Silver—7/7 at 6:30 P.M.: Lisa Bedell, curator of the Abigail Adams Smith Museum, discusses New York silver and other exceptional artifacts currently on display. 421 E. 61st St. (838-6878); $5.

Events

Hudson River Festival—Through 9/1: A celebration with dance, music, theater, film screenings, and art in Battery Park. Performers include the Paul Taylor Dance Company, Elliot Feld's Ballet Tech, the Morgan Scott Ballet Company, and the Tommy Dorsey and Duke Ellington orchestras. Call 945-0505 for additional information; admission is free.

Tours

Summer Boat Tour: "Celebrating New York's Cultural Waterfront"—7/8 at 6 P.M.: Readings with Cherry Jones from waterfront-inspired literature, and a ride to celebrate what was and what will become of the harbor. Meet at Pier 83 on the East River, Twelfth Ave. and 42nd St. (935-3950); $15–$33.

Inside the "Reglamorized" Decorators & Designers Building—7/8 at 10 A.M.: Interior designer Myrna Shanky leads this tour of the seventeen floors of showrooms filled with products of some of the most creative imaginations in New York. Call 996-1100 for further information; $25.

TriBeCa at Twilight—7/9 at 6:30 P.M.: The historical and architectural wonders of New York's western frontier, including St. John's Park, the Mercantile Building, and more. Meet at Bogardus Triangle, intersection of Chambers, Hudson, and West Broadway (439-1090); $10.

A Downtown Christmas in July—7/11 at 1 P.M.: The history of the holiday celebration and its connection to the southern tip of Manhattan Island. Meet at Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall Sts. (242-5762); $12.

The East Village—7/11 at 2 P.M.: Once the farm of Dutch governor Peter Stuyvesant, the East Village was and is one of New York's most constantly changing neighborhoods. Meet at Astor Place at the No. 6 subway kiosk (969-8262); $10.

SoHo and NoLIta—7/11 at 1 P.M.: Trace the evolution of these two areas, from Italian neighborhood to artist colony, and from farmland to the Cast Iron District of galleries and boutiques. Sites include the Singer Building, Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, and sites associated with Bill Poole and Keith Harding. Meet at the southeast corner of Spring and Lafayette Sts. (439-1090); $10.

Behind the Scenes at Grand Central Terminal—7/12 at 10 A.M.: Project architect Mark Nussbaum of Beyer Blinder Belle escorts the group through the restoration in progress. Call 996-1100 for further information; $25.

Hike the Waterfront Part II—7/12 at 10 A.M.: Ride to 215th Street and hike along Riverside Drive to 72nd Street to see the last virgin forest in Manhattan and the Little Red Lighthouse. View the Cloisters as you pass through Fort Tryon Park, and enjoy the hidden pleasures of Riverbank State Park. Bring lunch. Call 996-1100 for further information; $25.

Central Park—7/14 at 6 P.M. : A tour exploring the park's hidden places and early history. Meet at the General Sherman Monument, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (935-3960); $10.

Downtown Skyscraper Evolution—7/16 at 12:30: Tour the dense canyons of Manhattan's tip (and take in nine decades of skyscraper history). Meet at Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall St. Call 935-3960 for reservations or further information; $10.

Greenwich Village—7/14 at 12:30 P.M.: Explore the architectural and literary history of an area that was once home to Stanford White, Elsie de Wolfe, and O. Henry and is still as fashionable as ever. Meet at the Washington Square Arch at the southern end of Fifth Ave. (935-3960); $10.

Millionaires' Mile—7/12 at 2: A walk through the historic Metropolitan Museum and Carnegie Hill Historic Districts. Meet at E. 78th St. on the Central Park side of Fifth Ave. (979-2388); $10.

Gotham City Ghost Tour—7/11 at 5:30: The historic, infamous, and macabre of Greenwich Village, including the cemetery at St. Mark's Church and the burial ground at Washington Square Park. Call 465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.

Victorian New York—7/11 & 7/12 at 2:30: A historical walk through nineteenth-century New York's exclusive areas, including Madison Square and the Ladies' Mile. Call 465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.

"The Gramercy Park You Never Knew"—7/11 and 7/12 at 12:30: Explore the still-elegant enclave associated with everyone from JFK to Thomas Edison. Stops include the Players Club and the site of Peter Cooper's home. Call 465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.

"The Streets Where We Lived"—Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 2:30 P.M.: A regular walking tour inviting visitors to stroll the Lower East Side and discover how different immigrant groups shaped the city. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); $8.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call 769-7020 for reservations and times; $8.

Exhibitions

"The Year in Pictures"—Through 8/15: Photos of the news of 1997, with a special emphasis on New York City. The Forbes Magazine Galleries, 60 Fifth Ave. (620-2398); free.

"The Narrative Thread: Contemporary Women's Embroidery from Rural India"—Through 8/8: Thirty embroidered quilts from Bihar, representing the tradition of transforming old rags into elaborate and symbolic artworks that has flourished in the region since the eighteenth century. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); $4.

Rodin at Rockefeller Center—Through 8/31: A public exhibition of eight masterpieces, including *The Thinker.* Channel Gardens, between Fifth Ave. and Rockefeller Plaza at 50th St. (632-3975); free.

"Verdant Riches Revealed"—Through 7/31: A treasure trove of botanical and horticultural books, from a medieval manuscript on herbal remedies to rare sixteenth-century treatises on horticulture and garden design. New York Botanical Garden at

On View

Press Pass

When a photograph, however potent, appears in a newspaper, it's difficult to consider it apart from the scoop it accompanies. "The Year in Pictures," *a selection of more than 90 works by 42 members of the New York Press Photographers Association covering the past year's news-making moments, strives to explore the narrative* and artistic power of the images themselves. Instead of illustrating the faces and places of *an article, here the works tell their own visual* stories, some excruciating, some mundane, like news itself: A ghostly, grainy shot of *Mother Teresa's hand on the forehead of a dying* man, a "picture story" of men lying handcuffed on the street in front of a McDonald's *as cabs speed by, and a photograph of trash*-eating rats all share space at The Forbes Magazine Galleries in this contemplative glance at the daily clash of the tragic, the famous, and the commonplace mirrored in our mercurial print media. "We are the eyes of the city," says Susan Watts, the association's president, "and this show is a reflection of what the public sees through our collective vision." Formed in 1915 when 58 local shutterbugs decided to start gathering in a more relaxed setting than the headline-grabbing disasters at which they usually met, the organization has compiled this show for the past 63 years. "It's a chance for each photograph to be more provocative, because the work can stand on its own," Watts remarks with a laugh. "For a change." ARIEL LEVY

Photographs courtesy of the Forbes Gallery.

Thernstrom *continued from page 23*

melted into brown sugar. There is a rare psychiatric malady called shared psychotic disorder, or *folie à deux,* in which two people develop a common delusion. According to Dr. Paul McHugh, psychiatrist-in-chief at Johns Hopkins Medical School, in the clinical definition, "ordinarily one of the members is mentally ill and pulls the other into their world." Moreover, he says, "the hallmark of genuine mental illness is that it shows up in aspects of the individuals' lives other than a specific crime they've committed."

In a broader sense, however, *folie à deux* describes a well-known phenomenon: that intimacy can produce an alliance of irrationality and two people can compel each other to action that neither would have undertaken alone and that both regret. Something in the chemistry of Brian and Amy's relationship made them act in ways uncharacteristic of their individual selves and see the baby as an unwelcome intruder upon their intimacy. "They were like one person," their friend Marc Veli says. "They were so close and the same. Whatever one would say, the other would agree. They were always together and did all the same things, and everything was mutual and the same."

BRIAN AND AMY'S STORY READS LIKE A parable of the perils of being good kids: of being unable to admit a problem; of wanting so badly not to disappoint your parents that you end up being indicted for having murdered their grandchild. "Their choices display a kind of moral retardation," comments Dr. McHugh, "an absence of development—or a characterological maldevelopment."

Perhaps the true reason Amy didn't have an abortion is that she and Brian were nursing a secret fantasy that they wanted to have a baby—a little Cabbage Patch child. But then, as the pregnancy waxed, the doll threatened to metamorphose into a person, and suddenly they no longer wanted to play.

"They may have seen it as an abortion too late—a kind of full-birth abortion," Dr. McHugh says. "They thought: What's the difference, in or out of the uterine wall?" There's a slipperiness to the moral logic of these issues, for, as pro-life editorials about this case have pointed out, the difference between murder and abortion can be only one day. But although Brian and Amy may not have seen an important difference between in and ex utero, the distinction is one our society draws clearly and most people feel intuitively. In foreclosing their child's future, Brian and Amy have foreclosed their own. ■

Happening

You aren't likely to spot any white whales while sailing around South Street Seaport aboard the *Peking,* but you can witness an eerily convincing portrayal of Herman Melville by Jack Putnam, reading from "Loomings," the first chapter of *Moby Dick,* in which Ishmael wanders lower Manhattan and Battery Park pondering the inevitable lure of the sea for Manhattan islanders. This edition of the yearlong series "Great New York Writers in Great New York Places" will also include "thematic refreshments" (i.e., rum) and performances from Melville's city- and sea-themed later works by the stars of the hit musical *Titanic,* Larry Keith and Alma Cuervo. Just remember to count the life rafts.

the Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (838-6690); free.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III,* which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

Chinese Calligraphy—Through 8/30: An exhibit of calligraphy from the Seal script to the Hsin style, with works by Li Chen Hing. St. John's University, 800 Utopia Parkway, Jamaica, Queens (718-990-1526); free.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New York. City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Call 534-1672 for more information; $5 suggested contribution.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of Earth's living things and their critical importance to human survival, the hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. At the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); $8 suggested contribution.

"Opening Windows in Time"—Through 9/27: A sculptural installation by B. Amore featuring his own Italian ancestors (among other former tenement residents). Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 66 Allen St. (431-0233); $8 museum admission.

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people who were held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor. Call 363-3200 for directions to the museum and more information; $5.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week's clicks: The first stop online for bookworms; a rock-and-roll resource at the Ultimate Band List; a way to send a cyber-smooch; a site honoring the commuter's favorite spot on the train, the bar car; and a place where you can get your world news all day long. But before you surf away from us at www.nymag.com, check out all our other great stuff, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," daily deals in Angie Maximo's "Cheap Thrills," "First Words" for bibliophiles, and oh so much more.

Sports

Cyclone Ride—7/10 at 7 P.M.: A ride out to Coney Island starting at the fountain at City Hall Park (Broadway and Park Row). Bring bike locks and money for rides and grub.

Run to Home Plate—7/11 at 10 A.M.: The third annual event gives participants the thrill of running a 5K at Shea Stadium and finishing behind home plate. Proceeds go to the Leukemia Society of America. Call 860-4455 for information.

Bronx Half-Marathon—7/12 at 8 A.M.: The third leg in the five-borough half-marathon series, the Bronx edition is a good gear-up for New York Marathon runners. Call 860-4455 for registration information and directions.

GAME WEEK

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METROSTARS						TB MSG 7PM	
CITYHAWKS					POR FSNY 7:30PM		
LIBERTY	DET MSG 7:30PM		HOU ESPN 7:30PM				CHA MSG 4PM
YANKEES		ALL-STAR GAME NBC 8PM		TB WPIX 7PM	TB WPIX 7PM	TB WPIX 6:30PM	TB WPIX 1:30PM
METS				MON WOR 7:30PM	MON FSNY 7:30PM	MON FSNY 7PM	MON FSNY 1:30PM
	7/6	7/7	7/8	7/9	7/10	7/11	7/12

Photograph from Archive Photos.

kids

Modern Madeline...A Whale's Tale

Children's Events

Arts in the Parks—There's more to park performers than three-card monte and the shell game. The City Parks Foundation's Arts in the Parks series features children's performers from across the tri-state area, offering puppet shows, magic, storytelling, and even a little vaudeville. Even better—they'll practically come to you. Kicking off this Wednesday, 7/8, performers will begin appearing at eighteen different playgrounds in the five boroughs, at approximately 10:30 A.M. For a schedule of events, call 360-1399. ●

Tall Tale—Sail out of the **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT,** and the twentieth century, on H.M.S. *Rose,* the largest active wooden tall ship in the world. Sailors need to be 10 years of age or older; no prior sailing experience is required. Day trips set off at 9 and return at 6 on several weekends from now through August. To reserve, call 748-8786. The cost, which includes lunch, is $150 per person.

Little Broadway—A bunch of young Broadway actors—including Simba's understudy in the current Broadway production of *The Lion King,* and Gloria in *Wait Until Dark*—moonlight in a program called *Broadway Kids Sing Broadway.* Show tunes in the program include "I Won't Grow Up," "Food, Glorious Food," and "It's a Hard Knock Life." Weekends at noon. **JOHN HOUSEMAN THEATER,** 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220). Tickets are $20.

Melody Lanes Bowling—Bowling, with those heavy balls and point-eating gutters, isn't always the best sport for kids. But all that changes once "bumper bowling" gets under way at **MELODY LANES.** Kids under 8 can play unlimited games (the bumpers take the place of gutters), which guarantees even butter-fingered players a strike, prominently displayed on a computerized scoreboard. The snack bar is stocked with junk food, a seventies-disco soundtrack plays, and kiddie kingpins can even join Melody's junior league, which meets on Wednesdays throughout the summer. Kids over age 3 are welcome. 461 37th St., at Fifth Ave., Sunset Park, Brooklyn (718-832-BOWL); $3.75 weekends and evenings, $2.75 all other times. Shoe rental is $2.

A Spielberg Summer—If the thought of watching *Starship Troopers* or *Independence Day* with your kids for the twentieth time doesn't appeal, head over to **THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE.** The museum will be screening the granddaddy of such alien flicks—*Close Encounters of the Third Kind*—on 7/11 and 7/12, as part of its tribute to Steven Spielberg. Upcoming movies in the series include *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?* (7/25), *Hook* (8/16), and, yes, *Men in Black* (8/29). 35th Ave. and 36th St. in Astoria, Queens. Movies are free with museum admission: $8.50, $5.50 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Science Underfoot—The largest outdoor science playground in the Western hemisphere is an incredibly fun place to play. The kid magnets of slides, spider-web-climbing frame, and water play also neatly demonstrate all sorts of scientific principles. Added to the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE** playground this year is a garden-of-sounds exhibit for experimental banging, blowing, and clanging. The museum itself is also full of opportunities for kids of all ages to learn scientific concepts as they crawl, balance, make bubbles, and create shadows. 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-699-0005). Admission to the Hall of Science is $6, $4 children and seniors. Playground admission is an additional $2.

Opening On Line

Since 'Madeline' was first introduced to American readers in 1939, little girls everywhere have envisioned themselves as one of "twelve litle girls in two straight lines"—at the end of which stands the precocious French orphan. Now her saga is coming to the big screen, starring Frances McDormand and newcomer Hatty Jones as the title character. Opens July 10.

Photograph by Etienne George/Columbia/TriStar.

The Art of the Motorcycle—No Zen here, just the sight of the wheeled objects on the spiral ramps of the **GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** striking the fancies of parents and children alike who have longed to roller-skate down Frank Lloyd Wright's corkscrew. Designed by Frank Gehry—architect of that "other" Guggenheim museum, in Spain—the exhibition will display 100-plus years of motorcycle design. On 7/12, kids ages 5 to 10 can design their own motorbikes. 1071 Fifth Ave. (423-3587). Regular admission $8, children and seniors $5.

Kid City—The centerpiece of Kid City—an exhibit that finds a permanent home at **THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY** this week—is a street corner at 82nd St. and Broadway. The former row of two-story buildings has been re-created as it was in 1901. Kids can open doors, peer into mailboxes, and handle items in the stores and apartments. Visitors can examine data about differences between the lives of children who live there today—where there is now a Gymboree, a McDonald's, and a branch of Barnes & Noble—and those who lived there at the beginning of the century. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400). Regular admission is $5 adults, $3 students and seniors.

Circus Amok—To find out when the endearingly subversive, stilt-walking, and occasionally gender-bending traveling circus is coming to a playground or parking lot near you, call 477-5829, ext. 315. Or visit www.ps122.org.●

Under the Sun—Not all sun worship involves SPF 15. Learn how ancient rituals celebrated the dawn of summer at the **COOPER HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM.** The "Outdoor Exhibition of Light" features various unique structures that harness solar energy, many of which can be seen glowing through the museum's gates at night. The Cooper Hewitt's "Under the Sun" free concert series showcases four different tribal solstice celebrations, including African and Japanese cultural rituals. On Tuesday, July 7, at 7 P.M., the Aztec-influenced Tlacopan Dancers re-create ancient sun dances; the following Tuesday, the Soh Daiko drummers pay homage to the Asian sun goddess via a leaping percussion performance. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868). Regular museum admission is $5, $3 for students and seniors; children under 12 are admitted free.

Bastille Day—If the July 4 festivities didn't satiate your appetite for Independence Day celebrations, the stretch of 60th Street between Fifth and Lexington Avenues is the place to be. Honoring the fall of the Bastille in 1789, Bastille Day is being held two days early here in New York. On Saturday, 7/12, a street fair will observe the auspicious day—minus the guillotines—with Gallic music, food, and dance. An entire festival block will be devoted to kids, offering face painting and carnival rides among other distractions. 60th St. bet. Fifth and Lexington Aves. (750-2203). ●

Expanded Arts—Though they commonly perform in a Lower East Side parking lot, the Expanded Arts troupe is taking its performances—generally classic tales performed with a twist—to a pier on the Hudson River. On Sunday, 7/12, the performers will present a child-friendly production of *Moby Dick,* in which kids will be taught every aspect of putting on a production, from memorizing and performing lines to staging and costuming. At the end, they'll be the ones performing the play, which ought to give would-be thespians a chance to show their stuff and quiet introverts the opportunity to blossom. Call 533-PARK for exact location. 7/12.●●

CUE

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Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

in concert

The New York Philharmonic Does Bernstein

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 7

New York Philharmonic—Performs music by Leonard Bernstein and Lukas Foss, and Mahler's Symphony No. 1; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$55.*

Festival Chamber Ensemble—Performs Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert's *Trout* quintet. *Washington Square Park (431-1088), at 8; free.*

Riverside Church Recitals—Organist Cherry Rhodes performs works by Fleury, Sebastian, Vierne, King, and Ropek. *Riverside Church, 121st St. and Claremont Ave. (870-6720), at 7; $10.*

Sequentia—Performs *Ordo Virtutum,* by Hildegard von Bingen. *Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Ninth Ave. at 59th St. (721-6500), at 8:30; $25–$40.*

Thursday, July 9

Bargemusic—Performances of Brahms's Violin Quintet in F Major and Glazunov's Cello Quintet in A. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

New York Philharmonic—See 7/7.

Sequentia—See 7/7.

Friday, July 10

Bargemusic—Duet performances of Mozart, Prokofiev, R. Strauss, and Kreisler. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

Davidoff Piano Trio—Chamber music from the Juilliard School. *Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 40th St. (799-5000), at 12:30; free.*

Summergarden—Music for two pianos by Ruggles, Foss, Reich, Lang, and Gershwin. *The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400), at 8:30; free.*

Saturday, July 11

Summergarden—See 7/10.

Sunday, July 12

Summer Sacred Music Festival—Performs Mozart's *Missa Brevis* and church sonatas; William Trafka, music director. *St. Bartholomew's, 51st St. and Park Ave. (935-8434), at 11; free.*

Zuill Bailey, Cellist, and Simone Dinnerstein, Pianist—Perform Beethoven's Seven Variations on the theme *Bei Mannern, Welche Liebe fluhlen* from Mozart's *Magic Flute;* Sonata in E minor Op. 38 by Brahms; and *Polonaise Brilliante,* Op. 3 by Chopin. *The Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800); seating at 6:30 and performance at 8; $55, including dinner.*

Monday, July 13

Christopher Herrick, Organ—Performs the first in a series of fourteen hourlong recitals of the complete organ works of J. S. Bach. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), 5:30; $25.*

Stephanie Garza, Soprano—Performs with a baritone and keyboardist from the Juilliard School. *Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 40th St. (799-5000), at 12:30; free.*

Opera

Lincoln Center Festival—Performance of *Patience & Sarah,* a chamber opera based on the novel by Isabel Miller. *John Jay College Theater, Tenth Ave. at 58th St. (721-6500), at 7:30; $40.*

Opera Nova—Performs *The Mermaids' Sister,* a modern-day version of Donizetti's *The Daughter of the Regiment,* 7/10–7/11 at 7:30, 7/12 at 3:30. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave., bet. 22nd and 23rd Sts. (724-8204); $20.*

Dance

Pilobolus Dance Theater—Performs three premieres, *Apoplexy, Orangotano,* and *The Hand That Mocked, The Heart That Fed,* 7/7–7/11 at 8, 7/11 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

Paul Taylor—The modern company performs 7/7 at 7. *The Winter Garden, World Financial Center (945-0505); free.*

Jump Rhythm Jazz—An eleven-member troupe performs four New York premieres, led by choreographer-dancer Billy Siegenfeld, 7/7, 7/9, and 7/10 at 8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448); $24.*

Dances for Wave Hill—Terry Creach and Creach/Company, with Fausto Matias, perform 7/8 at 6:30 and 7/12 at 5. *Wave Hill, 675 W. 252nd St., Bronx (718-549-3200); $4.*

Previews

Full Gallop

Choreographer-dancers Jeannie Hill and Billy Siegenfeld (pictured) kick up their jazz shoes with an eleven-member ensemble in the Jump Rhythm Jazz Project, premiering this week at the Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Herbert Migdoll.

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Travel

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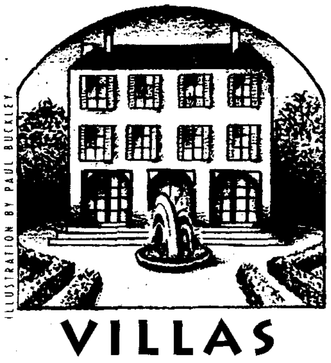

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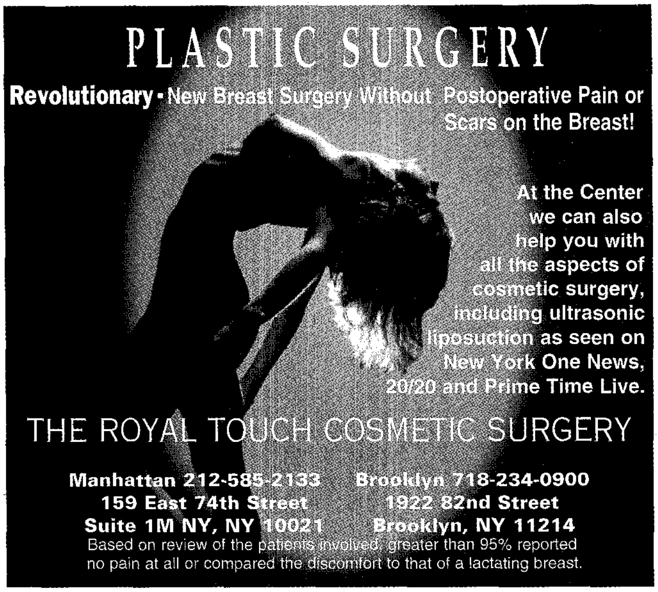

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Continued from previous page.

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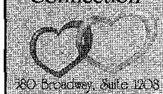

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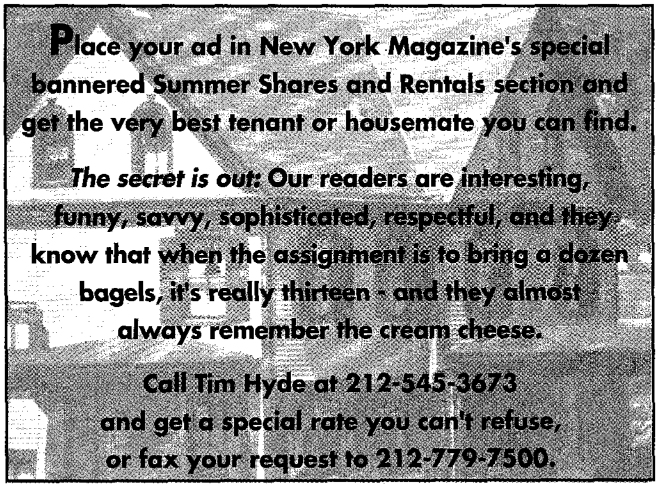

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Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

Stop! Go No Further!—This ad is specifically written for that beautiful woman who is 20-30something and never, ever considered responding to a personal ad, but although fun, intelligent, incredibly sexy and passionate, Mr. Right has somehow eluded you. Well, okay, this truly handsome, athletic, very successful, passionate, family-oriented, attentive, sexy, witty, Jewish young man of 41, standing 6' tall, with a lean muscular build and great sense of humor, may be him. I enjoy living well, have a variety of interests and sporting hobbies, and am willing to take a chance of the heart, for, nothing ventured, nothing gained. So, let's begin with honesty. Initially looks do count. Please send photo/note - will exchange. 4239 ☒

Very Easy...On The Eyes (Blue)—Single Manhattanite, 52 years young, trim, savvy professional, would gladly relinquish bachelorhood for a caring, sharing, lovely woman - for quiet fun and long hand-holding walks for the rest of our lives. Snapshot appreciated. 4327 ☒

If By Chance—We get to meet, life could be incredibly sweet. I, a slim 5'4", 34-year-young, great-looking, good-cooking, sexy NYC Jewish gal, seek a romantic partner, a playmate, a pal. You, an affectionate, intelligent male, preferably not in jail or out on bail. Clapton, Pavarotti, MOMA, Yellowstone, clouds or sun, enhanced when shared with a special someone. Please send note/photo. 4321 ☒

White Female—60 plus, slender, attractive, diversified, with no hangups, interested in meeting a man residing in NYC, with similar attributes. Recent photo, please. 4293 ☒

How About Salsa Lessons—From a Harvard Law grad? I am childlike yet seldom childish, Latina, very attractive and petite, introspective and fun-loving, dancer and skier, loving and steadfast, looking for male partner, 33-43, race unimportant. Letter and recent photo, please. 4349 ☒

Physician, 46, Jewish—5'6", handsome, caring, gentle and supportive - seeks bright, attractive, professional Jewish female for fun, passion and whatever fate allows. Photo please - will happily reciprocate. 4335 ☒

Seeking Best Friend And Romance—39, successful entrepreneur, handsome, confident, dynamic, easygoing - with a great personality, sense of humor and many interests - seeks an attractive, slim, intelligent, fun-loving woman, 25-39, for friendship, romance, possible long-term relationship. Note/photo/phone. 4257 ☒

Single Dad—Handsome, extremely fit, successful, youthful 53, seeks well-educated, fun, very attractive 30s woman to keep up with my travel, adventure, sports and three homes (including Sun Valley). Note and photo please. 4330 ☒

Blond, Blue-Eyed Physician/Executive—36, just under 6', in great shape, never-married, new to NY - likes romantic dinners, movies, plays, dancing, golf and tennis. Seeks Catholic or Protestant, single white female, mid 20s-early 30s, slim to medium build, college-educated (character and caring most important), a saint during the week and a little devilish Friday and Saturday nights - who wants to have children eventually, but to explore NYC with me now. If you smoke, state how much (honesty counts!). Photo/note. 4266 ☒

Beautiful, Blue-Eyed Blond—Slim, vivacious, intelligent, spiritual but sensual professional, seeks youthful, 45-55, tall, handsome Christian man whose strength and intelligence is tempered with kindness and compassion. Note/photo. 4316 ☒

Exciting Renaissance Man—Desires brilliant, accomplished, witty, financially independent partner, age 35-50, who has time and energy for enduring love, intimacy and marriage. World traveler, art collector, outdoor adventurer, cultural explorer, parent...seeks female counterpart. Share an African sunset, Paris, skiing, opera and much more with your sensitive, empathic, communicative, humorous, very successful, Ivy-educated, tall, athletic, romantic soul mate. Phone and photo a must. 4363 ☒

Handsome, Intelligent, Successful—Very romantic CEO, large international company. Young-looking late 50s, 5'10", 175. Widower for two years, Christian, Ivy Leaguer. Loves theater, museums, art as well as travel, movies, active sports, dancing, walking and relaxing. Looking for beautiful, intelligent, slim, cultured, classy lady under 50, over 5'5", nonsmoker, with similar interests, for serious, committed long-term relationship. Well-traveled a plus. Life can be a great experience together. The romantic in me can make a special lady very happy. Answer only if recent photo is included with letter. 4337 ☒

Multifaceted Precious Gem—Warm, bright, classy Jewish Manhattan beauty, in-shape at 5'7", 118 lbs, raven-haired, sensual, passionate and compassionate, creative, successful and upscale. Seek soul mate - that tall, fit, good-looking, secure and emotionally available, very successful, upscale man, 45-59, good-hearted, generous and good-natured. We both love the arts, city and country, sports, travel, laughing and la bonne vie. Am seeking a communicative, loving, caring and fun-filled, committed relationship. Note/phone/photo a must for reply. 4252 ☒

East Hampton, LI - Attractive, Petite—Very pretty widow - white, intelligent, 38, mother of two - very warm, loving, caring. Enjoys travel, outdoor life. Looking for a long-lasting relationship with handsome white male, financially secure, 40s, with values...sincere and loving. 4238 ☒ ☎

Searching For Soul Mate—37, Ivy-educated, ambitious Catholic professional, old-fashioned romantic, fit and athletic. Seeks pretty, intelligent, ambitious professional woman, 20s or early 30s, fit Manhattan resident with a heart of gold, for a lasting relationship. I won't be intimidated by your brains or ambition. Note/phone/photo. 4331 ☒

Come And Grow Old With Me...—The best is yet to come. Widow, business executive, mid 50s, good sense of humor, enjoys outdoors, looking for friendship, more. Note and recent photo. 4298 ☒

White Knight—Recently single, high-caliber male (Jewish), Harvard (MA), international business and eclectic writer, creative spirit, adventurous, successful, 40s, good soul, 5'10", "the right stuff" looks, Manhattan, seeks emotionally rich, fearless and sophisticated, rare gem, warmhearted. See photo website at: www.WHITEKNIGHT1.com for more complete picture. Or head straight to GO... Photo and material to: 4245 ☒

Driven To Distraction—Or hoping to be for the summer. Me: highly pressured female exec, 39, 5'5", blond/blue, 115, etc. You: similar male package (45-55) who just wants to "escape" for awhile, too. Go ahead, ring. We deserve it. 4325 ☒☎

Calling All Ex-Campers—Especially Greylock, Winadu and Lenox. Seeking male ex-all-around camper, 32-38, Jewish, nonsmoker, successful professional with great sense of humor and handsome looks. It would be great if you were over 5'6", in fairly good shape and a Knicks fan. This 5'3", smart, pretty, down-to-earth Jewish camper is looking to have a fun-filled summer with lots of evening activities. An interesting reply/photo could result in visiting day. 4256 ☒

Interested In Meeting—A young, tall bachelor, newly full-time in NYC? I'm 32, European background - American-raised, light brown hair, blue-green eyes, 6' plus, 185, fit, striking features, very attractive and very successful businessman, articulate, energetic, easygoing, refined, worldly and happy. I am bright, fair-minded, honest, and a distinguished, single Jewish gentleman. I'm interested in meeting a young, single, spectacular, beautiful and provocative woman who likes good friends, great events, city excitement, travel, beaches, horses, skis, fashion and arts, and is looking for someone like me. Be assured - the reluctance is mutual, and know, if we do have the chance to speak and subsequently meet, I'll arrive as advertised. 4308 ☒

Commitment Before Ego—Handsome, successful ad exec, 43, willing to trade romance and raw passion for unbridled intimacy. Seeks beautiful woman, in great shape, 30-35, for lasting relationship. Photo a must. 4320 ☒

Reliable—Handsome, wry, down-to-earth, Ivy, in the arts, (212), young, fit 49, 5'11", reflective, kind, informal. Loves books, nature, music, good talk. Seeks warm, bright, gentle Manhattan woman, 30s-40s, with depth of spirit, matching good looks and heart, for just the very real thing. Hugs too. Recent photo/note of substance (no form letters), please. 4353 ☒

Most Eligible Bachelor—Desires to meet special woman for long-term relationship with extremely successful white gentleman. I am 39, never-married, nonsmoker, very handsome, tall, great build, ex-athlete, caring, charming, extremely generous and very selective. I am seeking a single white female, 23-33, with high IQ, style, professional, with beautiful looks and body. She knows how to treat a good man who provides for all her needs and more. Recent photo/description a must (will exchange). 4299 ☒

Trial Attorney—As a 38-year-old male, I am an extraordinarily successful, wealthy, Columbia University-educated, head of my own law firm. I am extremely handsome and stylish, with a quick wit, fit body and healthy spirit. I'm also a man of laudable virtues, with a big heart and an easy laugh. Some of my interests include sailing, long-distance running, literature, healthy eating and living. I am seeking a truly beautiful woman (inside and out) with a passion for life and a capacity to love, for lifelong romance and commitment. Please respond with a note/recent photo/phone number. 4271 ☒

Successful LI Doctor/Entrepreneur—The summer will be a bust without one special lady friend - pretty, slender, intelligent, balanced, nonsmoking, 34-40. Mutual endearing qualities...for a relationship beyond Labor Day. Boat ready for a first mate in front of my new Hampton waterfront home. I'm a reasonably good-looking male, built, affectionate and true. Picture/letter. 4306 ☒

A Warm, Distinguished Surgeon—Communicative, humorous, handsome Renaissance man, playful, 5'10", slim, 43, enjoys fitness, the arts, travel, health. Dreams of sincere, sharp woman with an angel's heart, under 38, for the real thing, family. Phone/photo necessary. 4213 ☒☎

Tall Male Doctor—58, looking for special, elegant lady who likes dogs. Photo/bio. 4259 ☒

Entrepreneur And Cat Available!—Attractive, single white male (Jewish, nonreligious), 5'8", trim, nonsmoker, sensitive, honest, great friend, romantic, successful Manhattan business owner who also volunteers with underprivileged kids, seeking great relationship with single female (white or Asian) in NYC, 25-35, pretty, slim, sensitive, honest, fun. Note/photo/phone or call. 4295 ☒ ☎

Strictly Personals

Directors at IJL

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Wanted: Partner For Parenthood—Sincere, attractive, fit, financially secure older gentleman seeks bright, healthy, sincere woman, 30-40, to have, keep and nurture a child with his assistance. Please include photo, age, relevant information. POB 3733, Grand Central, NY 10163

Needle In A Haystack—Very pretty PhD, warmhearted, caring, unerringly faithful, youthful, Jewish, slim, fit, 5'5", 35. Seeks handsome, fit professional, 32-42, with integrity. Photo/note. 4287 ✉

Tennis Is Our First Date—Very pretty blond, Jewish female, 38, looking for love in the right place. Note/photo. 4130 ✉

Handsome Italian—Early 50s, great shape, professionally quite successful. I enjoy children, music, yachts, skiing, golf, fine dining and travel. Hopefully you're 33-40, exceptionally good-looking, trim, down-to-earth, with strong Christian values. If a long-term relationship with a genuinely nice guy who lives in the Jersey Shore area sounds good, go for it! Full photo and note, please. 4309 ✉

Engaging, Attractive, Professional—Divorced Jewish woman, 50, with great sense of humor and wide cultural interests, seeking thoughtful, down-to-earth professional man. 4234 ✉ ☎

27-Year-Old Jewish Male—Seeks petite Jewish female, 23-32, who likes the Jersey Shore, movies, music, etc. 4358 ✉

Handsome Jewish Physician—43, 5'10", humorous, easygoing and generous ...seeks bright, goal-oriented, attractive lady for lasting relationship. Note/photo, please. 4278 ✉ ☎

Sexy, Smart, Slim And Caring—Educated, affluent, petite widow seeks superior man, 55-65. 4359 ✉

Private Investor—53. I have a lot, but I never had a family. Warm, kind, look 45, great shape, skier, sailor, pilot, tennis, bicyclist, Jewish. Wanted: young professional woman, with/out young children, seeking committed relationship - more children? Note/photo/phone. 4314 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—45, 5'9", 150 lbs, seeks soul mate. Note/phone. 4365 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Petite Media Executive—41, MBA, lover of music, theater, French, hiking, sailing, dancing and travel, seeks soul mate, nonsmoker, 35-45, for great conversation, adventure and fun. Note/photo, please. 4232 ✉

Attorney/Businessman—53, 6'1", 185, looking for single Jewish woman, approximately 35 years old, for marriage and children. Must be mature, have a good heart, fun, and really want to be with someone for the rest of her life. Picture a must. 4291 ✉

Intelligent, Kind Jewish Christine—Seeks her Phantom, 38-47. 4235 ✉

Attractive, Fun-Loving—Intelligent female, 30, looking for male with similar qualities. Note/photo. 4248 ✉

Looking For Mommies Only—Successful Wall Street attorney, single, fit, Jersey Shore dad - young children, straight teeth, good shoes, Ivy, 40, 6', nonsmoker. Seeks fit, pretty single mom with younger children, with whom to share cleanup duty some nights...and fantasy we're not parents the others. Note/photo. 4333 ✉

Looking For Female Partner—For tennis, hiking and, when it turns cold, skiing. An intermediate in all of the above. Tall, successful and ready to get moving. Let's start with the fun stuff and see where it goes. 4324 ✉ ☎

Handsome—Single, Jewish professional male, CPA, 40, 6'2", blue eyes - enjoys dining out, Latin dancing and music, foreign films, museums, cafes, diversified sports. Seeks attractive, shapely, single Jewish female, 27-38, for romance/relationship. Note/photo/phone. 4270 ✉

Athletic, Handsome Jewish Male—33, 6', 175, successful business owner, easygoing personality, open-minded. Seek extremely attractive woman with style; must be slim, 25-32. Photo. 4286 ✉ ☎

Attractive Widow—Blond, upbeat and fun, from NJ, seeks refined widower, 60-70, to share road ahead. 4307 ✉

Single Male, 48—Fit, retired, wealthy, seeking a single female, 20-38, for a monogamous relationship. 4294 ✉

Honey Bear—Jewish female, 40 plus, seeks teddy bear, Jewish man, 45 plus. Hibernation's over - summer's here. Let's enjoy each other as friends, companions, perhaps eventually share a cave. 4247 ✉

5'10", Size 6—31, dark short hair, model and part-time student, creative, elegant, natural and funny, would like you to write if you're a professional male, 28-43. Photo. 4339 ✉

German, Cultured, Pretty Woman—40s, seeks warm, cultured man, 40 plus, for friendship. 4343 ✉

Healthy, Wealthy And Wise Enough—I'm kind and beautiful, European and a mom. I have everything but the one-and-only to spend the rest of my life with. Please be smart, kind, a gentleman, 37-50, generous, available, don't smoke. A long weekend in Paris soon? Note/photo/phone. 4346 ✉

Mature Lady—Loving, caring, many interests, slim/trim 5'7", young 50s, look 40s. Want to meet my counterpart. Romantic brown eyes. Photo, please. 4341 ✉

Boston Chiropractor—42, Jewish, 5'11", very fit, handsome, native New Yorker, travels to Hamptons and city frequently, seeks attractive Jewish woman with energy and soul. Note and photo. 4347 ✉ ☎

Slim, Attractive—Intelligent professional woman, 43 years young, well-educated. I love the city but I need quiet time too. I'm looking for a special man to share my great life with. Note/photo, please. 4255✉

Man, 52—Transplanted New Englander, appreciates finer things in life: connections, caring, sharing, a child's expression, along with music, sports, reading and out-of-city experiences. Seeks young woman with similar outlook. 4367 ✉

Beautiful, Refined Woman—Very successful in creative field, seeks substantial, solid, extremely intelligent man with joie de vivre. You are intellectually curious, well-traveled, highly accomplished, fit, early/mid 40s. Passion for art/film/music/the finer things a plus. Manhattan only. Photo/note. 4292 ✉ ☎

Attentive Man—59, tall, handsome, financially secure, seeks slim, 40-50-year-old, divorced, intellectual, romantic Manhattan woman. Photo. 4305 ✉

Life Is Grande—We're together on the veranda. Fragrant flowers fill the air, as my... Me: smart, successful, industrious, handsome, athletic, single white male, 32. You: lovely, romantic, warmhearted, cheerful, witty, educated single female, 25-34. Photo/note a must. 4352 ✉

Can't Paddle My Canoe Alone—Vivacious mid-60s widow on lake in CT needs Jewish male counterpart with strong arms, who enjoys city lights and country nights. Sense of humor, adventure and a soupcon of sophistication required. 4241 ✉ ☎

Attractive Woman Physician—High energy, grown child, divorced, Jewish, Manhattan and LI-based, seeks "young" leader/trustee-type man, 52-62, looking for attachment, with whom to enjoy movies, theater, travel, laughing together and with friends, collecting art and antiques, photography, walking and snorkeling. Note/photo/phone. 4300 ✉☎

Classic NJ Beauty—40s, movie-star looks, seeks upscale man, 50s, for her soulmate for a lifetime. 4273 ✉

I Wear A Mickey Watch—In life I have goals and fun! I'm a pretty, 31, fit, 5'2", single white Christian gal, seeking a confident-in-his-life, fun, fit, 31-40, attractive, nonsmoking single male. I'll ditto notes with photo. 4323 ✉

Are You A Man...—Lean not mean, generous, Jewish, 6'3" plus, Manhattan resident? Lady luvs life. Photo, please. 4269 ✉

Is It You?—This beautiful, 5'10", 36-year-old Jewish professional, with a heart of gold, great sense of humor and traditional values, is in search of the same in a handsome Jewish professional, 30s-40s. Enjoys music, tennis, long walks on the beach and much more. Note/photo, please. 4329 ✉ ☎

Are You Easy To Love?—Safe to adore, petite/thin, in your 40s? If that's you, this financially secure Jewish entrepreneur, living in the fashionable Southwest, would like to share his abundance with you. Please submit photo if interested in long-term relationship. 4348 ✉

Successful NY Attorney—68, communicative, warm, athletic; enjoys concerts, lectures, movies, nature, etc. Looking for a special woman for long-term relationship, mid-late 50s, approximately 5'5", slim, very attractive, who, like me, is intelligent, humorous, honest, bright, accomplished, well-educated. Very recent, clear photo and note, please. 4336 ✉

Different Kind Of Man—Academic professional in Manhattan, 41, wicked sense of humor, Indian-born, seeks exciting, lusty single female for high-energy, monogamous, serious relationship. Write advertiser: POB 174, Franklin Park, NJ 08823 or e-mail: Tirole@AOL.COM

Extremely Successful Woman—In her 50s, sometimes eccentric, utterly devoted and loving, whirlwind caretaker and doer, seeks to be rescued by an interesting and caring man. 4342 ✉

Pretty, Slim, Blond/Blue—Fit 5'6", warm, successful, youthful 50, nice legs/smile, upbeat, many interests. 4275 ✉

Millionaire—Very handsome, seeks attractive, 20-35, white girlfriend (or more), because I'm ready for any relationship that fits your personality. 4289 ✉

Lendl Seeks Navratilova—Jewess, educated, professional, 30 plus, 5'8" plus, tennis lover - with good strokes, great sense of humor and compassion. For love, marriage, ball kids. 4274 ✉☎

Do You Want To Have A Child?—I can offer superb genes, financial support and more. You must be very intelligent, and educated, kind and likely to be a good mother. Let's explore how well our dreams match. Write to POB 597, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 11023

Very Well-To-Do Gentleman—Living in Bedford Estate area, seeks woman, early 30s-mid 40s, for friendship-first relationship with long-term possibilities. I'm in good shape, mid 40s, 6'1", no children, no baggage, divorced and healthy. Outdoors type a plus. Photo a must. 4338 ✉

Irish Cutie—5'1", 108 lbs, 40-year-old, divorced, athletic, old-fashioned, easygoing with no children, looking for a Catholic, white professional male, 5'8" or taller, 36-45, to share life's pleasures. Prefer LI. Please send photo and note. 4301 ✉ ☎

As They Say In Real Estate—Mint... Move-in condition! Successful, smart, 34, male with boyish good looks and Midwestern values, looking for Manhattan female, 26-32. Please be smart, independent, fit and pretty. The co-op board looks favorably on careers in art/music/dance...or computers! You'll be pleasantly surprised. Note/photo/phone. 4360 ☒

Holding Out For Love—Are you that tall, dark and handsome, successful, well-educated single white man, 40s, with immense integrity, warmth and humor, who deserves, in turn, a beautiful, tall, funny, intelligent and divinely sweet Chinese woman, Ivy, 41, single parent of one, who loves Scrabble, dancing, tennis and much more? If so, then let me hear from you. Photo/note or e-mail: ilnerak@aol.com 4328 ☒

Nice Lady Doctor—36-year-old, Catholic white female, sweet and attractive, seeks caring, competent partner for long-term relationship. 4322 ☒ ☎

Sleeping In Huntington—6', light hair, blue eyes, professional white male, mid 40s, athletic. Enjoy travel, dining out, summer activities, cozy evenings...and love life. Looking for happy, professional, sincere woman, at least 5'3", slender, who wants to enjoy life. Note/photo. 4315 ☒

Seek Inventive Genius—Or his more modest twin. Pretty (willowy blond with big blue eyes), smart (PhD, writer/artist), sweet but sophisticated female, 34. Humility aside, I seek well-rounded, adventurous, fit male, 30s, to explore city, world. Note/photo. 4340 ☒

Manhattan Lady—Very pretty, 5'7", thin, educated, fun, seeks tall, good-looking, refined gentleman, 60s. 4243 ☒☎

Warm, I. Rossellini Look-Alike—5'7", single mom, 37 (looks 25), self-employed, cultured, romantic... Seeking a successful Jewish mensch, 33-43, fit, 5'10" and over, nonsmoker. Current photo/note. 4311 ☒

Committed Idealist—47, male, Legal Aid criminal defense lawyer, idealistic and politically progressive. Socially inexperienced. Star Trek fan, Ivy-educated. Would like to meet professional woman for lasting and fulfilling relationship. Photo/note/phone. 4595 ☒

Must Read—This ad. I am a 37-year-old, slender, petite and classy, single white professional female. Love to read, enjoy animals, going to museums and quiet evenings at home by the fire. Enjoy day trips to parks and historic sights... Seek male counterpart, 34-49, interested in long-term relationship. Recent photo and letter. (201)/(914) preferred. 4355 ☒

Sociable, Warm, Friendly—Divorced female. I'm an entrepreneur, 48, seriously Jewish, sophisticated and smart, looking for someone smart, Jewish, sociable, actively fit and smart! Photo/note. 4244 ☒

Sexy And Fun—Very attractive brunette. 33, divorced, successful workaholic. Classy yet down-to-earth. Upbeat with a racy sense of humor. Ski, scuba, camp, music, movies, weekends away and cozy evenings by the TV. Seeks tall, handsome, fun male, 33-40, to share weekends and make me laugh. Photo/note. 4334 ☒

Handsome, Athletic, Very Successful—White male, 31, Harvard grad, seeks Asian or white female. Likes travel, movies, plays, museums and dining out. 4354 ☒

Tall, Handsome, Trim—Secure, seeks slender, classy lady, 50s. Photo. 4265 ☒

Very Cute, Thin—Blue/blond, Jewish female, 5'2", 29, seeks highly intelligent, athletic skier living in NYC, CT or West Coast, 5'8"-6', 28-35. 4268 ☒

Dragons, Horses, Etc.—White male tiger seeks lifelong female mate. Me: 40s, good-looking, financially secure, MBA, worldly, kind - enjoy arts, travel. You: intelligent, accomplished, well-educated, very attractive. Photo/note, please. 4312 ☒

Asian-American—30s, slender, sweet, warm, pretty professional - love travel, blading, NYC culture. Seek smart, athletic nice guy, 30-45, to share life with. 4261 ☒

Everybody In These Ads—Seems to want to go for long walks on the beach. Doesn't anyone want to read books, go to movies or simply talk? Single guy, late 40s, reasonably fit, financially secure, seeks smart, funny, attractive woman who's bored with beaches. 4304 ☒

A Chance—For sparkling romance. Warmhearted, affectionate and giving, single Jewish female, 34, brunette - attractive, slim, 5'4", professional, financially secure, and enjoys various activities. Seeks handsome, intelligent, refined and kind, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 33-43, for love and future. Note/photo, please. 4290 ☒

Very Attractive, Bright—Sophisticated and successful, 31-year-old female banker, enjoys the countryside as well as the city. Seeks loving, refined and cultured, American or European male, 28-40, with traditional sense of family, to enjoy skiing, movies, fishing, dancing, golf and travel. Note/photo/phone. 4284 ☒

Vivacious Woman Seeking A Man—For stimulating, intellectual, philosophical and spiritual conversation. A little fun wouldn't hurt either. 4279 ☒

Second Chances Are Even Better—New romance, more understanding. Like chats, walks, movies, travel. Male academician seeks slim, 45-55 female. Photo. 4258 ☒

Great Body And Face To Match—Blond Caucasian female, 5'7", early 50s, who enjoys romantic walks on the beach, movies, theater, music, travel, fine dining, seeks successful, sensitive, cultured male, 50s-70, with good sense of humor and same interests, for possible future commitment. Please send recent photo. 4249 ☒

Dynamic, Sophisticated Professional—Lady seeks gentleman, 50s, for serious friendship, love and evolvement. 4303 ☒

The Best Of All Worlds—Single white male, 34, 5'10", 160 lbs, blond hair, blue-eyes, horn-rimmed glasses. Ivy grad, business owner. Well traveled. Not gorgeous but respectable. Love classical and jazz music. Old buildings vs. new high-rises. Tree-shrouded country roads vs. the beach. In search of very good-natured, slim, single white female, 25-34, who can appreciate a man who was born poor, who now lives a wonderful life on the threshold of greatness with you. 4240 ☒ ☎

Leading Man Wanted—Pert and pretty actress/writer casting for 60-plus man with a delicate balance of accomplishment and affection, intellect and emotion, humor and sincerity. Note/photo earn audition. 4296 ☒

Very Fit, Handsome—Single white man, 40, serious professional by day, fun-loving blues guitarist by night and adoring uncle by weekend. Seek 28-plus, smart, athletic woman with a great sense and humor. Photo, please. 4277 ☒

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Dr. Dorfman has practiced in N.Y.C. for thirteen years. He is a Penn honors grad who has edited many dental articles and is a member of Mensa and the American Dental Association.

Dr. Jeffrey D. Dorfman and Dental Associates

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Adventurous Sailor—Handsome surgeon, 39-year-old Wasp with unique, warm, beautiful soul, with a passion for work and play, never married - seeks a natural, beautiful, easygoing, fit, intelligent, sexy professional female, 25-36, to share good times and more. Friendship/soul mate. Let's go for a sail in NY Harbor!! Note/photo/phone. 4276 ☒

Very Special Woman—Seeks extraordinary relationship. I am strikingly attractive, warm, loving, communicative, happy and upbeat - and committed to my family (includes one child), friends, creating a great relationship, and my work. My interests include the arts, travel, outdoors, dance, technology and languages. Slender 5'8", 42. Seek someone with similar qualities and diverse interests. 4297 ☒

Movie Star Looks—32-year-old, tall, dark and handsome, extremely successful business owner is still looking for his bride. Where are you? Photo a must. 4351 ☒

Special Guy—Good-looking, good build, 36, 5'10", brown hair, green eyes... More important: fun and responsible, thoughtful, emotionally and financially secure, good values. Must be very attractive, slim, under 32, emotionally stable, for quality relationship. Please include a recent photo with your note. 4280 ☒

Asian Male (43)—Seeks Asian female (30-40) for companionship. 4267 ☒

Look No Further—Handsome business owner, Ivy MBA, seeks adventurous Jewish lady, 30-44. Moms welcome. Sense of humor a must. 4282 ☒ ☎

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A Beautiful Smile—Very pretty, slim, engaging, divorced, Jewish professional female, 5'4", 49, seeks compatible male with integrity and warmth, who believes that life is better when shared with someone special. 4313 ✉ ☎

I Feel Witty—Tall, professional, energetic, handsome, youngish 47 Jewish male seeks passionate, attractive, slim female with sharp sense of humor. Note/photo. 4310✉

Committed Christian Female—40, seeks mature-minded, committed Christian male with sense of humor and joy of living, who is in the world but not of the world. Kindly send note and photo. 4345 ✉ ☎

Successful, Handsome, Athletic—Humorous, 5'8", 35, NJ Jewish professional with traditional values, seeks slim, caring, attractive, honest Jewish female for a lifetime of love, happiness and adventure. Photo. 4262 ✉

Gay White Female—39, European, good-looking, professional, caring. Enjoys art, music, outdoors and all that life can offer. Seeking intelligent, affectionate female for friendship and romance. 4319 ✉☎

A Sense Of Humor Is Healthy!—I'm writing and you're reading - that's proof! 40s male - successful, sincere and sane, enjoys horses, travel, music and laughs. Seeks 30s female - fun, fit, attractive and adventuresome, for humor, heart(s), health and happiness. Pix/note. 4368 ✉

Ageless Retired Lady—5'6", seeking nonsmoking, affectionate man to share love of classical music, art, theater, bridge, adventures, dining. 4364 ✉

Ivy League Graduate/CEO—Of prestige company. Handsome, 6' tall and fit, cultivated, romantic, athletic (avid golfer and skier), with great sense of humor and pathos, seeks equivalent - a woman with sensational looks, style and substance, to share committed relationship. Preference: 35-42 years old, non-New Yorker, non-princess type. Reply with photo and note to: POB 1920, Lenox Hill Station, 217 East 70th St., New York, NY 10021

Wife Search—Attractive, funny, fit, successful Jewish businessman, Manhattan resident with country home, seeks refined, warm, attractive, slender Jewish woman who likes arts, ideas and outdoors, to age 38, for companionship and love - and to start a family. Nonsmoker. Photo. 4318✉

Let's Have Some Fun—I'm 36, Jewish and enjoy life. You are beautiful, slim, fun, sexy. Enjoy running, biking, etc. 4236 ✉☎

Well-Traveled, Cosmopolitan—Mid 50s mensch of independent mind and means, who is a good listener, communicative, creative, compassionate, is in search of a supportive, pretty, thin companion for... Photo/note. 4356 ✉

Attractive Russian—32, 5'5", active, many interests, seeks marriage-minded, serious white male, possibly with child. POB 350814, Brooklyn, NY 11235

Gay Black Male—34, 6', very attractive, muscular, educated, seeks man of integrity - successful, cultured, 35-42. 4283✉

Pianist—And author seeks female, 20s-30s. I'm into fitness, karate and the outdoors. Note/photo/phone. 4237 ✉ ☎

Classy, Sensitive Gentleman—38, handsome, 5'10", Jewish. Avid runner, loves theater, museums and travel. Seeks slim, pretty Jewish female, 28-35, with similar interests. Photo, please. 4302 ✉

Really Nice Guy—I read a lot, run daily, laugh easily and adore the ocean. I'm mentally and physically fit, in my early 40s, great career, balanced life. Seek considerate, professional, slim woman who knows the glass is half full. 4281✉

Christian Professional Male—44, never-married, financially independent, believes in understated elegance and strength of character. Seeks an equally independent female (prefer 30s) with no children, for friendship, marriage... and possibly children(?). Letter. 4332 ✉

Divorced Male—Intelligent, successful professional, handsome, passionate and generous, young 56, excellent physical shape. Enjoy family, golf, tennis, singing... Recently retired - the rest of my life is full of possibilities. Seek lovely, intelligent woman for friendship, romance and possibly marriage. Live in NJ - will travel. 4285 ✉ ☎

You Are—Warm, funny, pretty, honest, bright, 25-34 woman who's ready for a man, 37, who's all of the above and devoted to giving you the world. Note/photo. 4246 ✉

Good-Looking CPA—5'10", Jewish man, 45, likes dining, tennis. Seeks warm, slim, pretty woman, 32-43. Photo. 4263✉

Single White Male—Professional, 50, seeks female for relationship. 4362 ✉ ☎

NYMessage

WHO HATES CHASE MANHATTAN
Unexplained ATM withdrawals, non-responsive bank officers/employees/executives. 4375 ✉

Vienna In October—Senior gentleman seeking sophisticated lady, 50s, as travel companion. Must live (212) area, be a relaxed nonsmoker who loves opera and food. Photo imperative. 4361 ✉

Desperately Seeking—E. Side biochem computer guy. Mozart operas only. Spoke Thur 6/25, got wrong number. 4357 ✉☎

Music, Dance, Fine Dining, Travel—Attractive professional woman, 50s, cultured, intelligent, compassionate, sensual, down-to-earth, seeks man, 50-70, with similar interests, to share some of life's pleasures. 4242 ✉

I Do—Single Jewish female, 34, slim, 5'5", north NJ, MBA, seeks groom: a white male, 29-42, for our October, 1998 wedding. Must have a job, be sane, honest, sincere. 4350 ✉

Still Looking—For well-bred female Wasp, 50s, city and country. 4366 ✉

Help Me Find You!—I've looked for you at the gym, beach, bookstores and even Chinese restaurants. Me: 5'2", blond/blue, slim, attractive, affectionate female from LI. You: handsome Jewish dad, 40-52, with sense of humor, financial security and the need for a best friend. Note/photo. 4233 ✉ ☎

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MARY ANN MADDEN #916

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SHE WILL EXAMINE YOUR SHOPPING BAG.**

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**HERE'S A TIME-HAS-COME IDEA:
BUY A SOFA AT IKEA.**

Above, Fortunoff Cookies. Competitors are invited to devise a message found in a cookie opened in a shopping mall. Rhyming, or not, your call. But delicious.

Results of Competition 913, in which you were asked to define a familiar name to which a single word is added.

Report: Yes. Well. Free Willy Clinton. Ginnie Mae West. Mr. Ed Wood. Minnie Van Driver. Gore Vidal Sassoon. Pol Pot Pie. Ivana Trump L-Oeil. Ken Starr Trek. Jim Carrey Nation, and Pope John Paul Jones (of the Holy Sea). Right away, you can see our problem here. These were all very silly and mostly very funny. Hoping you the same.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

T. S. ELIOT NESS—G-man who penned "The Love Song of J. Edgar Prufrock."
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

RICHARD III NIXON—disgraced English king: "I am not a crookback."
Ellen Butler, Reston, Va.

EVONNE GOOLAGONG SHOW—Host of *The Aboriginal Amateur Hour.*
Alan Levine, Massapequa, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

OLIVER HARDY HARHAR—comic inspiration for Jackie Gleason.
Sonja Rand, N.Y.C.

DR. J. SILVERHEELS—faithful companion of Karl Malone Ranger.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

THOMAS PAINE WEBBER—Colonial broker and pamphleteer; "Common Cents."
Lucy Oblonsky, Newark, Del.

SALLY FIELD MOUSE—small well-liked flying rodent.
Peggy Haering, Westport, Conn.

And Honorable Mention to:

BIG BEN HUR—timekeeper for Roman chariot races.
Emily Sylvester, South Windsor, Conn.

KARL MARX BROTHERS—Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and Pinko.
Brian Bracey, Carrboro, N.C.
sp. ment.: Mark Oromaner, N.Y.C.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS PUCK—chef/composer, "The Well-Tempered Caviar."
Adam Doyle, Blacksburg, Va.

POLLY ANNA MAGNANI—star, *The Rosy Tattoo.*
L. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

DENG XIAOPENG CENTER—the Great Mall of China.
Jens Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

MARCEL MARCEAU DUCHAMPS—mime who created the illusion of descending a staircase.
Alexa Geller, West Hartford, Conn.

HANS CHRISTIAN DIOR—the emperor's new clothier.
Mary Jane Gore, Charlottesville, Va.

HALF-NELSON ALGREN—wrestler and author, *The Man With the Golden Armlock.*
Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

HALF-NELSON EDDY—tag-team partner of Jeanette "The Crusher" MacDonald.
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

DENNIS RODMAN CLINTON—First Lady of American basketball.
Richard Nesbit, N.Y.C.

FRANCISCO FRANCO-AMERICAN—late great Fascist chef.
J.M.B. Armistead, Washington, D.C.

WILLIAM MORRIS SHAKESPEARE—agent for established playwrights.
Eleanor Roth, Flushing, N.Y.

STEVE "BUTTERFLY" MCQUEEN—prissy film star of *Papillon.*
M. E. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

KELSEY GRAMMER MOSES—actor, critic of primitive art.
Jan Streilein, Lansdale, N.Y.

INDIAN SOMERSET MAUGHAM—late author of Rakes and Ale.
John Talmadge, Dolton, Ill.

OVETA CULP HOBBY HORSE—U.S. secretary of Health, Equitation, and Welfare.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

BILLIE "DOC" HOLLIDAY—blues singer for the O.K. Chorale.
Lars Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

THE DILLY DALAI LAMA—malingering Tibetan leader.
Fred Buffa, Staten Island, N.Y.

VIRGINIA WOOLF BLITZER—first female reporter at CNN to get her own office.
Shule Troy, Lakewood, N.J.

SERGIO SIERRA LEONE—introduced spaghetti to Africa.
Keith Spero, Richland, Wash.

WILLIAM JEFFERSON AIRPLANE CLINTON—president, "Some Buddy to Love"; a.k.a. Grace Slick Willie.
Thomas D. Warren, Hollywood Hills, Calif.

AL LESLEY GORE—singer, presidential candidate: "It's My Party and I'll Cry If I Want To."
Maureen Corbin, Great Neck, N.Y.
similarly: Norman Roth, N.Y.C.

PETER DUCHIN GIGANTE—capo di tutti maestri.
David Chasen, Beverly Hills, Calif.

HENRY "LEAVENWORTH" LONGFELLOW—America's Death Row Poet.
Patrick Beary, Jamaica, N.Y.

SAN QUENTIN TARANTINO—actor, writer, director, convict.
Ken McCann, Somerset, N.J.

GEORGE WILL ROGERS—genial personality who never met a conservative he didn't like.
David Presby, Teaneck, N.J.

NEIMAN MARCUS ANTONIUS—owner of gift shop at Caesars Palace.
Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

JOHNNIE WALKER PERCY—author, *The Message in the Scotch Bottle.*
Percy Allen, Boynton Beach, Fla.

DAVID LEAN CUISINE—nutritionist and film director, *Hobson's Healthy Choice.*
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

J.P. MORGAN LE FAY—financier, philanthropist, prominent fairy.
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

JOHN LE CARRÉ NATION—writer, *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Suffragist.*
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

JAMES CAMERON SWAYZE—spokesman for Titanic Timex: It takes a lickin' and keeps on sinkin'.
Dave Ferry, Leesburg, Va.
sp. ment.: Elena Bucciano & Marty Edelstein, Brooklyn; David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

MARY, DRAG QUEEN OF SCOTS—put the "gay" in Gaelic.
Sandra Hull, Arlington, Va.

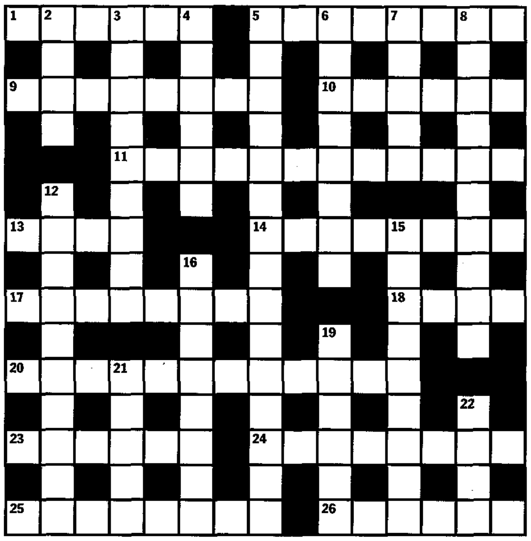
JOHN MILTON KEYNES—poet: "When I consider how my cash is spent . . ."
L. Ponder, Burlington, Vt.

(continued on page 68)

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Sailor taking raincoat is seen at airport. (6)
5 Round cat hedged in by large cat in this place. (8)
9 Start of hockey game with Hector not available. (5-3)
10 That church has a roof covering of straw. (6)
11 Mad Hatter design is unravelled. (12)
13 Writer shows life to be about right. (4)
14 Stage coach starts track going round within a month. (8)
17 This seat is wrecked by unbelievers. (8)
18 Curiously, Tom did any way. (4)
20 Safekeeping of quiet sanctuary. (12)
23 The focal point of innocent revelry. (6)
24 Set aside remaining principle. (4)
25 Taking up Poe's novel, America Left Behind. (8)
26 Turning left to take home written offer. (6)



DOWN

2 Fever for all to witness in time. (4)
3 Aid to walkers—silly men lose it. (9)
4 They sing about one carried by tailless horse. (6)
5,8 I fillet Joe's obscure raw fish after cooking: so being here's a very nice thing! (4,2,4,1,4,2,8)
6 This is making prisoner infectious. (8)
7 Worry while breaking small peg on golf course. (5)
8 See 5.
12 Gall: Elizabeth conceals the bird under it. (10)
15 Durant repaired with pin for casual cricketers. (3-3-3)
16 Customers holding up well-known assurance company will take without asking. (8)
19 Mum is coming up fast. (6)
21 Short fight sounds like second tennis encounter. (3-2)
22 Unhappy in Cambridge? (4)

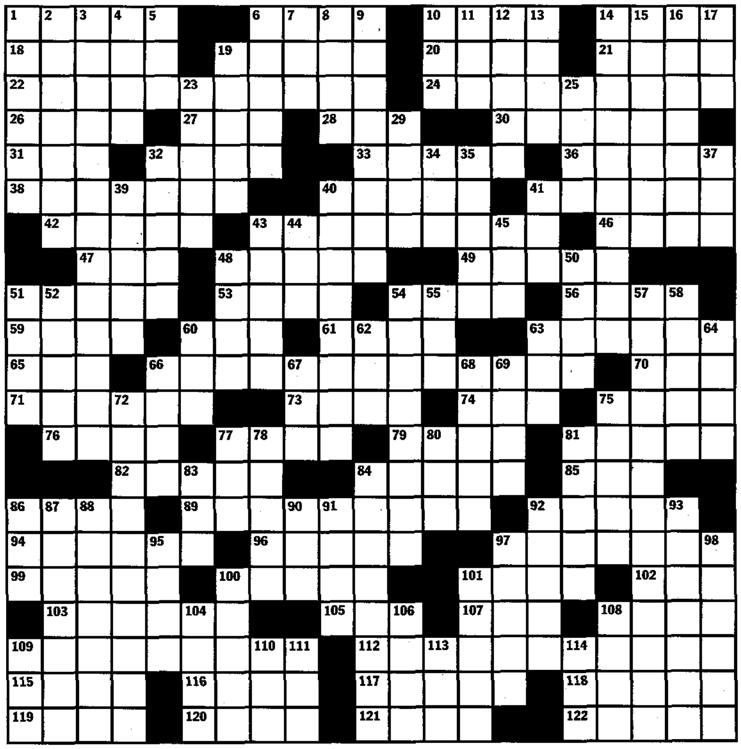
'Doing Without': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Violin's big brother
6 Chancy Wall St. trading
10 Novelty tune of 1918
14 Icelandic literary opus
18 Opposite of afar
19 Fergie's first name
20 Topmost point
21 Yul's stage realm
22 President without property
24 Actor without a friend
26 Ages and ages
27 Astronaut's "fine!"
28 Ambulance letters
30 Videotape outtakes
31 Street, in Lisbon
32 Scrounging bugs
33 Southpaw
36 Kate's TV partner
38 Takes long steps
40 Myopic Mr.
41 Abdominal organ
42 One of the Murphys
43 Poisoner without money
46 Exxon, formerly
47 Dutch uncle
48 Ox harnesses
49 Tin Pan Alley org.
51 Befuddle
53 Change for a five
54 Apply the whip
56 Madras music
59 Baseball's Tiant
60 "See ya!"
61 Russian autocrat
63 Lyricist Hart
65 Spring mo.
66 Actor without a car
70 "Sail —— Ship of State!": Longfellow
71 Pre-Nazi German Republic
73 Like a certain ranger
74 ——-en-Provence (city near Marseilles)
75 Smallish combo
76 Wander
77 "We try harder" company
79 Burgles
81 Senate go-fers
82 Nita of the silents
84 Wax-dyed fabric
85 Pub potation
86 Dealer's allotment
89 Comedian without transportation
92 Gains height
94 Followed orders
96 Country singer Crystal
97 Contact-lenses' whereabouts
99 Nerds
100 Nods off
101 Gless's "Cagney and Lacey" co-star
102 Mexican Mrs.
103 Pointed beard
105 Woebegone
107 Memorable Gabor
108 Greek vowels
109 First Lady without laundry
112 Actress without a food plan
115 "In Spain they say ——"
116 Doorman's call
117 Brainstorms
118 Taylor of "The Nanny"
119 Kind of plaid
120 Go no further
121 Buffalo Bill
122 Inks a contract

DOWN

1 Hoopsters
2 On the way
3 Actor without a hat
4 Washrms.
5 Assayer's specimen
6 Polio researcher Jonas, and family
7 Before fix or fab
8 Roof overhang
9 Research wk. locations
10 Kin of a bottle
11 Mil. mail depot
12 Pat Boone's daughter
13 Figure-skating jump
14 Actress without children
15 Cheek indentations
16 Flowers for a chain
17 Quantity: abbr.
19 Kilties
23 Rajah's wife
25 Do harvesting
29 Western lily
32 —— a dozen
34 Start of a Hemingway title
35 Caesar's wardrobe
37 Rock impresario Brian
39 Pagans' worship
40 Toscanini, et al.
41 Cul de ——
43 Districted
44 Tina Turner's ex
45 Kabibble of radio days
48 Stringed toy
50 "And pretty maids all in ——"
51 What there oughta be
52 Super's go-with
54 Tear jaggedly
55 Deluge refuge
57 Inventor without a home
58 Daddy Warbucks's girl
60 Cold-day utterance
62 Break a Commandment
63 Not strict
64 Menageries
66 Tuscaloosa college, informally
67 Nickname for Yale
68 Stateroom
69 Jeopardize
72 Actor without relatives
75 Falcon's weapon
77 Citrus suffix
78 Between Leo and Libra
80 Oklahoma Indian
81 Deflect a thrust
83 Inc., in the U.K.
84 Vinegar type
86 Beast of Borden
87 Adams or Van Buren
88 Feeling of regret
90 Ron Liebman sitcom
91 Sight sites
92 Mideast Heights
93 Crusaders' foe
95 Neighbor of Lith.: var.
97 Spelunkers' haunts
98 Waist products
100 Coup ——
101 Postpone
104 Picnic call
106 Lower-wall paneling
108 "Able was I —— saw Elba" (palindrome)
109 Flavor intensifier: abbr.
110 Losing line at tic-tac-toe
111 Puppy's bite
113 Wine choice
114 Voiced hesitations



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 61.

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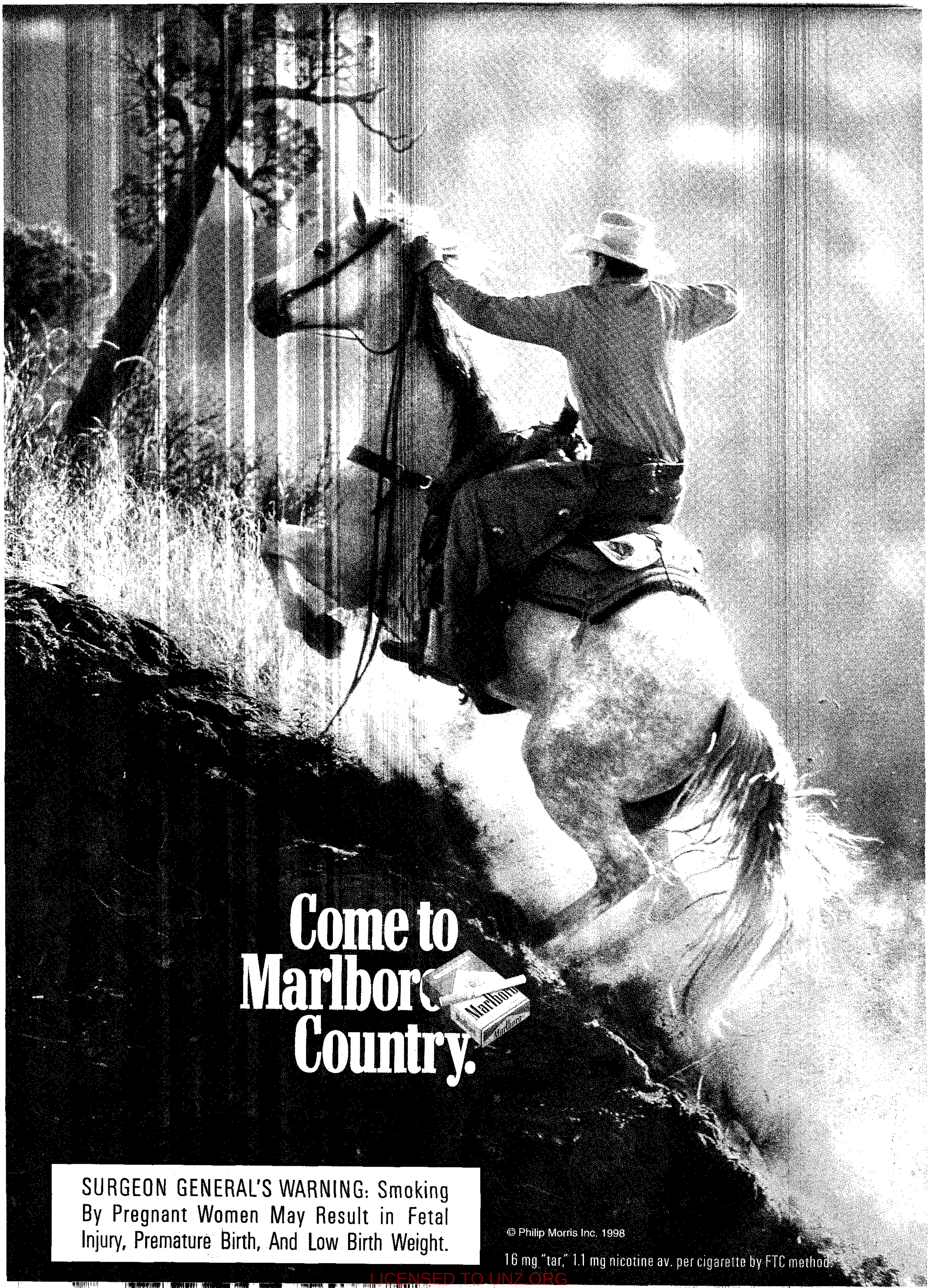
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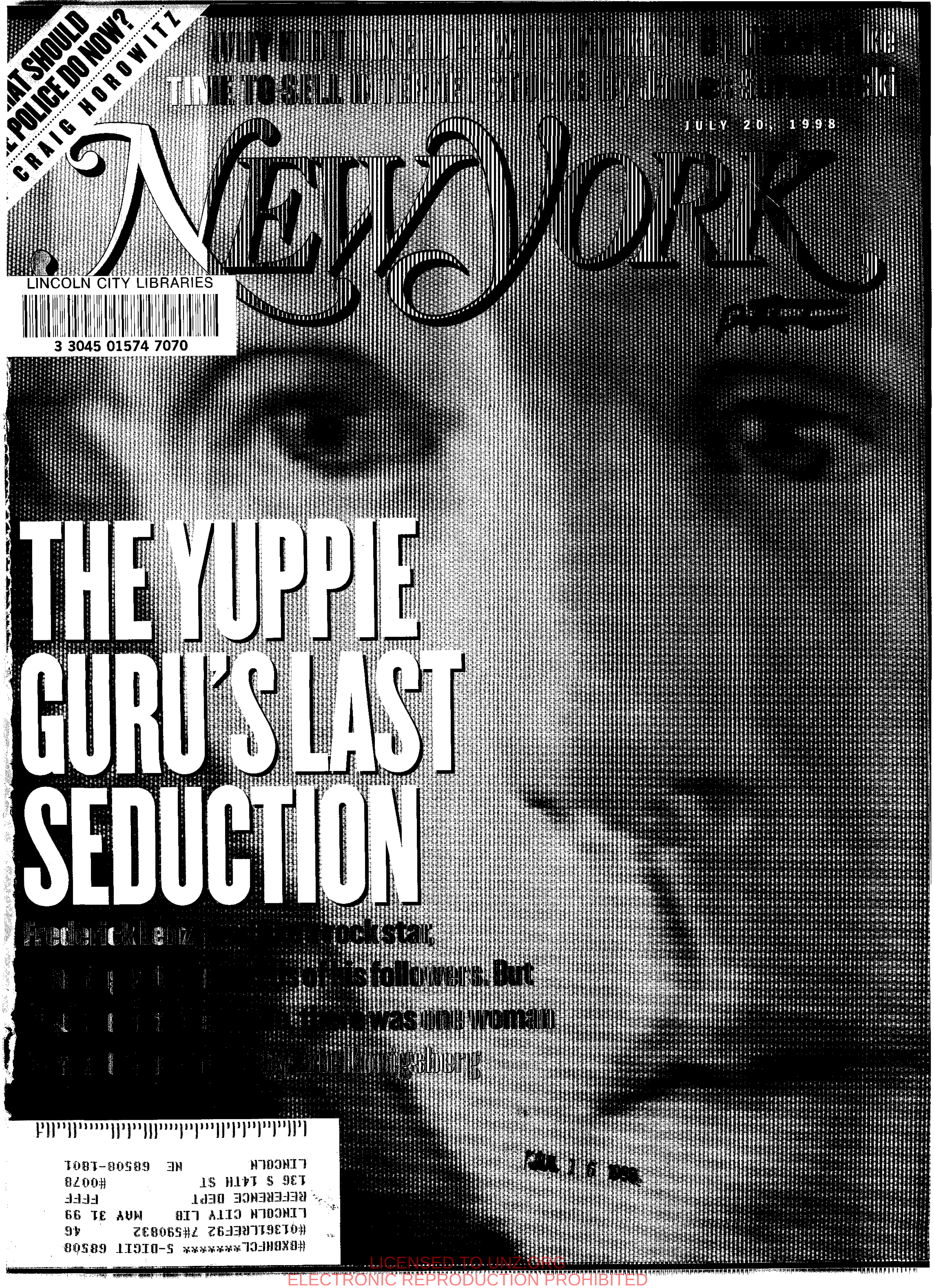

WHAT SHOULD THE POLICE DO NOW?
CRAIG HOROWITZ

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TIME TO SELL INTERNET STOCKS by James S[illegible]ki

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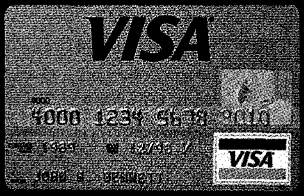

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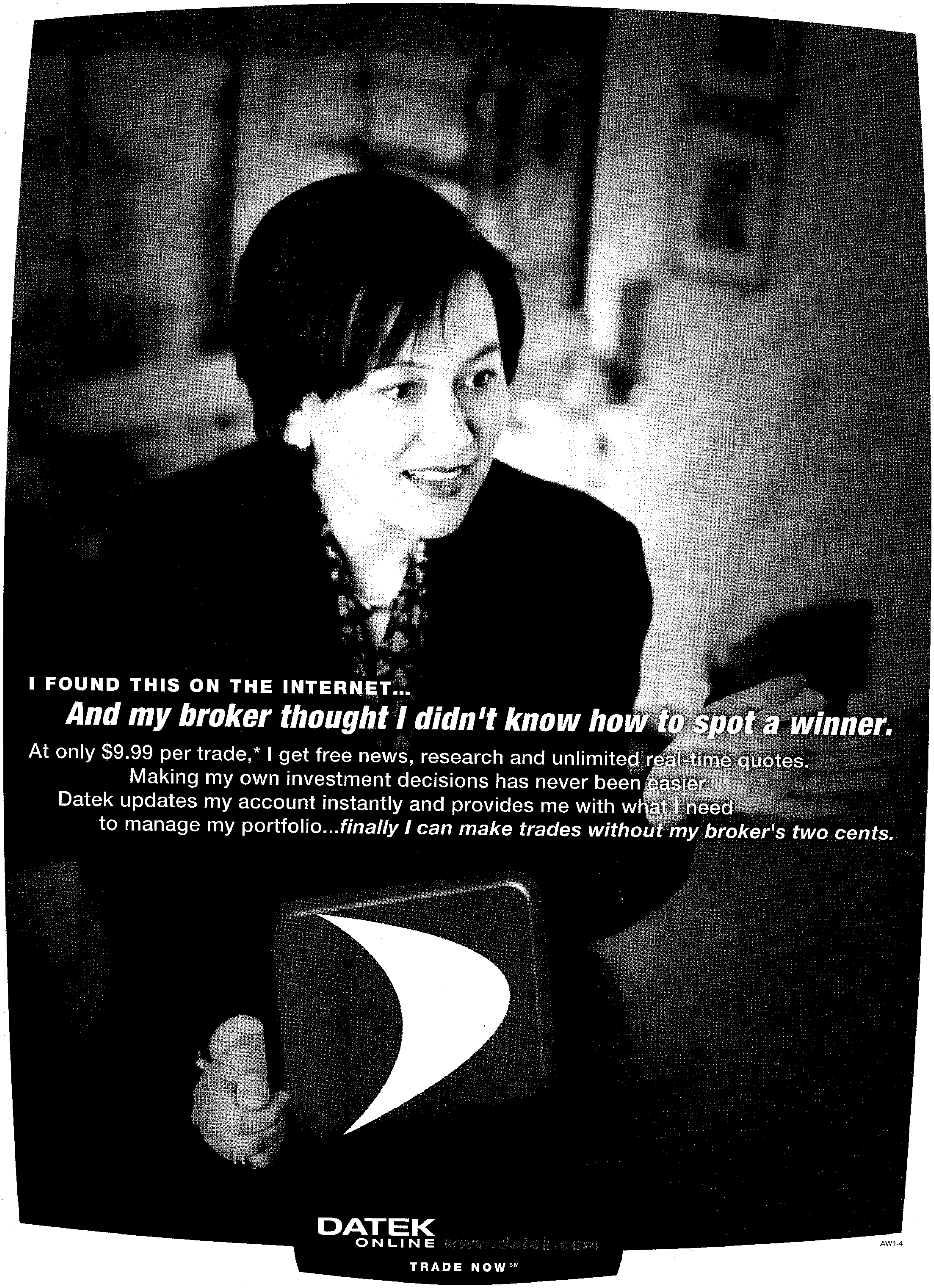

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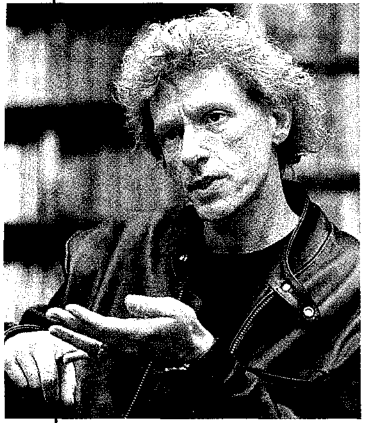
Contents July 20, 1998

> *"I remember he went upstairs right after we took the pills. That must've been when he put the dog collar on."*
>
> SAVITRI, PAGE 20



20 Dark Lenz

By Eric Konigsberg

Last spring, multimillionaire New Age guru Frederick Lenz, known to his followers as Rama, booked an exotic trip for himself, a young woman, and two Scottish terriers. But he wound up dead, full of Valium, in the bay behind his North Shore mansion; on shore, drugged but alive, were the other three. Now Rama's girlfriend recounts the story of their bizarre last days together.

30 Good Cop, Good Cop?

By Craig Horowitz

New York City's crime rate is at its lowest in decades, but at least one person thinks it can go even lower: the main architect of the remarkable decline, former police commissioner William Bratton. And Bratton believes the city can save money doing it, too. His basic philosophy: It's time to transform the NYPD from a wartime force to a peacetime force.

34 Two Above The Aisle

By Alexandra Lange

David Byrne took to the air; Diane von Furstenberg ran for cover: Everyone who attends *Villa Villa* has to *deal.* The sensual, frequently airborne, high-energy performance-art hit from Buenos Aires's De La Guarda troupe is playing to packed—and intensely involved—houses.

36 Rx for Profit

By David France

Dr. Bernard Salick has made a fortune with his opulent outpatient clinics for cancer patients.With more New Yorkers than ever living with HIV—but fewer requiring long hospital stays—Salick sees opportunity. It could make him the largest AIDS-care provider in the U.S.

Gotham

13 Captive turtles in jailbreak—humans involved; Tina at Miramax; back to drawing board for Hamptons Xanadu?

17 Gotham Style Be sure to wear some bra straps in your hair. (In your food: lavender)

Departments

18 The Bottom Line
James Surowiecki

Why most high-flying Internet stocks are destined to crash and burn

85 The Insatiable Critic
Gael Greene

Eat and rhumba with stars, swingers, and swells at Jimmy's Bronx Cafe

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42 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Wheeling the dog; tennis lite; and, at last, a presentable broom

44 Sales and Bargains
Ondine Cohane

Cut-rate caviar and champagne, first-edition facsimiles, fine art at finer prices

The Arts

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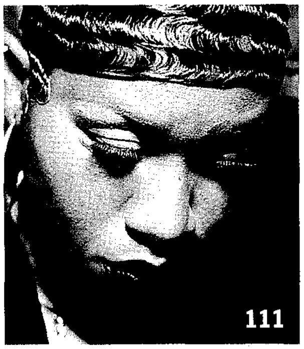

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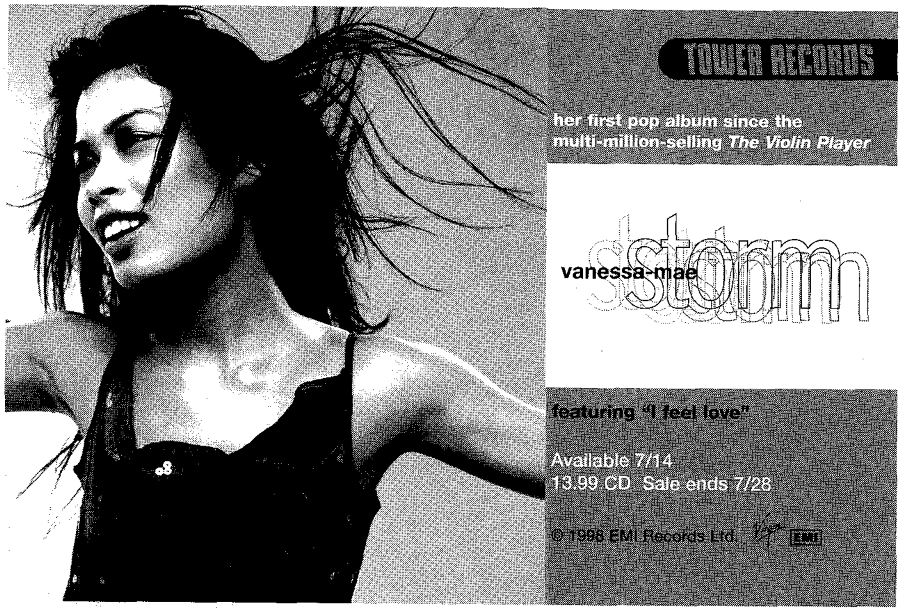
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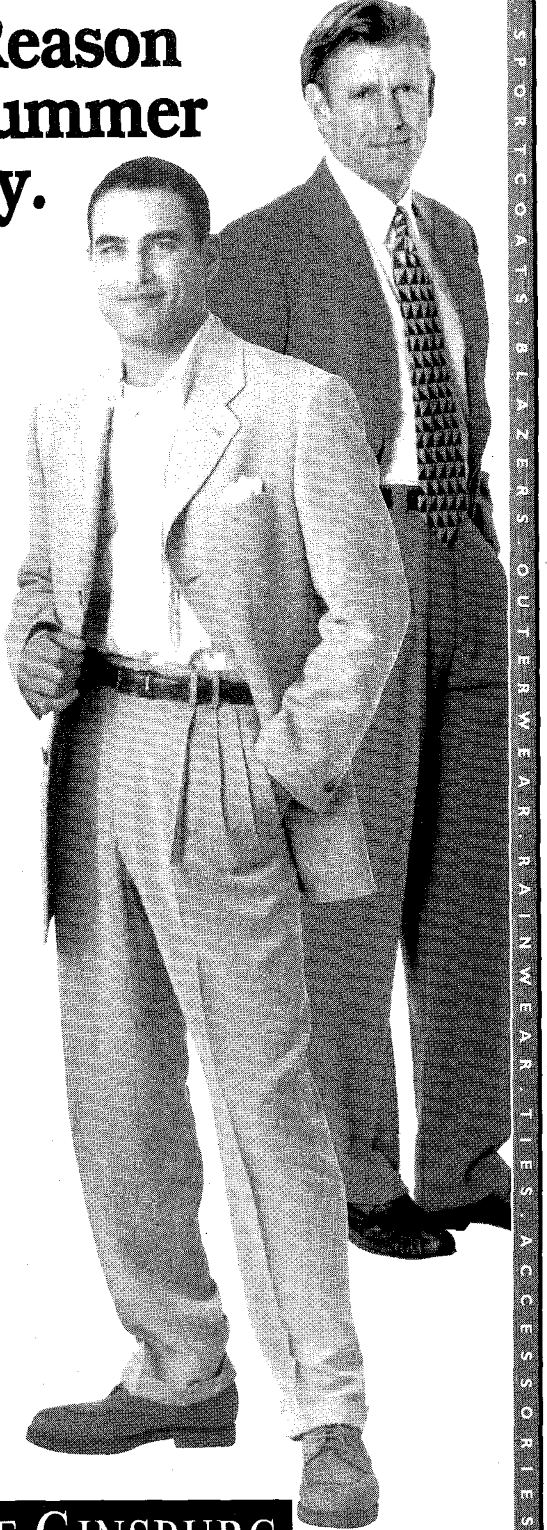

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Lover Boy

A chilly reception for Leonardo DiCaprio; burned by the author of 'Burn Rate'; in defense of drug cocktails in the battle against AIDS.

LEONARDO DICAPRIO DESERVED AT *least* an Oscar nomination for convincing millions around the world that he—a member of the "Pussy Posse"—is a gentleman ["Leo, Prince of the City," by Nancy Jo Sales, June 22]. His true colors were revealed in your article. I think "Jack Dawson" would tip a bartender with his last dollar, and I'm sure that if you sat any teenage girl in a room with Leo, her tears would be from hurt feelings, not from a precious moment with a beloved star.

Jill De Sena
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@aol.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

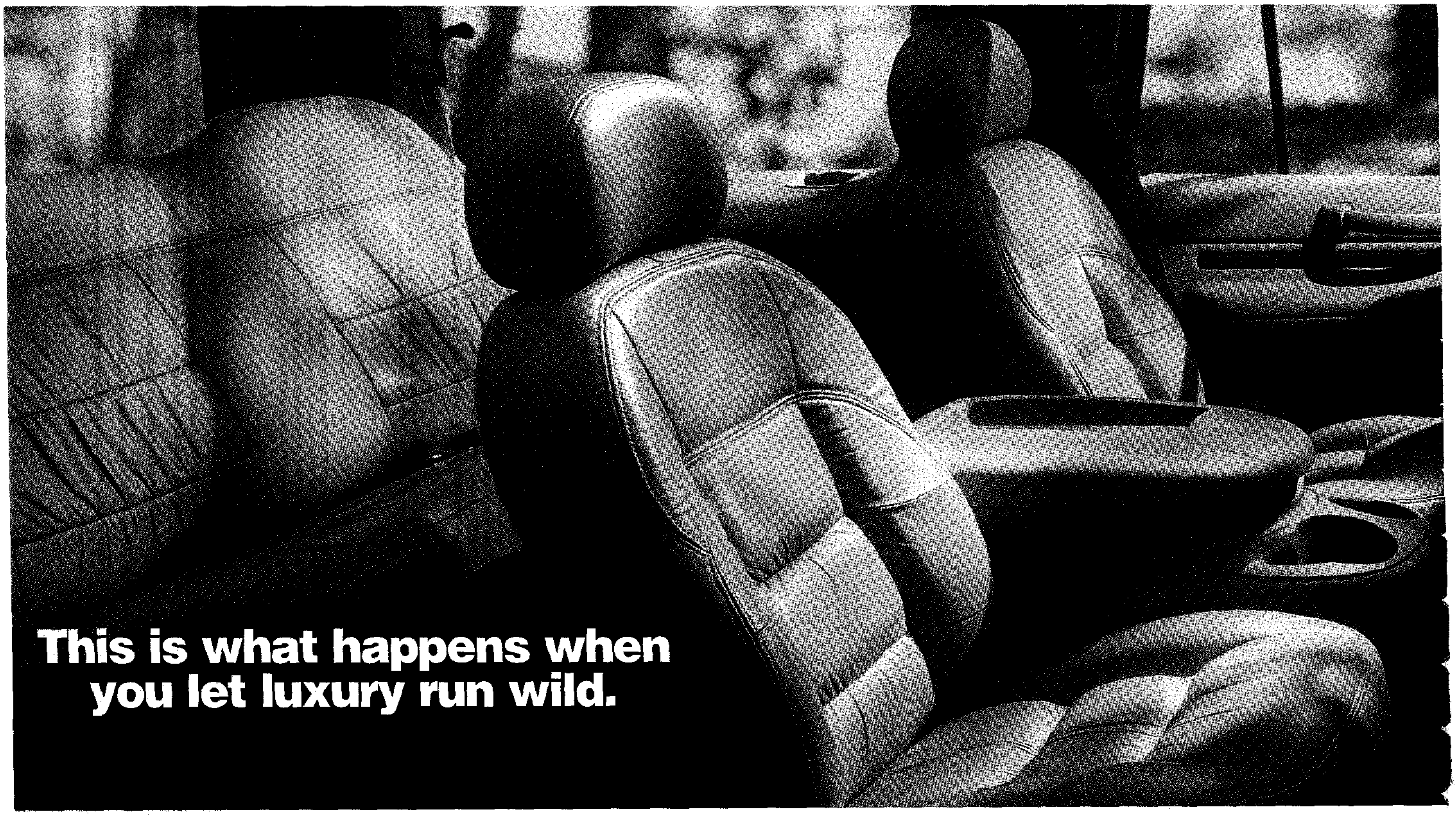
I WAS GRACED BY LEO'S PRESENCE IN THE summer of 1994, while he was filming *The Basketball Diaries.* My friend and I hung out with him and his posse at the then-hot spots—VIP room at Tunnel, Club USA, Soul Kitchen at Metropolis. I experienced everything you reported firsthand. They were on major girl patrol every night. They had contests with one another—back then it was who could kiss the most girls at one spot. And we're not talking a peck on the cheek. One night, my friend and I were invited back to his hotel room—which was a total mess—at the Essex House. All he and his buddies wanted to do was play truth-or-dare-type games. Leo was not impressive in any shape, size, or form. The posse acted like little perverted boys—which I guess they were and still are.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

I'M GLAD THAT ALL THE RECENT ATTENTION paid to Leonardo DiCaprio hasn't changed him all that much. What I find refreshing about Leo is that he doesn't seem to care about his public image or kiss up to studio powers or his fellow actors by doing the expected (e.g., making appearances on TV shows and at awards ceremonies, granting interviews, taking the next John Grisham movie). In fact, your article—which will probably be viewed as negative by most—may well please him by making the many people who think he is like Jack Dawson in real life stop thinking that really fast.

Ann Murai
MANHATTAN

I AM SURPRISED THAT *NEW YORK* WOULD indulge in Leomania—if I'd wanted to read about Leo, I would have bought a teen magazine. The article gave him and



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his posse exactly what they want: exposure. Although you redeemed yourselves a bit by describing Leo's antics as childish and cheap, I hope you stay away from the midnight escapades of such celebrity wannabes in the future. Who cares?

Bretton Perry
MANHATTAN

Getting Burned

I WONDER IF THE CURE FOR MICHAEL Wolff's writer's block, *Burn Rate,* tells the full story of the last days of Wolff New Media when this King of the CyberCon turned to the investors of last resort—the kids who worked for him ["Flame Wars," by James Surowiecki, June 15]! "Invest in the company," he said. "Defer your salary! Big bucks are but a few months away. Hang on!" Three months passed, and the man making deals with Masters of the Universe called his "twentysomething major investors" into his office to tell them that his big deal had fallen through. Not only were they conned out of past pay, but Wolff told them he had no money for their monthly pay—due that day. These were the kids who wrote the books and built the Websites that fueled Wolff's dream and are probably the stuff of his anecdotes. I know, because my offspring built a site and wrote a book. These kids were paid slave wages, worked 90 hours a week, and lived from paycheck to paycheck. He gave them about five minutes' notice. Does he plan to amuse us with this tale on the book tour and P.R. circuit?

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

A SINGLE CONVERSATION WITH ANYONE who has done business with Michael Wolff would have given James Surowiecki a much less flattering portrait. Wolff is not some naïf who lost his ideas to the calculating capitalists of the Internet. Instead, as *Burn Rate* makes embarrassingly clear, his avarice, ego, and vast personal shortcomings guaranteed the early death of a marginally good idea. In reality, Wolff's book is about blaming others for one's own failures. As such, it is most certainly a monument to delusion—mostly his own.

Michael Kaminer
MANHATTAN

Interim Measures

WHILE DAVID FRANCE RAISES SOME VALID points regarding the new HIV-drug combinations in his June 22 "Body Politic" column ["Cocktail Hangover"], a more balanced assessment of these therapies is needed. In quoting bench researchers, patient advocates, and patients themselves, Mr. France misses the perspective of the treating clinician. The new HIV-drug cocktails have been linked directly with dramatic reductions in AIDS and death in New York and across the country. The drugs, however, must be prescribed correctly, are complicated to take, may have side effects, and are not a cure for HIV infection. When a doctor considers a patient for any medical therapy, a decision based on that individual's circumstances must be made. For many HIV patients, the benefits of combination drug therapy greatly outweigh the risks.

Roy Gulick, M.D.
Cornell University Medical Center
MANHATTAN

Corrections The photograph accompanying "Hollywood: Sun Valley Daze," by Nikki Finke, in the June 29–July 6 issue was not of investment banker Herbert Allen but of Allen & Co. chairman Don Keough. In the same issue, "Suddenly This Summer" identified Cranberry Hole Road as a gay-owned establishment. In fact, it is only gay-operated. *New York* regrets the errors. ■

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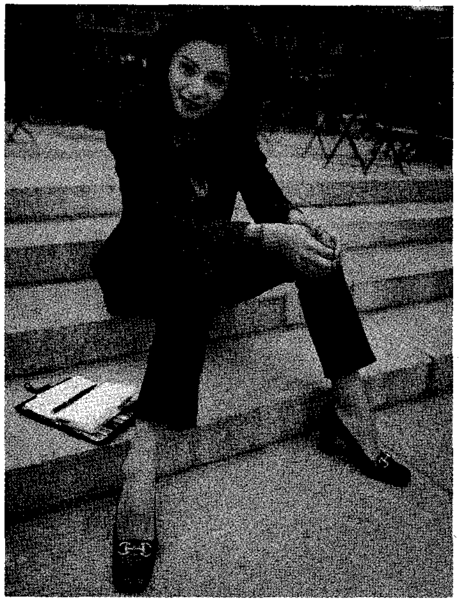

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

WILL BETSY ROSS LOSE HER SQUIER?

Political insiders are buzzing about tensions between **Betsy McCaughey Ross** and her media consultant, Washington's **Bob Squier,** who also works for Vice-President **Al Gore.** McCaughey Ross, who's known for summarily firing staffers, has resisted Squier's entreaties to spend money on ads, according to several political insiders. "The argument in the campaign is, they should be on television now, and they aren't putting up the money," explains one. "Wilbur [McCaughey Ross's husband] thought he could raise the money for her, and he hasn't raised it." But a campaign insider answers that charge by pointing out that "media buyers always want to buy as often and as much as they can," because they make a 5 to 10 percent commission on every buy. McCaughey Ross's spokesman, **Kevin Davitt,** says radio spots are beginning this week in the Rochester and Syracuse areas and declares that the delay so far has been a "matter of strategy." Davitt insists that after McCaughey Ross's next financial report becomes public later this week, "all our naysayers are going to be very disappointed." Squier could not be reached for comment.

McCaughey Ross: *Telephobic?*

WHY ADAM DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE

The storybook wedding on billionaire **John Kluge**'s farm in Virginia last spring turned into a quickie divorce this summer for his daughter, socialite and *Cosmopolitan* editor **Samantha Kluge,** who had married **Adam Cahan.** Behind the breakup was a particularly opportunistic girlfriend, according to several of Samantha Kluge's friends. **Alice Larkin** was a young Englishwoman selling designer clothes at Betsy Boutique (a by-appointment shop now at the Surrey Hotel) and dating banker **Dominic Lester,** a friend of Cahan's from Brown University. She was taken up by Kluge and her friends, a glamorous circle that includes **Carolina Herrera Jr.** and **Alexandra Von Furstenberg.** "They wanted to make her [Alice] into this year's 'It' girl," reports another friend, explaining that the women invited Larkin "everywhere." Then they suddenly discovered this spring that she was having an affair with Cahan. "She was a pretentious social climber who pursued him," says one Kluge loyalist. "It was a shock to everyone," reports another. "But Samantha is already divorced and has moved on with her life." Cahan could not be reached, and neither of the women would comment, but Kluge's friends think Larkin and Cahan are still together.

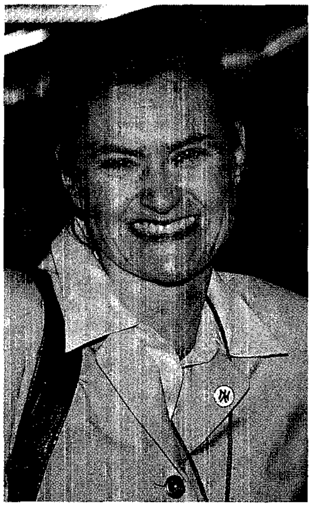
BABE II: NO PIGGY PROMOTIONS

Though the *Babe* follow-up film is being touted as one of the surefire hits for the fall movie season, *Pig in the City* won't be hogging the lucrative market of promotional products. Though commercial tie-ins can bring in substantial revenue (especially to family-friendly films), Universal, the studio behind *Pig in the City,* has no plans to slap its porcine star's likeness on everything that stands still. Apparently, that's because of demands from *Pig in the City* writer-director **George Miller,** who believes Babe should avoid excessive hype even if that cuts profits. "Miller is insistent about this," says one insider. "Even though tie-ins are where these films make a lot of money, Miller knows when to say when." A spokesperson for Kennedy-Miller, the film's production company, says, "George just wants to protect the character he created. Nowadays, everyone gets in your face, and it becomes excessive—*Godzilla* should have taught us all that." Miller thinks that ultimately, his pig can stand alone. "With the first film, the people came and discovered us, *not the other way around,*" says the spokesperson. "George wants to stay true to that with this

ANNA IS WHERE? SHIRLEY YOU JEST

Is **Anna Wintour** perversely unfashionable or incredibly prescient when it comes to real estate? The powerful arbiter of fashion sold her house in Bellport last summer, and has since purchased a huge oceanfront spread in a decidedly unchic area near the towns of Mastic and Shirley, just west of Westhampton. "It's a spectacular piece of property; in East Hampton, it would cost about $15 million," says one fashion insider, "but the minute that you leave the compound, it's shocking." According to a friend of the *Vogue* editor, she enjoys the mid-island anonymity. "There's a total lack of pressure. If you go to the little grocery store, you are not hounded by media. In fact, you are not going to see anyone you know." Although the friend describes the surroundings as rundown ("It's a bit like saying, 'Wow, it's so beautiful' but ignoring the fact that there's a petrochemical plant next door"), he says it's clear the family is happy with its summer housing. A spokesperson for Wintour would say only, "She owns a lovely house in the country, *and we're not going to* comment on the time she spends at home with her family."

Photographs: top, Gregory Pace/Sygma; bottom, Stephen Shepherd/FSP/Gamma Liaison



Cristyne Lategano:
In the running

RUDY'S EARLY RACE

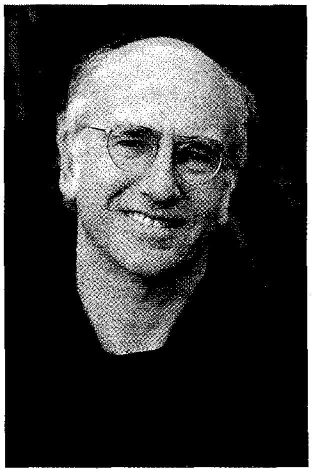
Even when there's no race, they can't keep themselves from running in **Rudy Giuliani's** City Hall. Five of them made it to Central Park by 6 A.M. last Wednesday for the Road Runners' annual breakfast run at Tavern on the Green. Communications director **Cristyne Lategano** ran the 3.5-miler (but deputy press secretary **Jennifer Chait** went for 6). Cheering them on from the sidelines was Mayor Giuliani, who hung around for 40 minutes or so, "waving and smiling," says one runner, "when suddenly he jumps off the platform and almost knocks it over." Lategano had just completed her last loop around the park. Giuliani cheered her on at the finish, then guided her into the Tavern, where all five of the City Hallers had breakfast together. "There was a lot of grumbling the rest of the day," laughs one co-worker who didn't get up to run at 6 A.M.

Danny DeVito:
Lap of luxury?

film as well." A Universal representative did not return calls.

A *SEINFELD* EPISODE ON THE DISNEY LOT

Lloyd Braun, head of Buena Vista Television Productions at Disney, apparently thinks big: First, he engaged in a bloody housecleaning shortly after arriving on the job in the spring. Now he's telling Mouse House execs that he wants to land a deal with TV-writing demigod and *Seinfeld* co-creator **Larry David,** according to a Hollywood insider. Braun, formerly David's lawyer, was the namesake for the sitcom's "Lloyd Braun" character, whose polished good looks belied the madness beneath the surface. But David's manager, **Gavin Pollone,** says Braun hasn't made his former client an offer. "I'm sure he'd want to," says Pollone, "but he knows Larry well enough to know that his focus is on his next movie now." Nor has Braun been able to sign up David's wife, *Sour Grapes* producer **Laurie Lennard.** The former Fox TV executive and talent booker for **David Letterman** turned him down to continue her nonprofit work in arts education. Braun insists that the offer wasn't part of a master plan to entice David. "There is no wooing him; we know each other too well," explains Braun, who adds that Lennard "has a standing offer, which remains open for as long as I'm in this job."



Larry David:
To Sein or not to Sein

STRAUSS PUTS OUT; *VIBE* PAIRS UP

STICKY FINGERS: Despite rumors in the trades that **Strauss Zelnick,** North American president and CEO of BMG Entertainment, is about to take on even more responsibility as the company's worldwide president and CEO, the wunderkind seems to have some time on his hands. Zelnick has been bottling his own recipe of barbecue sauce and sending twelve-packs to his friends, including **Sean "Puffy" Combs, Carly Simon,** and **Clint Black.** The label of "Strauss in the House" displays a head shot of the mogul, and the bottle is probably the only one in the sauce biz with the address of a record company's corporate headquarters on the back.

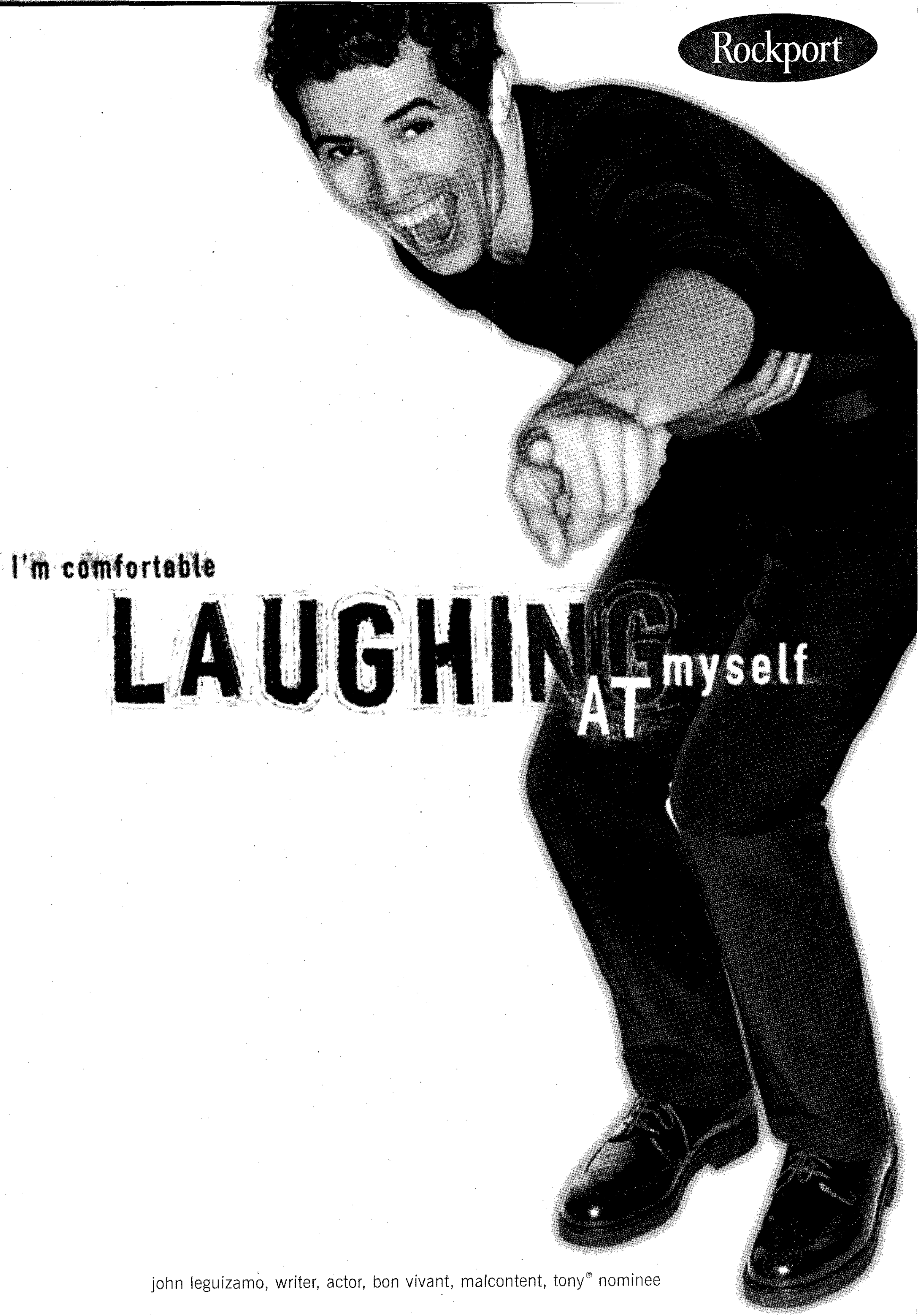
BIZ BUZZ: Where fashion goes, can media be far behind? Now the business of urban culture has been deemed so influential it needs its own publication. *Variety* is teaming up with *Vibe* magazine to publish a single issue of *Vibe Biz,* to be sent to select subscribers of each publication. *Vibe* CEO **Keith Clinkscales** says, "After the initial response, we hope to sit down and decide what to do in 1999." *Biz* is being produced from *Variety*'s Los Angeles offices, though *Vibe* is making sure the finished product is authentically street-savvy by having its writers contribute as well.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and India Landrigan.

DANNY DEVITO'S LAP DANCE

Many performers would jump at the chance to schmooze a powerful producer, but only a few would be brazen enough to plop down in his lap and deliver a personal serenade. Every night at the Off Broadway hit *Hedwig and the Angry Inch,* Hedwig, a.k.a. **John Cameron Mitchell,** leaves the stage to croon the show's big number to an audience member. Last week, shortly before starting his one-month leave from the show, Mitchell found the perfect recipient for his rendition of "Sugar Daddy": **Danny DeVito,** one of the owners of Jersey Shore, the company now in negotiations to produce *Hedwig,* the movie. "Let's see if there are any sugar daddies in the house tonight," Mitchell announced to the audience before alighting upon DeVito's lap and proclaiming, "As if there's any question!" DeVito appeared to be delighted by the attention—"He was laughing the whole time," says a fellow audience member. A *Hedwig* spokesman swears that Mitchell rarely winds up on a celebrity's lap, let alone that of a celebrity offering a movie contract.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Sonia Moskowitz/Globe Photos; Graziano Arici/Sygma; Sam Jones/Outline.


Rockport
I'm comfortable
LAUGHING
AT
myself

john leguizamo, writer, actor, bon vivant, malcontent, tony® nominee

be comfortable. uncompromise.® start with your feet.

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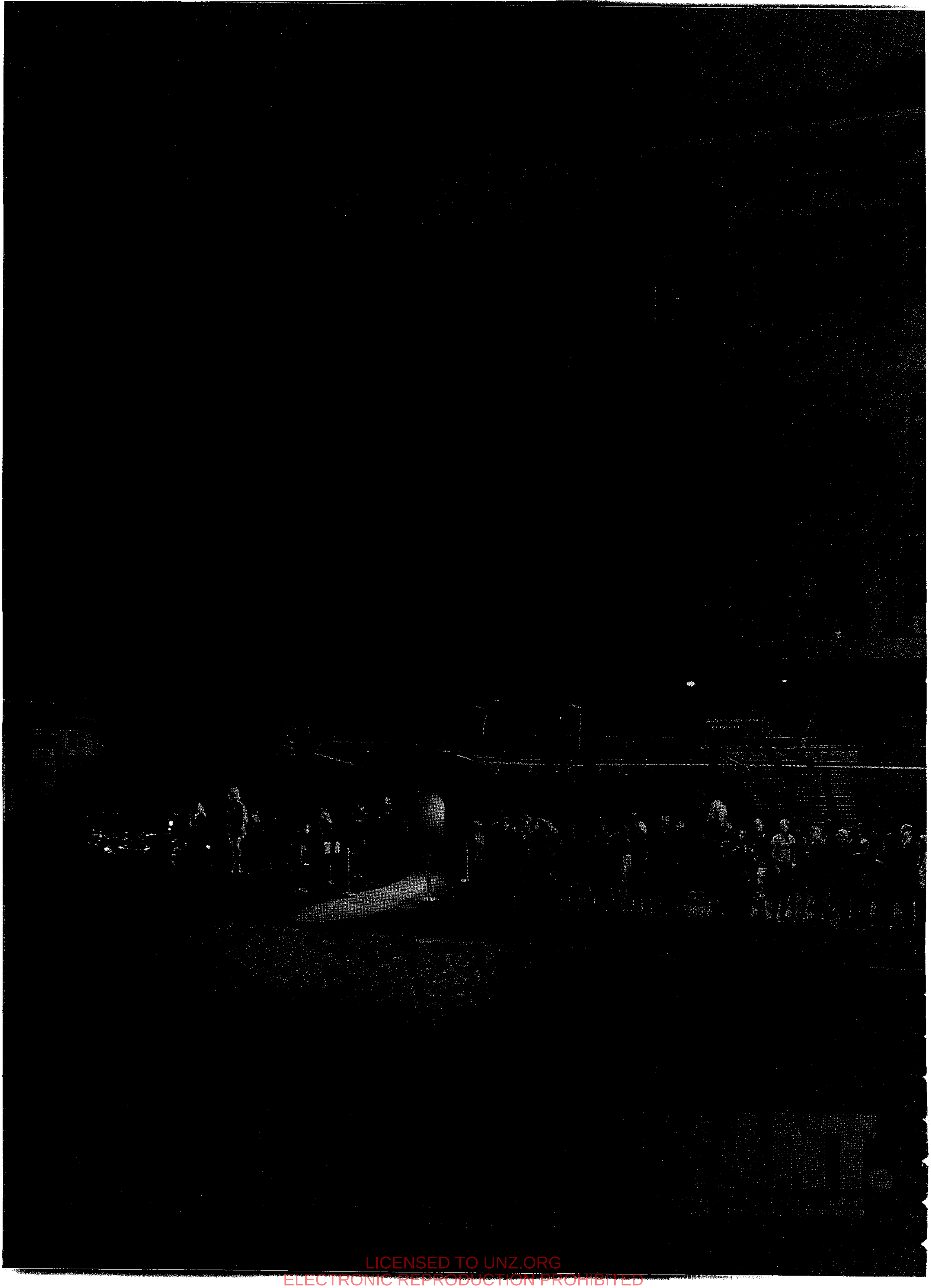
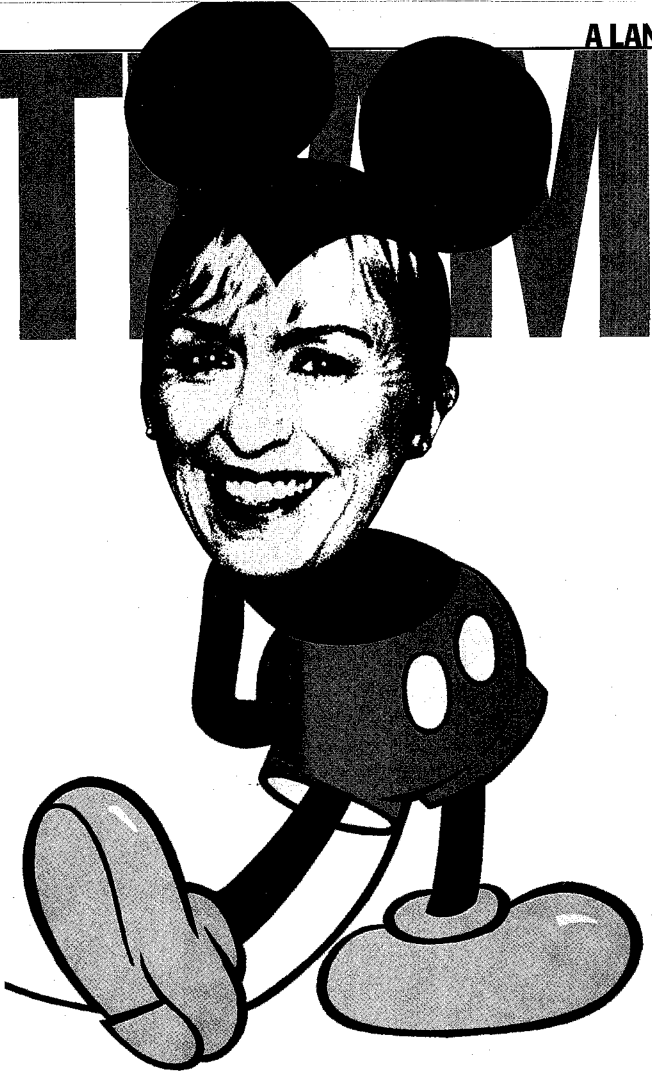


GOTHAM



Brown Out

Tina goes to Hollywood; L.A. insiders ask why.

IT WAS NEVER A MATTER OF IF, but of when, with whom—and for how much. Tina Brown's hyper-hyped decision to go over the wall to Disney can be summed up in the words of another *New Yorker* employee, theater critic Herman J. Mankiewicz, who in 1926 sent a telegram to Ben Hecht to lure him to Hollywood: "Millions are to be grabbed out here, and your only competition is idiots."

While New York was all agog, Hollywood yawned. (Tina herself sent handwritten faxes to a favored few with the message, "Wish me luck on a thrilling adventure.") It was interesting, to be sure, but not worth canceling lunch for. Let's face it, every day, production deals with marquee names are announced in *Variety* by the score.

Out here, only one real question prevails. Why would Tina Brown want to report to Harvey Weinstein? (Though the press release euphemistically referred to Harvey as Tina's "partner," not boss.) "The official take is, *how fabulous for Tina,*" said one top studio executive who, like most others, asked not to be identified because it's unclear what editorial power Brown will yet wield. "Privately—she got demoted."

"I don't get it," a suit at a rival film factory wondered. "Why would the editor of *The New Yorker,* with all the power and heritage of that magazine, who gets her calls returned and instills fear in everyone because she's in the media, become a glorified development girl for Harvey Weinstein? Either I totally don't understand—or she's been totally had."

After all, Weinstein's film company, Miramax, is owned by the Walt Disney Company, which has a habit of turning even the most heralded talent—think Nickelodeon founder Geraldine Laybourne and CAA chief Mike Ovitz—into Mouseketeer meat.

And Brown's new venture is very much a part of Disney chairman Michael Eisner's dictate for Miramax to emulate the Magic Kingdom by branding anything and everything. The Miramax name, he decreed, should be attached to a wide range of ancillary business—home video, miniseries for ABC and cable television, books, a chain of retail stores, and, of course, licensing deals along the lines of *English Patient* Band-Aids. And why not a magazine?

For years, Weinstein has talked of getting into the magazine business: For a while, at least, he described something like *Premiere.* And Harvey has been practicing for Tina Brown's arrival without really knowing, by setting up more autonomous divisions of Miramax, including the equity stake and green-light authority he recently gave to a troika of sought-after London-based company executives he didn't want to lose.

The rewards of cozying up to Hollywood are well documented; just ask ex–*Premiere* editor Susan Lyne, who courted Disney Studios head Joe Roth seemingly forever and got a production deal as a result, or ex–Los Angeles *Times* editor Shelby Coffey III, who cozied up to Eisner and now works at ABC. And for a publicity-driven marketing company like Miramax, Tina, of course, was the Big Get. But it's not always that easy. A quick survey of agents in Hollywood and New York reveals a brisk undercurrent of skepticism about Brown's new synergistic experiment, a magazine that will feed content directly into other media ventures. Many of these agents raise ethical issues regarding the sticky relationship between editors, writers, and moguls over issues like rights, representation, and conflicts of interest.

(continued on page 14)

CAMEO

Mister Softee

CRIME IS CAUSED BY CRIMINALS—THAT WAS THE breakthrough discovery of New York City politics in the nineties, and Judge Lorin Duckman wasn't in on it. Like the Checker cab or the Automat, Duckman was a relic from a not-so-distant past, a salty municipal judge who preferred his own code of justice to the laws on the books (and couldn't resist voicing his appreciation of an assistant D.A.'s nice legs). In the case that finally buried Duckman, he ruled that Benito Oliver's assault on his ex-girlfriend wasn't so much an attempt to hurt her as to express his rage that she'd kept his pet dog after the breakup. So the judge lowered Oliver's bail and ordered the ex-girlfriend to relinquish the pooch. Oliver promptly murdered the woman. The mayor, the governor, everybody went haywire, and last week, Duckman was finally and officially made an ex-judge. It's somebody's loss—we just can't figure out whose.

Photographs: top, Walter Weissman/Globe Photos (Brown); Photofest (Mickey Mouse); bottom, AP/Wide World.

Brown *continued from page 13*

"It's tricky," says producer Linda Obst, of the complexity involved in developing nonfiction material for the movies. She knows firsthand: Even though she secured rights to *Hot Zone*—a book, as it happens, that grew out of a *New Yorker* story—and packaged Jodie Foster and Robert Redford with director Ridley Scott, she saw rival filmmaker Arnold Kopelson get to the big screen first with *Outbreak*, based on a page-A12 news brief in the New York *Times*. "In the movie industry, we're the vultures for any kind of material, and increasingly media and movies are plying the same terrain," says Obst. "What master is being served? Storytelling for movies, or journalism for truth?"

All the hand-wringing may be unnecessary if, for the first time in her career, Brown's timing is off. This is probably the worst moment in fifteen years for anyone to get into the entertainment business, what with conglomeration and consolidation. Walt Disney Studios is slashing its production slate. And even Miramax is trimming its usual slate by at least a third next year.

Development hell is even more horrific than usual. "The way Tina Brown has seen production is polished up like a big shiny apple for her," says one major marketing executive. "She doesn't see it from the perspective of those who are actually in it on a day-to-day basis."

Still, Disney, Miramax, and Tina herself are banking that her commercial instincts will translate. "It's a classic mistake, and I think driven by ego, that all these things—magazines, movies, TV, publishing—are fungible," said one top agent. "There's an assumption that someone successful at one could easily do the other three. It just doesn't happen that way."

They'd do well to remember that Hollywood's last designated wunderkind with a literary sensibility, Irving Thalberg, once declared, "I, more than any single person in Hollywood, have my finger on the pulse of America." But he also pronounced, "Talking pictures are just a passing fad."

NIKKI FINKE

REAL ESTATE

Life in the Big House

A key victory against Ira Rennert's megamansion.

EVER SINCE THE NEWS BROKE last spring that Ira Rennert was building a seven-building compound on 63 acres of Sagaponack potato farms, debate about Fair Field has overshadowed the Hamptons like an asteroid headed straight for Loaves & Fishes. "Apparently," says Kelsey Marechal, a resident of Bridgehampton, "people have nothing else to think about."

Initial astonishment over the scale of the project, which will include a 25-bedroom mansion, quickly gave way to doubts that the highly private, Orthodox Jewish industrialist really intended to use it, as his permit application said, for a "two-story single-family" residence. And as speculation grew that the compound might house a religious retreat or a corporate center, local homeowners became enraged that the project had moved through the approval process without public discussion. "People talk about that more than the value of their own homes," says Donny Evans, owner of the Bridgehampton Cafe. "I'm Jewish, but there are people who are careful not to be too vociferous about it because they don't want to appear to be anti-Semitic."

But when heavy earth-moving equipment and construction trailers appeared on the property, it began to look like a done deal. And not everyone was upset. "Most of the high rollers wanted to be in Southampton or East Hampton," says Paul Brennan, a Sotheby's realtor. "This will give Sagaponack new cachet. Next you'll get a sultan or something."

All the gossip and speculation, however, may soon prove irrelevant. On July 3, the local Zoning Board of Appeals granted an unusual request from the Sagaponack Homeowners Association—which had threatened to challenge Rennert's building permit in court—to review the case, scheduling it for August 20. Such public hearings are highly unusual for previously approved projects, says Robert Marcincuk, an attorney for Southampton.

The homeowners want Rennert to be subpoenaed; if he responds, it will be his first public discussion of the subject. Though he filed an affidavit and wrote a short letter to the *Southampton Press* affirming that Fair Field will merely be a family home, he has declined to meet his would-be neighbors or to be interviewed for this article.

If the homeowners' group prevails at the hearing, the most famous house in the Hamptons will never be more than a blueprint. "The application should have been fully discussed in an open forum," says John Shea of Twomey, Latham, Shea & Kelley, lawyers for the group, which includes restaurateur Alan Stillman, mutual-fund guru Mario Gabelli, and Goldman, Sachs CEO Jon Corzine. "But Mr. Rennert's people manipulated the process in such a way as to avoid all public scrutiny."

Neighbors have nonetheless remained vigilant. Some warned the Department of Conservation that he was illegally removing topsoil. (They were mistaken.) To get a closer look, I strolled down a new construction road cut into the property. Before I'd gotten very far, a Hummer paramilitary vehicle, which one of Rennert's companies produces, bounced up beside me. "I wouldn't walk in there," a voice warned ominously. "You might get hurt."

"How would I get hurt?" I asked, wondering if the driver might actually be Rennert.

"There are deep ruts further along," the man said. "You could sprain your ankle or something." It turned out to be a young man with a mustache. Rennert was nowhere to be found. In his absence I, like so many of his neighbors, had let my imagination run toward the sinister. The real Rennert will have a chance to appear, and to assuage their fears, later this summer.

PETER HELLMAN

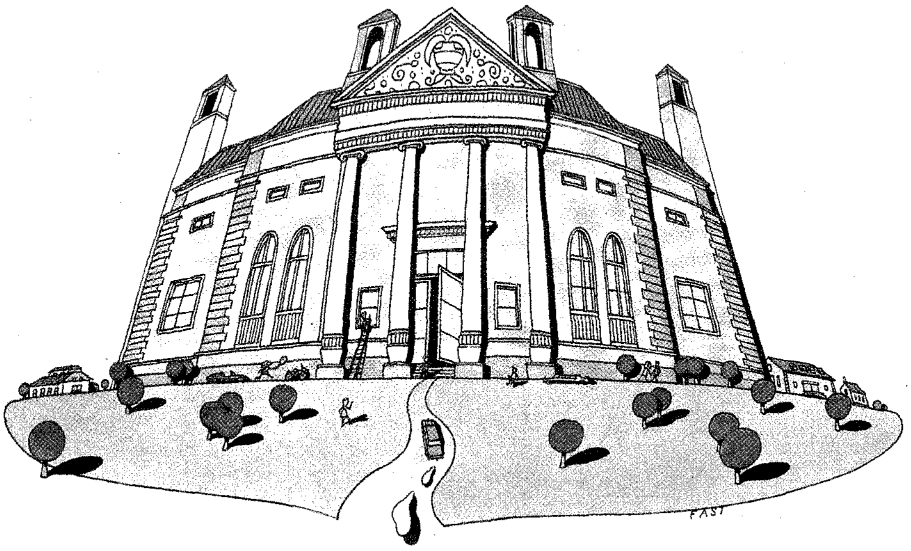


Illustration by Ingo Fast.

MEDIA

Time and Time Again

The recent scandal has an awfully familiar ring to it.

When it became clear that the lead story of the first episode of *Newsstand,* the much-hyped collaboration between *Time* magazine and CNN, was a bust—when both of them issued formal apologies for having claimed that the United States used the nerve gas sarin in Laos—the response at the two offices couldn't have been more different. At CNN, which did the reporting for the story that *Time* eventually published, people called for their bosses' heads, producers got fired, and Peter Arnett turned himself into Ted Baxter. Meanwhile, at *Time,* no one was fired, few spoke on the record, and even Walter Isaacson, the magazine's voluble managing editor, had little to say beyond the apology he printed. The stark contrast reinforced the public perception that it was all CNN's fault and the network's ratings-driven ethics had unjustly jeopardized the magazine's sterling reputation.

That impression will serve *Time* well as the two institutions sort out their relative positions in the new joint venture. But it may not be the full story.

The incident bears an eerie resemblance to an earlier scandal at the magazine—one that, as luck would have it, came back to haunt *Time* just one day after the nerve-gas story hit the stands. On Tuesday, June 9, a Georgia appellate court decided that Michael Schafer, a commercial floor cleaner in Atlanta, deserved a second trial in his $26 million libel suit. *Time's* 1992 cover story "The Untold Story of Pan Am 103" included a photo of Schafer, who was identified as being the allegedly terrorist-aiding double agent David Lovejoy. One of the sources, Lester Coleman—a former employer of Schafer's whom he accused of providing the photograph—later confessed he'd made everything up.

Before the story was published, Stanley Cloud, then the magazine's Washington-bureau chief, had written a scathing memo questioning the accuracy of the reporting and the reliability of the sources. The story, he wrote, "takes a theory of the Pan Am 103 case that was developed by investigators for the airline's underwriter in order to protect the airline in a massive negligence suit—and presents it as *Time's* own, objective account." Cloud also testified that he called a *Time* editor, Joelle Attinger, in New York that Friday night, warning her that the piece should not run that week. John Stacks, a top *Time* editor, testified that Cloud's concerns did prompt some rewriting, but the story nevertheless ran.

That's almost exactly what happened this time around, from the timing to the cast of characters. As with the Pan Am story, John Stacks and Joelle Attinger were overseeing the nerve-gas piece in New York. Once again, someone in the Washington-bureau office wrote a memo on the Friday before the piece was to be published (by which time Stacks was out of town), expressing serious reservations. In response, the headline was turned into a question and the main assertion was attributed to CNN, but once again, the piece ran largely unchanged. "Nobody ever said, 'Don't run this story,' " insists one top editor, "but they did say, 'What's the evidence for this?' "

"Are we worried about our future ability to trust CNN stories? Unfortunately, it's almost the opposite," sighs the editor. "They're going to go overboard in some ways, making sure we reinterview everybody." In other words, this time they're going to learn from their mistakes.

DEBORAH MITCHELL

COMMERCE

We Have Seen the Future, and It Is Misspelled

■ Futurists have been having a field day speculating about the next century. Perhaps they ought to start asking copy editors. If a survey of the most forward-looking businesses around town is any indication, the harsh digital world of twenty-first-century commerce will have no room for such quaint notions as proper spelling. Hey, is there an accent on *fin de siecle*? CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

NAME OF BUSINESS	SHEEPISH COMMENT FROM OWNER OR EMPLOYEE	POINTED OUT BEFORE?
MILLENIUM HILTON HOTEL 55 Church Street Upscale hostelry	"The owner thought it looked odd with two *n*'s. All our press releases now say, 'Please take note of the unusual spelling.' "	Yes. Switchboard operators report "five to ten calls a day," and a neighbor facing the hotel's sign is said to call regularly.
MILLENIUM SYSTEMS 140 Broadway Computer consulting	"We started out in Jersey, and when we moved into the city, there were so many companies called Millennium—we get calls for car services, stores, everything—we changed it."	Yes. "They're usually just puzzled."
MILLENIUM GRAPHICS 250 Hudson Street Printing house	"We spell it the way it looks nice on paper—it may not be appropriate for dictionary purposes."	No.
MILLENIUM NY BOUTIQUE 29 West 35th Street Women's-apparel shop	"That's how it was put together—my sister's name is Millie."	No.

Illustration by Stephen Kroninger. Photograph by Walter Weissman/Globe Photos.

WILDLIFE

Precious Diamondbacks

Activists save turtles from the soup-makers.

SHOVEL WOUND NEEDS A pedicure. I've got her in a two-fisted, overstuffed-Reuben grip, but it's tough holding on with these turtle toenails raking my wrists. Her small, leathery face definitely looks cross.

"You could see her lungs through the hole the shovel left when the poachers dug her out of Chesapeake Bay," says New York Turtle and Tortoise Society member Richard Ogust, who has harbored Shovel Wound and her sisters, Gaff Wound and Almond Eyes, since they were rescued from a Chinatown fish supplier six months ago.

"All the diamondbacks had severe pressure wounds on their limbs, lost toenails, and shell abrasions from fighting to get out," adds Ogust, a novelist who lives in a SoHo apartment with 70 lizards and chelonians. "They were packed solid, kept on ice, and not fed or watered for weeks. But it takes a long time to break their spirit."

Evidently. I replace the vexed Shovel Wound in her Sterilite sweater box, and we await the elevator containing Lorri Cramer, a state-licensed wildlife rehabilitator, and ten more boxes of frisky diamondbacks. Today is July 2, *their* Independence Day. We are going to drive to a secret location at a salt marsh on the North Shore, where we'll release 49 turtles.

Turtles are set free at a secret North Shore location.

The NYTTS operates a hotline, publishes a newsletter, and hosts an annual gathering for its 2,000 members. "At the risk of sounding sentimental, turtles are intelligent, sentient creatures that relate to the world as do we," says Ogust. They're also endangered thanks to a ravenous Asian market, which prizes them for hearty soup that is believed to have medicinal properties. "These are the last days," laments Ogust. "In ten years, it's going to be pictures only for a quarter of the world's species of turtles."

Our diamondbacks were confiscated last winter from Ocean King, a fish wholesaler on Broome Street, by the Department of Environmental Conservation and the ASPCA. To stem consumer demand, Cramer has started educational projects in Chinatown, lending diamondbacks to schools and publicizing the fact that their absorption of heavy metals and PCBs renders them as effective for healing as warfarin.

After an hour on the LIE, we schlep the boxes to the marsh pool. Shovel Wound and pals seem animated. "They can smell the salt," says Ogust, as ecstatic as his charges. The lids come off, and the turtles explode out of boxes, sprint in a khaki blur, and plop into the water. "Look," Cramer says. It's Shovel Wound and Gaff Wound swimming to freedom side by side, synchronized turtles. KATE SEKULES

Photograph by Lorrie Cramer.

THE SCENE

Puffy's Place

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

By Vanessa Grigoriadis

'THE HAMPTONS IS REAL laid-back, real down-to-earth," said Puffy Combs at his Fourth of July barbecue. "People think it's all high-strung and shit, but out here you don't even get racism—it's like you just look out on the water and it changes your life." Somewhat less philosophically, Li'l Kim was explaining her aversion to hamburger buns ("It's no good for a sex symbol to be all bloated") while Mike Tyson waited on line for a Mister Softee cone. • "Y'know, the energy out here is so overwhelming that I won't be able to come back for three weeks," said Russell Simmons, mid-massage. "I guess that means he'll be back at my house again," laughed Andre Harrell. "That's where he's been living for eight months." • "See?" said Puffy, as Donatella Versace invited him to her villa. "It's like all the colors coming together."

Guest of honor Cheri Kaufman with Michael Nouri at the home of Capitol Publishing's W. Randall Jones.

Artist Paul MacGough at Sean "Puffy" Combs's new home at Cedar Point in East Hampton.

Alan Wilzig, Karen Koenig, Alison Woodward, and Ivan Wilzig at Life's a Beach to celebrate *Playboy*'s new cover girl Downtown Julie Brown.

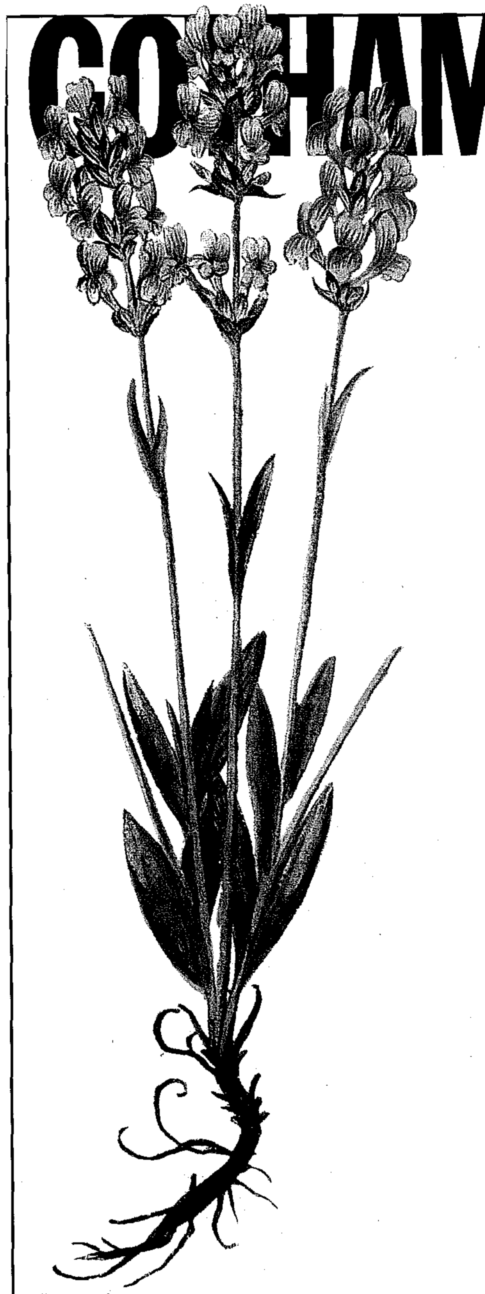
Agnes Gund and Kiki Smith at MOMA for the opening of *Tony Smith: Architect, Painter, Sculptor*.

Kathy and Tom Freston at Ted Field's Fourth of July party at his East Hampton estate.

***NewsRadio's* Andy Dick and Ann Magnuson at Life after *Disenchanted Evening With Ann Magnuson*.**

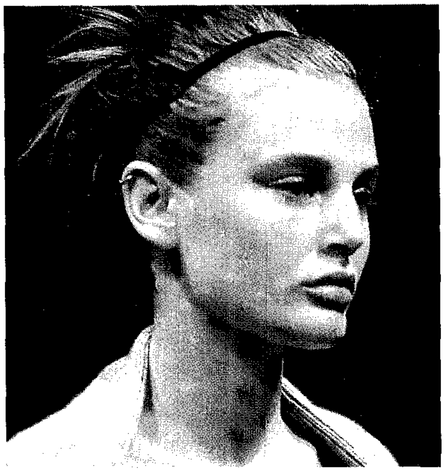
GOTHAM STYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY



Out of the Potpourri, Into the Pot

Just in time to complement a pastel summer palette, lavender is turning up on menus around town as the season's favorite seasoning. And not just in the old crème brûlée either: Drovers Tap Room offers duck breast marinated in lavender, and Cena Café spices up greens with lavender-infused olive oil. Terrance Brennan, the chef at Picholine (which serves a chilled caviar-melon soup with lime and lavender), says the herb—which can be found at the Greenmarket—adds a "distinct flowery essence." It's cropping up in desserts too: Fig tart and lavender-spiced honey is new on the menu at Luma, and Istana joins the trend with lavender-and-honey gelato over almond cake. Explains David Page, the chef at Drovers, "Right now the flowers are sweet and delicate—you can use the whole herb." What's more, it even freshens one's breath. INDIA LANDRIGAN



Under Where?

Having been coaxed out of the shadows by the popularity of tank tops, bra straps stepped into the spotlight last summer and became an accessory in their own right. More recently, they migrated north, conspicuously crowning the heads of runway models—who used them to sweep back a ponytail or punctuate an updo—at several of last season's shows. Little wonder, then, that someone has begun to market the re-tasked bands of elastic. Bumble and Bumble, the midtown salon, now sells the items for $10, in black only. MARLIEN RENTMEESTER

Knight Vision

One of the very few people who can see as much beauty in a cicada as in a supermodel, Nick Knight—who spent years photographing obscure plants at London's Natural History Museum—has emerged as the fashion photographer of the moment. And it doesn't even seem to be a title he wants. • He got a lot of attention for his cover photo of a (tastefully) unclothed Kate Moss for the June issue of *British Vogue* as well as his album covers for Björk's *Homogenic* and Massive Attack's *Mezzanine*. Now Calvin Klein has hired Knight for the company's upcoming Contradiction for Men campaign. • But despite his impressive résumé and collaborative friendship with designer Alexander McQueen, he remains ambivalent about the glitzier elements of his profession. Named one of Britain's best-dressed men, he dismissed the honor as "nice but just a bit of a con, as most things are." And he recently canceled his contract with American Condé Nast in order to spend more time with his three kids. "The other day, my 5-year-old daughter, Emily, wouldn't let me take her to school, because I wasn't dressed properly," he says. Only half-joking, he adds, "This gene for fashion—maybe we can isolate it now, get rid of it, and be done with all that stuff." MARTINE BURY

MASSIVE ATTACK
MEZZANINE

BODY TYPE

Eau de O_2

● Inspired, perhaps, by the success of Urban Decay (the company that brought you nail polish with names like Gash and Gangrene), a number of new perfumes are coming up with decidedly unrosy scents. Demeter Fragrances' 67 "not-quite-common scents" include Earthworm, Dirt, and Gin & Tonic. Similarly, Smell This fragrances has brought out scents with names like Cake Batter and Clean Wet Laundry. "Traditional perfume notes aren't the only things that smell good," points out a Smell This spokesperson. "Other scents can be just as evocative." Donna Karan included notes of tobacco and gasoline in her men's fragrance; the new Comme des Garçons Odeur 53 contains 53 different scents, including nail polish, burnt rubber, scorched rock, and, more poetically, "the freshness of oxygen" and "wash drying in the wind." Says a Comme des Garçons spokesperson: "The concept is about evoking a memory." A memory of oxygen? KATE COYNE

clockwise from top center, Mitchel Sams;

THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES SUROWIECKI

WWWorthless?

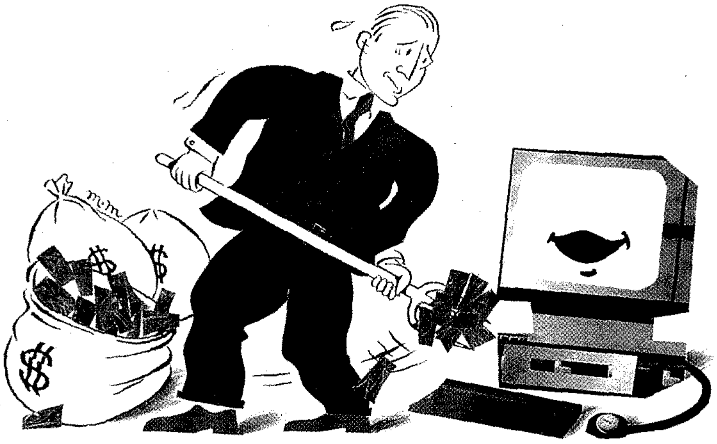
The market loves the likes of Yahoo and Excite because their brilliant brands have achieved early dominance. Never mind that brilliant young brands almost always tank.

After a month of madness that has seen the price of Internet stocks from Amazon.com to Yahoo to DoubleClick nearly double, you'd think *no one* could still believe these stocks are good buys. And for a couple days last week, when investors finally flinched and knocked down Amazon's stock by 30 points and Yahoo's by 25, it did look as if some measure of sanity had returned to the market. But Thursday morning, news that Yahoo had trounced Wall Street's estimates for its second-quarter earnings brought a flood of new buyers back into the market, all of them convinced that paying $199 a share for a company making 15 cents a share—which works out to a price-to-earnings ratio of 1,300, by the by—was a recipe for financial success. Of course, by Thursday afternoon, the buyers had already started to head for the hills. If there's a place *beyond* never-never land, Internet investors have found it.

The chicken-with-its-head-cut-off volatility of the Internet market, coupled with the fact that companies with minuscule revenues and outsize losses are being valued in the billions of dollars, has made comparisons between the Internet-stock bazaar and Dutch-tulip mania both inevitable and appropriate. But you don't have to go back to seventeenth-century Holland to find similar episodes of unaccountable frenzy.

In recent years, the closest thing we've seen to the current craze for Net stocks was the biotechnology boom of the early nineties. That boom saw a host of new companies (each with, as one account of the period had it, "a sizzling story about miracle cures, new technologies, riches beyond words," and, of course, no earnings) going public to great acclaim. Tiny corporations that had little more than a cool concept—an experimental drug to fight Alzheimer's, say—found themselves with market capitalizations that dwarfed those of huge corporations with real profits. Biotech was going to transform the world, and investors snapped up new offerings like starving dogs going after a T-bone. If you let the biotech boat sail without you, you were going to regret it *for the rest of your life.*

Or not. The frenzy, which hit its high point in early 1992, faded as investors awoke to the fact that profits were a distant reality at best for most of these companies, and the biotech market collapsed, taking both good and bad companies with it. Over the course of eighteen months, nearly every one of these corporations lost half its market value. A surprising number of the companies that emerged during this period—Vertex, Regeneron, ImmuLogic—survived, though they're hardly multinational behemoths. Even for the best of them, it was years before their stock prices returned to the levels they had hit in 1991–92.



The incredible thing about that boom and collapse is that biotech stocks went through the same cycle a decade earlier with similar results. In 1980, Genentech went public at $35 a share and saw its stock price jump to $86 in its first hour of trading. As one investment manual of the time put it, genetic engineering was "about to revolutionize the way we live." Miracle drugs were as alluring as ever, and tiny companies with names like Neobionics saw their stocks rise 500 and 600 percent in the space of a year, before the market bottomed in 1981. Genentech took five years to clamber back to its 1980 highs, while the Neobionics of the world simply vanished.

The biotech booms are especially relevant to what's happening with Internet stocks today because of the indiscriminate way in which investors flooded into any stock that had the "biotech" label attached to it. In that sense, people were betting on the industry and not on particular companies. But in any industry, most companies will make just enough money to stay in business, so if you bet on an industry, you'll end up betting on a lot of also-rans. That explains why, in the short run, "Internet" stocks like kitschy music retailer K-Tel and would-be Web-empire-builder Zapata get bid up to preposterous heights. It also explains why buying these stocks is a long-run mistake.

Still, if earlier experiments in frenzied buying taught us only that you shouldn't buy industry also-rans, then that might be an argument for picking up industry leaders, like Amazon and Yahoo. But even though Amazon and Yahoo are well-run companies, what the biotech booms really teach us is that at their peak, even the best companies are so overpriced that investors who buy them won't see any return on their investment for a long, long time.

Other episodes of market-mania suggest the same lesson. Take the personal-computer boom of the early eighties. PCs were, as they say, the wave of the future, and even then it would have been hard to overestimate just how huge the PC market would become. But think about who the dominant players in the

Illustration by Matthew Martin.

industry were in 1982: Apple, Commodore, Tandy, IBM, Texas Instruments, and Atari. Within a few years, Atari and Commodore were bankrupt; Apple, IBM, and TI were struggling; and the Tandy TRS-80 was just a bad memory.

"Most of those companies that people were salivating over during the early years of the PC didn't even exist three to five years later," says Jim Preissler, Internet-stock analyst for PaineWebber. "And people who bought the best companies at their peaks were still underwater on those stocks five years later."

So far underwater, in fact, that many of them drowned.

The Internet-stock bubble looks painfully similar. "We have an industry in its nascent stages, with companies that are being given very high valuations, where there's clearly huge investor demand for these stocks," Preissler says. "So we can look at similar periods in history and see the outcomes. Almost across the board, they weren't good."

Investors who tried to get in on the ground floor of the auto industry, after all, would have found themselves buying Pierce-Arrow, Premier, and Pope-Tribune, all of which were out of business by the mid-twenties. In the first decade of the auto industry in America, in fact, 346 auto companies went bankrupt. Even those people who were savvy—or lucky—enough to pick up General Motors had to suffer through perennial bouts of near-bankruptcy in the 1910s, then watch the stock go from $42 to $13 in 1921 before the industry finally consolidated in the late twenties around the Big Three of Ford, Chrysler, and GM.

The early history of mass-media stocks, meanwhile, offers little more comfort. People who picked up RCA at $500 a share in the late twenties to cash in on the radio boom waited 25 years for the stock to come back, and even the three television networks saw their stocks languish for a few years after the high point of TV frenzy in the mid-fifties.

Now, General Motors was a great long-term investment (although RCA was not). But as a rule, the only people who benefit from frenzies like the one we're witnessing with Internet stocks are investors who sell during those frenzies. If you're planning on buying Internet stocks right about now, just take half of your investment dollars and set them on fire. You'll get roughly the same results, but with a lot less anxiety.

In an attempt to justify—or excuse—Internet-stock prices, Net-heads are fond of drawing analogies between the Internet and TV, arguing that portal sites like Yahoo and Excite resemble the major networks. In 1957, nine years after television hit the mainstream, there were TVs in 85 percent of American homes, and people were watching five hours of TV a day, five hours that were almost exclusively controlled by three companies. The Internet is so far from enjoying that kind of mass-market penetration that any comparison is absurd.

It's undoubtedly true that aggregating things like e-mail, news, stock quotes, and search engines has real value for Internet users, which is why the portal-site strategy makes long-term sense. And it's also true that some Internet companies are real companies that will eventually make tidy profits in the future. But figuring out which companies will survive and which will flounder is nearly impossible, because the only thing about Yahoo, Excite, and Lycos that distinguishes them from one another—and from any new competitor—is their brand names. Given our ad-soaked age, it's not surprising that investors believe strong brands are worth billions. (Even *Fortune* recently gushed that AOL and Yahoo have "achieved brand recognition that would make Procter & Gamble envious.") But in fact, brands are incredibly fragile things, and no infant brand (Yahoo is four years old!) can be powerful enough to guarantee business success.

Investors who tried to get in on **the ground floor of the auto industry** *would have found themselves buying* **Pierce-Arrow, Premier, and Pope-Tribune,** *all of which were out of business by the mid-twenties.*

The ironic thing is that we're being simultaneously told that it's still early *and* that the major players are so powerful that it would take unimaginably large investments to knock them off their perches. But both things can't be true. What is true is that it is still early, and that in this frenzy, many Internet stocks are reaching peaks to which they will never return. A decade from now, we'll look back at the summer of 1998 and say to ourselves: "Lycos? Excite? What the hell were we thinking?" ■

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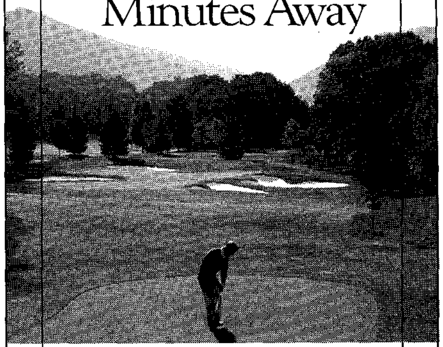

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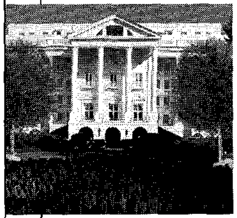

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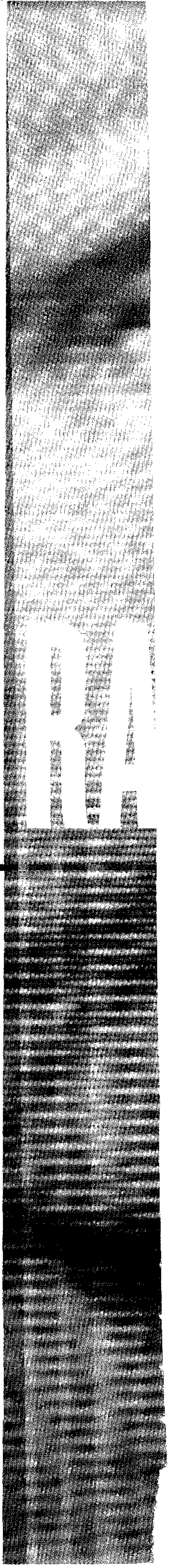
A STREAK OF THE UNUSUAL . . . CHASING THE BEAUTIFUL, HIDING FROM THE KNOWN . . . CUT-RATE PHILOSOPHER . . . MONOPOLY ON THE SIDE.—*Blurb under Frederick Lenz's photo, Rippowam High School yearbook, Stamford, Connecticut, 1967*

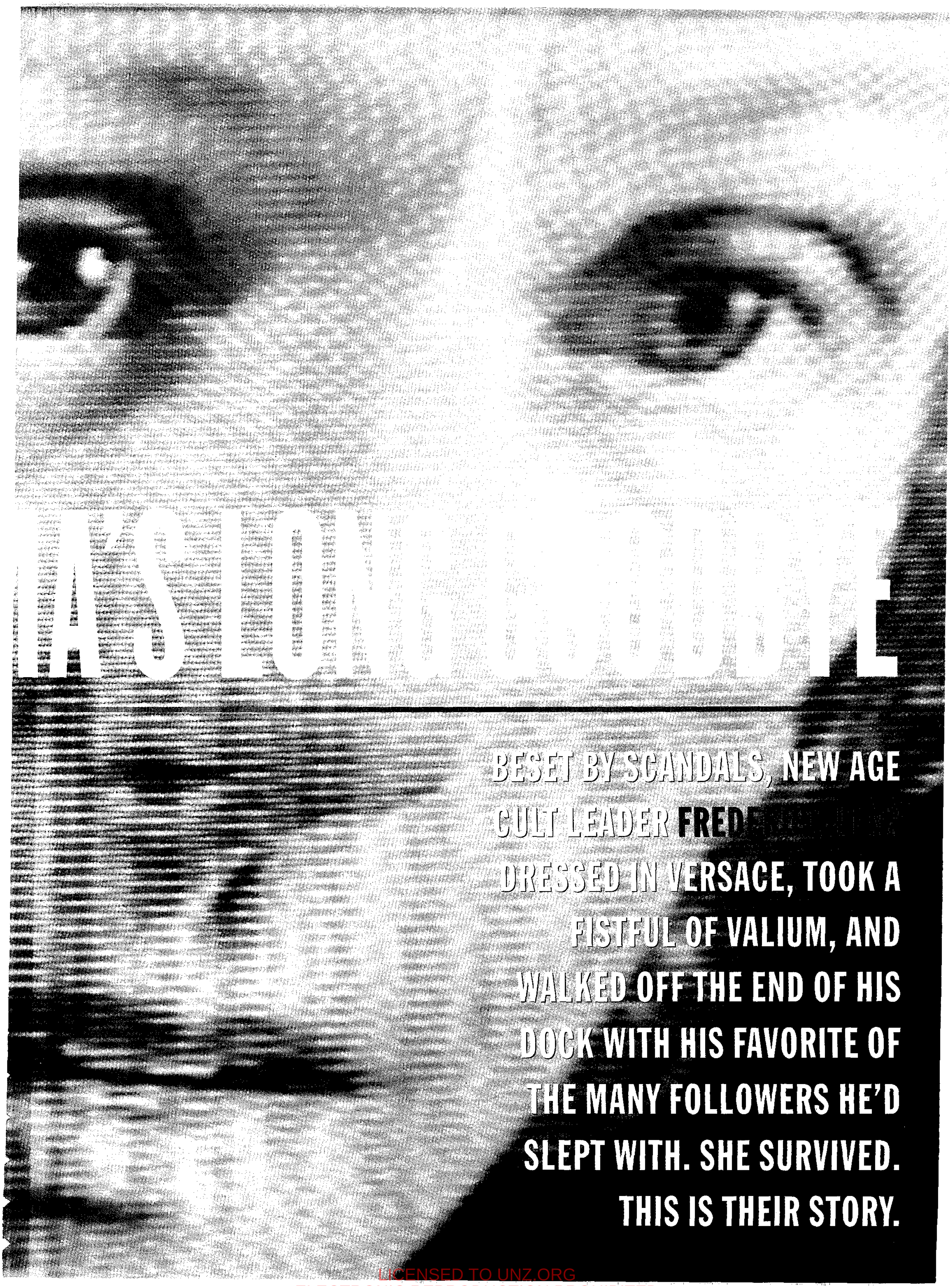
ZEN MASTER RA



FREDERICK LENZ DIALED HIS FAVORITE BLONDE, THE GIRL HE CALLED Savitri, around 1 A.M. one night in the middle of March. She was surprised to hear from him; he hadn't phoned her at home like this in more than a year. • "I've been thinking about you a lot," he said. "I need to know, what's your health like?" • "Fine," she said. • There followed a pause, and Lenz said, "I have to talk with you." • He invited her to dinner at Les Celebrités, just below Central Park. Savitri wore a dress of charcoal mohair, black tights, and zippered Beatle boots. She'd had Lenz in mind when she bought the dress at Betsey Johnson two years ago. She wore her hair down, and the dress was short enough that her hair fell below the hemline. • Lenz wore a blue Versace suit and carried a Chrome Hearts briefcase with studded crosses on it. He was an intermittently handsome man, six feet three, with a nimbus of dirty-gold locks and smoothly androgynous features. Savitri thought watching him that he made an authoritative entrance—long strides and all that. He kept his sunglasses on in the restaurant. • Professionally, Lenz went by the name Rama and had made himself a multimillionaire. He taught meditation and computer programming to an estimated half-million people, sent them off to jobs in the high-tech industry, and started a number of his own software companies. *Newsweek* named him "the Yuppie Guru." He occupied houses simultaneously in Westchester County, in Greenwich, Connecticut, in Santa Fe, and on Long Island, and he hired out Carnegie Hall and Alice

BY ERIC KONIGSBERG

VIDEO PHOTOGRAPHS BY **JOHN MAGGIOTO**



A’S LONG GOODBYE

BESET BY SCANDALS, NEW AGE CULT LEADER **FREDERICK LENZ**, DRESSED IN VERSACE, TOOK A FISTFUL OF VALIUM, AND WALKED OFF THE END OF HIS DOCK WITH HIS FAVORITE OF THE MANY FOLLOWERS HE’D SLEPT WITH. SHE SURVIVED. THIS IS THEIR STORY.

“ANYONE WHO WAS YOUNG AND ATTRACTIVE HE SLEPT WITH, HUNDREDS

Tully Hall for enormous self-described rave parties. He wrote two novels; the first of them, *Surfing the Himalayas,* made a handful of best-seller lists. Over the years, Lenz was also accused of sexually and financially exploiting his young students. This he denied, though he made no bones about sleeping with a good many followers. In 1991, he told a *Newsday* reporter, “I’ve dated a lot of gals over 41 years. I’ve lived and enjoyed it. . . . I like cars. I like girls. I’m just a fun New Age guy.”

At dinner, Lenz asked whether Savitri still worked on Wall Street, where, for the past six years, she’d been in technical support on the trading floor at a bank. In fact, she said, she needed some time off and had just quit.

“I sense that you are free,” Lenz said. He asked if there had been “a very draining situation with a particular individual.”

“That’s right on,” Savitri said. She’d had a problem with her manager.

Lenz sat back and stared at Savitri. He pulled his briefcase from underneath the table. Inside were brochures from fancy resorts—the Four Seasons in Maui, Chewton Glen in Scotland (Lenz had recently taken up golf), chateau country, about a dozen in all. Lenz said, “You and I are real survivors. You’ve fought in big wars.” Rama believed in reincarnation, and this, Savitri knew, was a reference to their past lives together. “Picture this,” he went on. “Switzerland, elegant hotel restaurant, little couple sitting in the corner, holding hands, looking into each other’s eyes and laughing at a private joke. That’s how I see you and me.” He said lately he’d been thinking a lot about the concept of marriage. The timing seemed right. He was 48 years old and Savitri was 38.

Savitri smiled because she didn’t know what to say. She thought what Lenz was describing was such a normal person’s fantasy. Nothing about him was normal, she thought. His personal life—well, Savitri thought, good luck to anyone who wanted to rein that in. “Rama just wasn’t a one-woman kind of man,” she recalled later. “There was a spiritual basis for it, and most of his girlfriends just had to get used to the fact that they would be sharing him.” Lenz didn’t believe in opening himself up to someone else in such a profound way. “He said marriage created a big black hole in a person.”

Lenz had his boots off, and Savitri could feel his stockinged feet against the base of her chair. Despite how he felt about marriage, Lenz told her, he’d observed “certain couples around me”—his lawyer and accountant and their wives—and saw they were experiencing the very seclusion he intended his bachelorhood to achieve. “The smart ones form a tight circle between themselves, and the energy of the world just cannot get in, and no other person can interfere. It’s a closed club.”

Lenz let out a long breath. “So my idea is, we basically travel around and look at beautiful things until our time is done,” he said.

Although Savitri couldn’t understand why Lenz would give up his empire to walk the earth with her, at bottom she didn’t really care. What mattered was that of all the women with whom Lenz had carried on—“and yes,” Savitri says, “there were many”—she was the one invited to share the rest of his days.

Later, Savitri sat at her computer and wrote how this night made her feel: “I was so gloriously happy to be chosen by Rama. I had no illusions that any of this would be easy. . . . But I was so thrilled and honored that he had chosen me, even if it had only lasted for one minute. He had held up and fulfilled my greatest dream, a dream so delicate I had hardly dared to dream it.”

FREDERICK LENZ’S BODY WAS FOUND one month later, twenty feet underwater, in Conscience Bay, behind his mansion on the North Shore of Long Island. It was April 13 of this year, and he had been dead, Dr. James Wilson of the Suffolk County medical examiner’s office would speculate at the time, for one to two days, an estimate based on the degree to which sea crabs had eaten the skin from his corpse. He had apparently drowned after falling or stepping from the floating dock. He had, in addition, ingested 150 Valiums. And he was wearing a dog collar.

When an officer from the Old Field constable’s office searched Lenz’s home, he discovered the woman Lenz called by her “Hindu name,” Savitri, alive but incoherent in a bedroom. She had somehow survived the intake of 50 pills of Valium and 45 of phenobarbital, another barbiturate. Also on the grounds were two Scottish terriers. The dogs, too, were immobile with phenobarbital. Savitri had written a note: “We all tried to go too the other woorld last night, and only Rama made it. Pleasse help us make it too the other woorld.”

FREDERICK LENZ GREW UP IN STAMFORD, Connecticut, where his father, for a time, was the mayor. His parents split when he was 5, and his mother, an astrologer with a drinking problem, died when Lenz was in his teens. Her last instructions to him were to see the movie *M*A*S*H.* “No one loved me like my mother,” he liked to say.

After graduating from high school, Lenz lit out for Haight-Ashbury, where he got arrested for possession of marijuana. Sentenced to a work camp putting out fires, he was introduced to the writings of Sri Chinmoy. Chinmoy taught Hindu meditation with an emphasis on physical fitness and is considered as close to the mainstream as a cult leader can get. In 1969, Lenz matriculated at the University of Connecticut, in Storrs. Chinmoy had an ashram in Norwalk, where Lenz took meditation classes. That was where he met Pamela Wardwell, who was also experimenting with Eastern mysticism. On her first visit there, Lenz offered her a glass of juice.

“I’ve been watching your aura from across the room and I had to introduce myself,” Lenz said.

“Are you for real?” Pamela remembers thinking.

They were married in May 1971. “He had a job making candles for head shops,” she told me from her home upstate, where she is a housewife and goes by the name of her third husband. “I’d sit and make his candles for him, and he’d go to class. We were poor, but he had expensive tastes. He spent our wedding money on fancy camping equipment.”

Not long after their wedding, Lenz told his wife they should be celibate. Their marriage lasted two years. “He was very emotionally aloof,” she says. “Even the sex had been weird. He’d hang this poster of little old Sri Chinmoy over the bed. That was too much. I was just a Connecticut Yankee at heart."

WOMEN," SAID MARK LURTSEMA, ONCE PART OF LENZ'S INNER CIRCLE.

Lord of the Dance Lenz and Savitri, in 1987, at one of the "jam sessions" he hosted for his followers.

Meanwhile, Lenz wrote his doctoral dissertation at SUNY Stony Brook, "The Evolution of Matter and Spirit in the Poetry of Theodore Roethke." By the late seventies, Dr. Lenz began calling himself Atmananda and working as a teacher at Chinmoy's ashram in Jamaica, Queens.

Writing books on reincarnation and appearing on Phil Donohue's TV show, Lenz rose quickly and visibly within Chinmoy's ranks. The guru appointed him one of his top recruiters, but Lenz soon began plotting his break from his mentor. In August 1979, Lenz flew with four followers to La Jolla, secured a lecture hall at the University of California at San Diego, and began recruiting on campus.

During one of his meetings the following year, Lenz announced that intense meditation had recently led him to a state of consciousness known to Hindus as *samadhi*—an extraordinarily high level of enlightenment. He also claimed to have supernatural abilities. Zen Master Rama was born, a near deity with a bulbous seventies Afro who claimed he could walk on water and make himself invisible. Enrollment at his lectures swelled to 300, then 500, then more.

Onstage, Lenz spoke as if in a trance, then would smile, take off his shoes, and wiggle his toes. He often wore a red tennis outfit. He told the audience he had handpicked them from among thousands after studying the photographs they'd had to submit and reading their auras. He also hosted raves with laser shows and music provided by Zazen, the New Age band he formed (though he did not write, sing, or play an instrument, Lenz danced onstage with the band and owned the rights to its music). A memo to his instructors recommends "FUN, FUN AND MORE FUN. Any excuse for a party. This teaches them how to create a bright, happy, perky life for themselves and their peers."

Some of Lenz's followers also say he gave them LSD. Joseph Szimhart, an exit counselor who helped two dozen students leave Lenz's organization, says that this, along with enforced fasting and sleep deprivation, most likely produced the hypnotic effects and hallucinations many reported.

Lenz's take on Buddhism did not involve the traditional vows of a lifetime of asceticism; rather, he preached the "short path" to enlightenment, demanding only that one learn meditation from a master who is already enlightened. Lenz's personal sensibility was wildly unlike that of other high priests of the religious fringe in that he had a sense of humor that was very much of this world. He was goofy and self-effacing. His course application asked one's favorite flavor of ice cream. He filled his auditorium with hundreds of different-colored, furry hand puppets called Blisses. A list of movies he required his students to see included *Being There, Carrie, Who Framed Roger Rabbit?, Nightmare on Elm Street I, III,* and *IV,* and all three *Rambo* films. *Star Trek IV* was optional. *The Entity* was on the list, but only for women.

Mark Laxer, one of Lenz's original students, wrote a self-published book about leaving Lenz's cult, *Take Me for a Ride,* an otherwise vituperative memoir that warmly recalls Lenz's "aura of competency and of vulnerability." He was into *Monty Python,* hot-sauce-chugging contests, and *Star Wars.* He said Yoda was gay. Laxer remembers him making up songs in his kitchen. One, sung to the tune of "If I Were a Rich Man," from *Fiddler on the Roof,* was called "If I Were a Realized Soul." Once, he brought students out to dinner and made a big lavish scene, joking, "What do I tell all the gawkers I do? 'Cult leader' won't cut it."

Though Lenz's followers did not all live together on a compound, there was during these years a distinctly cultlike aspect to their life. The group's inner circle of about twenty people was instructed to pick up and move en masse, at Lenz's whim, at least seven times—from San Diego to Malibu to Boston to Denver to San Francisco, back to Southern California, back to Northern California, to suburban Washington, D.C., and finally to New York.

Early on, men and women were separated in Lenz's classes; he said the sexual energy would sap psychic power. These rules didn't apply to Lenz himself. "Anybody who was young and attractive he slept with, hundreds of women," says Mark Lurtsema, a former member of Lenz's inner circle. And at least a half-dozen former disciples publicly accused Lenz of sexually manipulating them, all of them recounting remarkably similar scenarios. Anny Eastwood says that in 1983, Lenz invited her to a "special" private meditation session. "He played mind games with me for more than twelve hours, making me feel inferior, not good enough to be here with him," she told me. He had her massage his back. Then, she says, he told her the two of them had been sexually involved in a past life, in Egypt. He sat on the floor and stared at the ocean for an hour. He went into the bathroom and returned in a towel, holding a gun, which he said was for "protection from intruders." She says she slept with him twice, because she wanted to believe in Rama. "At first, he was very charming, very funny. I liked his rebelliousness."

Mercedes Hughes told members of LenzWatch, an organization formed by distraught parents of Lenz's students, that she had a relationship with Lenz throughout the summer of 1987, when she was 24. She said Lenz coerced her into sex with the argument that he could "empower" her "with his high vibratory energy."

And so on. Barbara Sherman said Lenz "did weird sexual things, and I couldn't respond." Teri Koressel told the Washington *Post* she was "uncomfortable" when Lenz hit on her, "but I ended up wanting to be with him. . . . The last five times, he really treated me like a hooker."

In a series of news conferences and press releases Lenz and a spokeswoman gave, he said whatever sexual activity occurred with these women had been consensual. After all, none of them filed charges against him.

"SEX IS THE PREOCCUPATION OF ADOLESCENTS," LE

Space cowboy: A frame from one of Zen Master Rama's music videos.

Video photograph by John Maggioto.

Furthermore, one statement claimed, Barbara Sherman did not wear underpants.

THE GIRL WHOM LENZ WOULD CALL Savitri came from Ohio, and in 1978, at the age of 19, she left college for New York. Zoli Rendessy, who ran a modeling agency, approached her at Studio 54 on her first night in town. Savitri had beeswax-colored hair, good bones, and a long Boston nose—an appearance too All American for high-end fashion work, but she got runway jobs, and her picture turned up in fitness magazines and once in *Vogue*. Meanwhile, she embarked on a series of relationships with men who were minor celebrities, among them the reggae artist Lee "Scratch" Perry and John Oates, the shorter half of Hall and Oates. By 1982, Savitri was in Los Angeles living with another boyfriend. He beat her, but she stayed with him, Savitri wrote in an account of her life for a continuing-education class: "I had inwardly decided to accept what this person had to teach me in whatever form that teaching came, even violence, because he was the most unusual, original and magnetic person I'd ever met. . . . I felt compelled to stay on that cutting edge road with him, no matter where it led."

She was in a checkout line when a copy of *Self Discovery,* a free promotional newspaper Lenz published, caught her eye. "A girl with long blonde hair was on the cover, sitting on a Porsche, meditating in the sun," Savitri later wrote. "Picking up that paper felt like grabbing a hand that just at the last minute reached out to save me from falling off a high cliff." She saw Lenz's photo on the back cover. "I tell you, I dug this guy in the picture so much, I could hardly stand it. How brazen, how outlandish, how glorious!"

Late in 1982, she saw Lenz give a talk about meditation at the Miramar Sheraton. Hearing his voice for the first time, she felt she was in the presence of someone she'd spent her entire life in search of. Savitri began to shut herself in a closet to meditate, so her boyfriend wouldn't bother her. She signed up for one of Lenz's trips to the Anza-Borrego Desert, and she marveled at the self-reliance of the other young women in Lenz's group. "They were living alone without boyfriends," she wrote. "What a novel idea. I had hardly even considered this possibility before." Soon, she moved into an apartment with a fellow Lenz student. After rent, she barely had enough for bus fare and the $5-per-session fee for Lenz's classes. She noticed how everyone there, the female students in particular, vied for his attention. "There was a lot of weird jealousy and competition floating among the gals," she would write.

It wasn't long before Savitri got a phone call asking her to meet Lenz at Zuma Beach. When she arrived, he was sitting on the sand with his arms wrapped around his knees. They talked about their pasts, their futures, feminism.

"I love you," he said after a while. "And I know you love me. It's beyond words."

When Savitri visited Lenz's house in Malibu, he took her into one of the guest bedrooms.

"Look," he said, "if we have sex right now, it doesn't mean that we would ever have sex again."

Savitri looked quizzically at Lenz. He had a blank expression on his face.

"I'm just saying, don't expect this to lead to anything," Lenz said.

LENZ INSTALLED SAVITRI AS HIS housekeeper in Malibu. He was renting a place from Goldie Hawn, a yellow Victorian home on the beach. "I worked at the Goldie house for a year and a half," she said. "Cleaning, working as his secretary, pretty much a utility job." He didn't pay her, but he took her on trips and her expenses were minimal.

"Nobody knew what really went on between Rama and me," she said. "He had other girls over there all the time. It made me jealous, but at the end of the day, I was still the one who was in the same house all day long. Then one day he told me he was moving to Boston, and he hired someone else to be his housekeeper. After that, it was on and off in a personal sense. I'd wait for him to call me."

IN A LECTURE LENZ GAVE IN 1983 ENTITLED "Sophisticated Sexuality," he said he'd decided long ago not to deny his sexual urges or experiences. "Most of you are threatened completely by your own sexuality. You don't know how to deal with it. . . . And it's a terrible threat to see someone who is at ease with it," he said.

"But I think it's time everybody grew up . . . and instead, turned their attention towards what matters: money. Sex is the preoccupation of adolescents. Money is the preoccupation of adults."

Lenz himself was an estimable role model of acquisitiveness. He owned two Porsches, three Mercedeses, two Range Rovers. He had mansions in Old Field, Long Island; Bedford, New York; and Santa Fe. Sting's home in Malibu, which he rented in 1992, went for $25,000 a month. His spiritual justification for choosing these places was refreshingly materialistic. Westchester, the North Shore, Fairfield County, Marin County—all these enclaves occupied what Lenz called "power spots." So did the northern suburbs of Chicago and, west of Boston, Concord and Wellesley. "He said that usually a power spot has lots of rich people there," Savitri explained. "The power spot lures them; then it powers them to make more money." Often, though, a high concentration of powerful minds caused an area to get "lined out," stripped of its power. (Lenz cited the Hamptons and the Upper East Side as examples.) He sent students in later years to populate the high-tech corridor of I-95 in Fairfield and Westchester Counties, while he chose Long Island. It was important, he explained, to have distance from his students' energy.

He also advocated certain brands for their "higher vibratory energy"—Armani and Versace (and especially *not* Calvin Klein), Evian, Nexxus hair products, Basis soap, Tide detergent. Margaritas had high vibratory energy. So did Mercedeses (the 300 series was the maximum energy permitted for students; he could drive the 400 and 500 series). Red was a power color for cars.

"Rama taught that money allows the spiritual seeker of today to insulate himself from worldly energies," Savitri writes in an account she hopes to publish. "In fact, he went as far as to say, 'The amount of money you make is a direct reflection of your mind-state and level of personal power. Indeed, you can measure your spiritual progress by the salary jumps you achieve out in the workplace.' "

Other tenets of Lenz's catechism were completely whimsical, particularly his theories surrounding his dogs. Lenz believed that Scottish terriers were the most mystically oriented breed, and in 1983, from a breeder in Malibu, he purchased one he named Vayu. Vayu, Lenz said, was a warrior dog he had known in past lives and an enlightened being. (There were only seven enlightened beings walking the earth at any given time, according to Lenz; besides Lenz and Vayu, there was a guru in India named Sri Rama Krishna. "Jesus and Buddha were enlightened," Lenz once told students. "But not the Dalai Lama.") Lenz also owned four wheaten terriers and two other Scotties, Tantra and Yoga.

AID. "MONEY IS THE PREOCCUPATION OF ADULTS."

THE SOUL OF SNOWBOARDING...
"Surfing the Himalayas"
by Frederick Lenz
SURFING the HIMALAYAS
FREDERICK LENZ

DOUBLE ISSUE
Refuge from a Rapped-Out, Rocked-Out, Drive-By World...
CANYONS OF LIGHT
Z A Z E N

Mixed media Below, an ad for Lenz's New Age band, Zazen, which played at his raves; above, an ad for *Surfing the Himalayas*, published in 1995.

LENZ PUSHED MANY OF HIS STUDENTS INTO careers in the computer industry. He'd decided early on that programming was the best route (though he himself knew next to nothing about computing), most likely because it doesn't require prior training and it pays well. Initially, he didn't offer course work, merely sending students to branches of the Computer Learning Center.

In return, Lenz's monthly tuition went up, from the original $100 to, by 1993, $3,500 to $5,000. He preferred that students pay with $100 bills (tens and twenties were "low vibe"). Wealthy disciples sometimes gave him as much as 50 percent of whatever they earned. Often, he would throw dozens of students out of the group at a time, telling them their small earnings weren't worth his while. "He'd say they weren't adequate students, and then eventually he'd let them grovel their way back," the father of one such student told me. Lenz charged some followers $1,000 to have dinner with him. And each year, Lenz asked them to pool their spare change and buy him a birthday present. One year, he chose an $80,000 diamond watch. Another year, it was a Bentley.

Some of his students argue that they owed Lenz this much. "So many of these people were hippies when they came to Rama, and could never have gone anywhere without someone like him," a woman named Janice, who dated him and worked as one of his personal assistants, told me (she wouldn't give her last name, because she feared potential employers in the software business would hold the association against her). "He gave a lot of opportunity to a lot of people." Mark Lurtsema, who now has a management job with a large insurance company in New York, even said he appreciates how Lenz motivated him. "I don't agree with how he treated women," Lurtsema told me. "I don't think he was enlightened, whatever that is. What I did get from him was a career. When I first met him, I'd just gotten out of the Marines and was flipping burgers."

Practicality came at the expense of integrity. "We were encouraged to lie on our résumés," one former student of Lenz's told me. "We invented jobs we'd held, positions that seemed to fit whatever job you might be up for." A manual written by Lenz in 1989 advises that followers "visualize" jobs they've held. "They will believe anything you say, even when you intersperse unrealities, because they feel the truth of your experience." As for references: "Choose people from our group who are comfortable on the phone. . . . Give them a few notes about who they were." A couple of years later, *Consultants' and Contractors' Newsletter,* a trade magazine, began a running tally of employers duped into hiring Lenzites, calling the followers "the California Raisins." Lenz was also listed as the CEO and owner of a handful of corporations, but a highly critical story *Dateline-NBC* ran in 1996 raised serious questions as to whether the software companies Lenz owned had more than a few token clients or earned any money. One such company, Client-Server Connection, made CS/8000, a product that enables clients to set up computer networks. Lenz claimed CS/8000 was used by 200 of the *Fortune* 500 but could name only one, Bank of America, which turned out not to have done business with Lenz. Lenz said he sold to the Pentagon; officials at the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Coast Guard all found no record of having done business with Lenz. The Marines acknowledged three purchases amounting to $7,500.

Even so, many of Lenz's students fared well as consultants to large companies. The most successful of these were a group Lenz referred to as the Debs. The legend of the Debs can be traced to an "intermediate student" meeting at a Palo Alto high school back in 1987, at which Lenz singled out nineteen women, all of them pet students and former girlfriends. The negative energy of these women, Lenz said, was to blame for the death of a student named Jack Kukulan, who'd overdosed on morphine shortly after he donated $100,000 to Lenz.

Photographs by Steven Freeman.

Lenz expelled the women from the group and commanded that they infiltrate Microsoft to win Lenz's favor back, according to students who witnessed this. One of those students, Lurtsema, says, "Lenz said Bill Gates was evil and Microsoft was corrupting the spirit of computing." (Lenz also said Apple was "a pussy computer.") The Debs stayed in Northern California, while Lenz eventually brought his students east. Lenz told students that once a month he met with the Debs for progress reports. One of them had gotten a consulting contract at Microsoft for herself and some of the other Debs, and at a 1989 meeting in Greenwich, Lenz bragged that she was also dating Bill Gates, allowing her to "drain his energy."

I ASKED SAVITRI ONCE ABOUT THE DEBS. WE were in my car and had stopped at a McDonald's on Long Island. She liked to ride out there to clear her head and talk. She'd brought Padme, her own Scottie, along.

"A lot of them were in there before me," she said. "They were some very beautiful and talented women, some very powerful people today in the high-tech business. He saw them all as past wives."

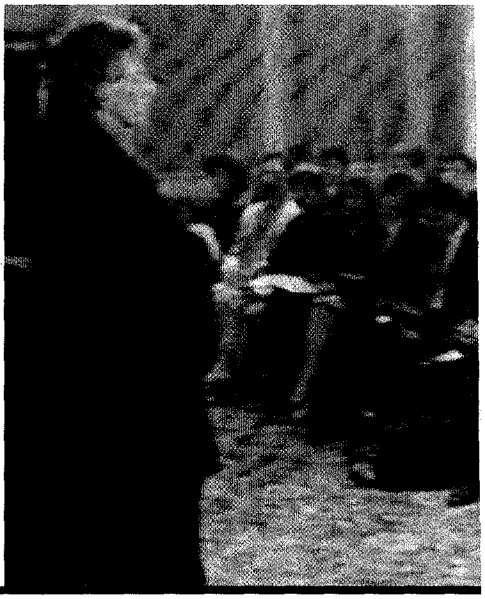
"Were you jealous of them?"

"I got to stay in New York. Rama wanted me here with him. They were banished to Marin."

Padme sat on the armrest between us and she fed him her McNuggets.

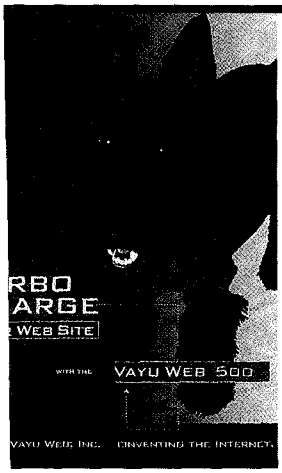
"The Debs," she said, giggling, after a while. "What a legend."

Another time, I asked Savitri how she got her Hindu name. She said that around 1988, Lenz had called her onstage with him during a meditation class and informed everyone that she would henceforth be known as Savitri, an ancient name in the Vedic texts. After that, for fun, Lenz sometimes referred to her in public merely as "the girl from Egypt."



The warrior dog: Lenz believed his Scottie Vayu to be an "enlightened being." Lenz died wearing Vayu's collar.

LENZ ADVOCATED CERTAIN BRANDS FOR THEIR "HIGHER VIBRATORY ENERG



A few days later, Savitri dropped off a package at my building. Inside were some incense wands and a stack of pages Xeroxed from books on Eastern religion, retellings of the Indian myth of Savitri. Princess Savitri was a woman so loyal and clever she persuaded the god of death to return her husband, Satyavan, to life.

WHAT LENZ WANTED, MORE than anything else, was mainstream adulation. "He liked the idea that he was a celebrity, that even normal famous people wanted to be around him," Savitri told me. "He didn't want to be thought of as just an obscure religious leader."

In 1995, Lenz achieved popular acceptance when *Surfing the Himalayas*, his first novel (ghostwritten by an assistant named Aimee Gallagher), was published by St. Martin's, with endorsements from Mary McFadden, Laurie Anderson, and Bob Hill, who at the time was the coach of the San Antonio Spurs. Though it sold a respectable 90,000 copies, Lenz's editor, Jim Fitzgerald, told me this was only because of the $1.5 million of his own money that Lenz put into marketing the book. He used his own jet for a book tour and bought full-page ads in the New York *Times, Rolling Stone,* and *Vanity Fair.* "We thought we could capitalize on this very watered-down, East-meets-West interest in New Age," Fitzgerald says. "I hoped it would be the next *Celestine Prophecy.*" The book was a roman à clef concerning the spiritual growth of a young snowboarder who is taken under the wing of Master Fwap, a guru in Nepal whose character is based on Lenz himself. The sequel, *Snowboarding to Nirvana,* came out in 1997, dedicated to Lenz's dog Vayu. "It didn't sell because around the time we published it, Vayu died and Rama just split," Fitzgerald says. "There was a demand for the book, but he negated everything when he blew off radio interviews and his tour. He just didn't care anymore after the fucking dog died."

He had stopped taking new students after 1992, and as time went by, he stopped teaching meditation. Vayu Web 500, a new Web product for which Lenz had high hopes, ran into glitches late in 1997. His driver, Doug Lane, says his mood seemed to worsen in the fall of 1997—around the time Vayu Web was stalling and Barnes & Noble pulled Lenz's name from a promotion package (in which trips to the geographic regions associated with Lenz, Charles Dickens, and John Steinbeck were offered as prizes in a "literary destinations" contest). "Rama was worn down," said Deborah Saracini, another student.

At his Halloween rave, in a commercial building on 19th Street off Sixth Avenue, Rama dressed in ninja's robes and danced alone in the middle of the room as his followers formed a circle around him. Savitri found him taking a break, and he said to her, "It seems like we are not supposed to be here anymore."

Later, he said, "I can feel their energy bearing down on me, 300 students with all their feelings and hidden agendas. And their parents, and the press." He said that in his mind, he ran through the names of every student he'd had, and not one of them hadn't at one point or another worked, albeit unconsciously, to kill him by focusing all that energy on him. Everyone except Savitri.

WHICH WAS WHY, LENZ TOLD SAVITRI WHEN he sat with her at Les Celebrités in March 1998, it was time to vanish.

For three weeks, they plotted their exodus and the rest of their lives together. They booked a flight to Maui, and from there it would be Australia, then interior New Zealand, and that was as far into their travels as they planned. They'd keep one Scottie each, Yoga and Padme. There were dinners at Lutèce, JoJo, and Les Celebrités once more. At each, Lenz told the maître d' it was Savitri's birthday, and they'd put a candle in her crème brûlée and sing "Happy Birthday." Lenz paid in cash and would leave a $100 bill for a tip.

There were walks in Central Park and a visit to Armani for golf outfits. They holed up in Lenz's Bedford estate, a $4 million palace on twenty acres, encircled by a moat.

Lenz was thorough in cutting ties to former relationships, detaching himself completely from this world, and advised that she do the same. One night, Savitri wrote colleagues and friends to say she wouldn't see them again. She had "something intense to deal with and am making a disappearing act for reasons of my own."

On April 3, the eve of their departure, Savitri and Lenz packed their bags. She told him about the dream she'd had the previous night: She was living in a foreign country, where she had walked to her office—a programming job. At her desk, she was surprised to see that her dog and two cats had followed her to work. When she asked them what they were doing there, they told her, "We want to die with you."

"You are correctly seeing something," Lenz said when she finished.

"Am I going to die?"

"Savitri," he said, "I've been considering this trip carefully. But I cannot go."

"What are you talking about?" She said the driver would be there in a few hours to take them to the airport.

"I have to do this," Lenz said. He walked her down the stone steps around a knoll, all the way until they reached the quarry. They sat in a rowboat, and Lenz pulled two plastic vials from his jacket.

Spiritual suits: Lenz pushed many followers into the computer business and encouraged them to lie on their résumés.

RMANI, MERCEDES, NEXXUS HAIR PRODUCTS. MARGARITAS HAD HIGH VIBRATORY ENERGY.

"I've been collecting these pills for a long time," he said. In her hand he placed a small white pill. "This is Valium."

He took it back and opened the other bottle. "This is phenobarbital." He was planning to kill himself.

Savitri knew Lenz's health was bad. In the past few years, he had developed an addiction to Valium; it had been prescribed, he told her, for his nerves and sleeplessness. He tried to quit cold turkey, but then he had to drink to fall asleep. The drinking—tequila, in particular—gave him liver problems and tinnitus; his body turned red. In the summer of 1997, he hosted one of his last power trips, at the Hyatt Regency in Barbados, but spent the first day of it in the hospital. A Website devoted to Lenz said he'd had a stroke (Savitri says not as far as she knows).

"I miss Vayu so much," Lenz whispered. He dug into his pocket and found the dog's collar, which he'd carried every day since it died. He talked about how he and Vayu had just returned home to Connecticut from his book tour. The dog had been sick for weeks, but leapt onto the couch. "He sat there thinking his Vayu thoughts as I carried my bags into my bedroom," Lenz said. "When I came back down, he had left the body." When Vayu died, Lenz was devastated. He stared at him decomposing there on the couch for three days until he realized he wasn't coming back.

"I haven't wanted to be here since then," Lenz said. "He wonders why I stay; he wants me to just come."

Back in the kitchen, Lenz opened the refrigerator. "Here," he said. "Have some apple juice."

That's when Savitri asked if she could die with him. "Who would I have to look pretty for with you gone?" she said.

THEY SAT UP TALKING ALL NIGHT. AROUND 4:30 A.M., Lenz decided Conscience Bay was a better power spot than Westchester, so they drove to his place in Old Field. The yard was extraordinary, even for Long Island, a spreading blue lawn full of dwarf pines, climbing vines, begonias, and ornamental cabbages. The house had shingled turrets and copper mansards.

They meditated on rugs in the glassed-in living room, watching the sun rise over Conscience Bay. They walked barefoot through the yard, and he pointed to where the sun hit the water, fifteen feet from his dock. "That's the doorway," he said.

The plan of their suicide was laid out—it would be the two of them, along with the two dogs. Lenz said that only if they all died alongside him could Savitri and the dogs be assured of gaining the higher spiritual plane that was his destination. Lenz said he didn't know when exactly they would execute it—sometime in the next several days, whenever it felt right.

"And Rama," Savitri said, without taking her eyes off the water, "will you be there right beside me?"

Lenz said of course. He said Padme, her dog, was a pure and wise soul whose spirit would be leading the way.

"We'll all be together," Lenz said. "Just follow Padme into the light."

Savitri began to cry.

"See, that's not the proper mood," Lenz said.

"WE ARE DANCING OUR LAST DANCE NOW," Lenz told Savitri later that morning. "Let's make it a good one."

And so, for what would turn out to be the next eight days, came their farewell tour—eight days of walks in the woods and drives to Southampton. Eight nights of dressing up and heading out on the town, usually ending up at the Three Village Inn, in Setauket, to sing around the piano. Lenz let Savitri choose, and she always asked for the songs from *West Side Story*.

She recalled: "Every night when we got home, Rama would plod upstairs and I could hear him unzipping the bag with the pills. I'd wonder if this was it. We'd watch a movie. I'd massage his feet to put him to sleep. I couldn't stop, or else he'd wake up. He said we had to do it while it was dark, so I'd keep massaging until it was close enough to dawn."

ON THE ONE HAND, SAVITRI WAS comforted—if paralyzed—by a premonition that Lenz wouldn't go through with the suicide. "We studied Carlos Castaneda's concept of death as an adviser," she told me. "One learns from envisioning death. Deep down, I thought Rama was just using death as an adviser. He liked to model solutions and then change his mind at the last minute. I thought maybe he was trying to test my faith and my fearlessness."

Nonetheless, when Saturday, April 11, arrived, Savitri woke late with the feeling that the end was near. "Our last day on earth," she writes. "This to me was our marriage day." She braided her hair. They took the dogs into town, to Dunkin' Donuts.

That evening, they prepared for their outing as they had every other night. "Wear anything you want," Lenz said. "Casual or dressy." He put on a Versace suit with high lapels, and a sweater adorned with Japanese lettering.

"Oh, Rama, you look magnificent," Savitri said when she saw him. She glanced down at what she was wearing, a scarlet velvet dress and a Mozart jacket with lace cuffs, both from Betsey Johnson. "Maybe I should change," she said.

"I like it," Lenz said. "Looks good."

At Pentimento, a restaurant in Stony Brook, Lenz had a steak. He ordered champagne and said, "I must have quite a lot to drink tonight. I'm in so much psychic pain."

Back home, they put the movie *High-*

Video photograph by John Maggioto.

lander in the laser-disc machine. Savitri heard Lenz unzipping his bag on his way downstairs, and then he was on the couch with her, setting the pills on the coffee table.

She massaged his feet. He dozed for a bit, then jerked up when the movie was over. "What time is it?"

Savitri told him it was 2 A.M.

"Okay, the time is right." He stared out at the dock.

Savitri looked at Lenz. On their first date, he'd worn a pink linen suit and taken her for a drive through Topanga Canyon. Since then, they'd learned a lot about each other. Lenz said when he was young, his mother killed herself. And Savitri—years before she met him—was raped. So both of them were damaged, in a way. But together, she felt, they were whole.

"Do we have to do this?" Savitri said.

"We can do it in the water, or we can do it in the house," Lenz said. "Water or here."

"The water seems more heroic. We pass out in the house, and someone will find our bodies here," Savitri said. "We pass out and fall into the water, then maybe the current will carry us out to sea."

"I don't like cold."

"But it is more heroic."

"Done," Lenz said.

They stood in the kitchen. Lenz pressed a few pills into the dogs' kibble and watched them eat. He poured orange juice into two etched goblets, and gulped down 150 Valiums. Savitri took 50. He put the juice glasses in the dishwasher.

They shook hands.

Savitri asked if she needed a jacket; Lenz told her no and put an afghan around her shoulders. He stopped talking after that. He'd said all he had to say. After she changed out of her heels, they headed to the dock.

Savitri survived. Back in the house, she tried again.

She was found, alive, with the dogs, two days later. Toxicologists were amazed that the amount of Valium they measured in her blood hadn't killed her.

LENZ'S LAWYER AND HIS ACCOUNTANT, NORman Oberstein and Norman Marcus, respectively, spoke at his memorial service at the Hyatt Regency Greenwich. (Oberstein is a high-powered attorney in Los Angeles and has also represented Johnny Carson in divorce and property battles.) Their offices left messages for Lenz's students, cautioning them against talking to reporters. Some were reminded of the nondisclosure agreements required of everyone who took Lenz's classes. Messages were also reportedly left with Lenz's disciples stating that "mysterious circumstances" surrounded Lenz's death, and that the matter was being investigated fully.

Lenz's will, filed in Westchester County, named Marcus the executor of his estate, instructing that everything be distributed through a charitable trust to organizations devoted to Zen Buddhism, meditation, and Yoga, or to the National Audubon Society. Savitri says Lenz didn't leave her anything. "We thought I was going with him," she says. When Lenz plotted the final exit, he told her he had financially taken care of many of his girlfriends, "making sure they would never have to worry about money." Savitri didn't go to the memorial service; she'd just been released from University Hospital in Stony Brook, where she'd recovered from the suicide attempt. Every morning since, she's been turning to the east, to Long Island, to meditate on the light Rama left behind. "I think you need to find your own connection to the light right now," a counselor she saw told her. And when her period was late, she thought for a minute that she wouldn't mind if she were pregnant with Lenz's baby, though she'd never wanted one before.

As for the future of Lenz's organization, his businesses—those that were actual companies—are still plugging along under executives he employed. In his void, three former students—Roger Cantu, a Dallas meditation teacher, Tony Chester, in Los Angeles, and David Ash, a computer consultant in New York—seem to be trying to establish themselves as his possible successors. They've contacted the bulk of his students, offering seminars in Buddhism, programming, and "power golf."

SAVITRI AND I DROVE TO CONscience Bay in June, two months after her failed suicide. She hadn't been there since, and she brought Padme along. She hoped to see Yoga, now living with one of Lenz's neighbors, but the neighbor wasn't home.

We rode by Lenz's property, then parked and walked to the water through a nearby yard. A sandbar curved to the north. The end faced Lenz's dock.

Padme chased a gull into the water, then doubled back toward us with his kilt of fur sticking to his legs. "He's looking for Rama," Savitri said.

Savitri kept kneeling to pick up all the pink rocks. "I remember he went upstairs right after we took the pills," she said. "That must've been when he put the dog collar on. I think now he might have done it because, all Vayu's life, Rama led him around by the collar, and now he wanted Vayu to lead him somewhere. He wanted Vayu to guide him into death."

She stared at her feet, then said, "We went down to the dock. The extend-a-leash had a long thin wire. We put the dogs in our arms and wrapped the leashes around our wrists." She looked and saw that she was to the right of me, then moved to my other side. "I think it was like this, actually," she said, nodding at the space between us. "I was on his left."

She wasn't sure how long she was unconscious. "The next thing I knew—I can't remember hitting the water," she said. "Nothing. All I saw later was the top of his head. And the back of his jacket was like a bubble on the water. I was about to go under, but I snapped up and I swam out to try to bring him in. I pulled him up to the rocks by his jacket. I couldn't get his head out of the water. Then finally I did. His mouth was open. And then there was just nobody home. He drifted back out. The dogs were under a pier. I don't remember getting back to the house. Then I put Yoga in his crib; he and Padme were fighting. I brought Padme into bed and I passed out.

"When I woke up it was a day later. I was worried I'd blown it. I found the phenobarbital and I took 45 of them and tried to drink half a bottle of rum. I put Rama's picture on one side of me and Vayu's picture on the other. I looked at Rama's picture for a long time and Vayu's face for a long time, and I tried to go."

Savitri thinks often about whether it was right to walk off the end of the dock, and whether she should have so willingly acquiesced. "I don't know what I'd have done if I hadn't been the one he asked to go with him," she told me.

But then she seemed to change her mind. "We could have lived right here, in this beautiful place. I keep wondering, if only I could have asserted my will and made him do what I wanted to do—but I didn't feel I could get away with it."

She invoked a Buddhist term she'd heard from another of Lenz's followers.

"He stole my lotus of control," she said. ■

"I SNAPPED UP AND SWAM OUT TO TRY TO BRING HIM IN. I PULLED HIM UP TO THE ROCKS BY HIS JACKET. AND THEN THERE WAS JUST NOBODY HOME."

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WHAT SHOULD

After five astonishingly successful years, we know New York's cops can fight crime. But now that there are half as many felonies, shouldn't they be doing something more useful than standing at crosswalks? It may be too early to declare peace, but it's not too early for a peace dividend.

ON THE EVE OF THE LONG JULY 4TH WEEKEND, mayor Giuliani, in what's become a familiar, five-year-old ritual, triumphantly announced that crime in the city had gone down yet again. There he was, in what will undoubtedly be the lasting image of his administration, touting the extraordinary achievement of transforming New York from the murder capital of the country to the safest big city in America. And who could argue? • In the first six months of this year there were 286 murders, which puts the city on track to record its lowest yearly total since 1963, when there were 549. And serious crime overall—murder, rape, robbery, assault, burglary, larceny, and auto theft—was down nearly another 10 percent. As is his wont, the mayor enthusiastically compared the 1998 crime numbers with those of 1993, the last year of the Dinkins administration, and the difference could not have been more stark. In 1993, there were more than 600,000 felonies committed in the city. This year, if current trends continue, there will be approximately 330,000. • A little simple arithmetic suggests a very interesting question. If the cops have 270,000 fewer serious crimes to deal with than they did five years ago, and the force has gotten bigger during that time, not smaller, shouldn't they have a good deal of free time on their hands? Shouldn't it be possible for the Police Department to redirect some of its resources? Indeed, shouldn't there be some kind of a peace dividend?

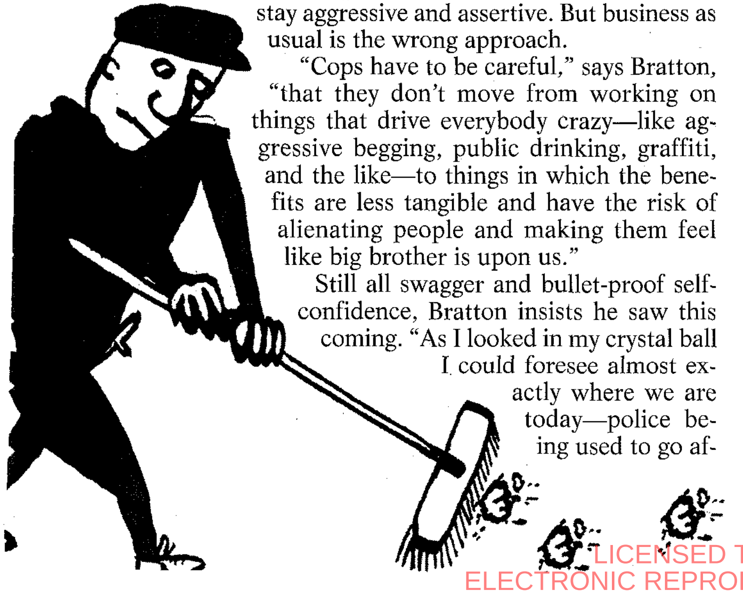
BY CRAIG HOROWITZ

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SCOTT MENCHIN

COPS DO NOW?

Crime continues its remarkable decline in New York largely as a result of the way former police commissioner William Bratton and his deputy commissioner Jack Maple re-engineered the Police Department and taught cops to be cops again. As the architects of the strategy that has produced the NYPD's unprecedented results, what do they think? Are some changes in order?

BRATTON BELIEVES IT IS TIME THE POLICE DEPARTMENT BEGAN A transition from what he calls a wartime police force to a peacetime police force. Not that he thinks all the bad guys have disappeared and cops can start putting flowers in their holsters instead of guns. In fact, he believes this transitional moment is a time of great potential risk, and the force has to stay aggressive and assertive. But business as usual is the wrong approach.



"Cops have to be careful," says Bratton, "that they don't move from working on things that drive everybody crazy—like aggressive begging, public drinking, graffiti, and the like—to things in which the benefits are less tangible and have the risk of alienating people and making them feel like big brother is upon us."

Still all swagger and bullet-proof self-confidence, Bratton insists he saw this coming. "As I looked in my crystal ball I could foresee almost exactly where we are today—police being used to go after petty, obscure offenses. They're so driven by the numbers now [summonses and arrests] that as they have less and less to work on, they start going after things that are really far-fetched. My concern has always been that I didn't want all the things I deeply believed in—and which have proven themselves to work successfully here and around the country—to be undone by the idea that police were now thought to be too oppressive."

Part of the danger of a backlash, Bratton says, can be laid at Mayor Giuliani's feet. "Without the big problems to focus on like crime and welfare reform that he had in his first term, his personality is becoming more apparent. And it's beginning to rub people the wrong way. The way he stews over the little things . . . people are concerned. On the police side we were very mindful when I was there that this was going to happen," says Bratton, who now runs a private security and investigations company called Carco Group.

But his concern is about much more than the mayor's punitive personality, and Bratton is not simply engaging in vindictive, politically motivated sniping. He is addressing a philosophical divide over how most effectively to use the resources of the Police Department now that it has the opportunity to capitalize on its extraordinary success. This is uncharted territory. There has probably not been another big-city police department in decades that has had these kinds of choices: the chance to consider other ways to have a positive impact while still maintaining a full-bore assault on crime.

TO FULLY UNDERSTAND WHAT BRATTON IS TALKING ABOUT, A LITtle history is necessary. Five years ago, there was an overwhelming feeling that the system had broken down and things were spinning out of control. Not surprising, when you remember that in 1993 there were 1,946 murders committed in the city. Worse, however, than the epidemic level of crime and the deterioration in the city's quality of life was the fact that these problems were believed to be so deeply ingrained in the culture and so intractable that even the experts had thrown up their hands in defeat.

I remember interviewing former mayor Ed Koch in the fall of '93 for a story about just how bad things had gotten. "The city is now in a downward spiral," he said about the place he loves perhaps as much as anyone. "Middle-class people—black and white—are moving out, due to fear of crime. We're approaching a point of no return." Similarly, Felix Rohatyn, who was winding up his tenure as chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation and had struggled through the city's near-bankruptcy in the seventies, told me he had never seen New York as dangerous and as dispirited.

Then along came Bratton, with a vision of New York as it had been in the forties: a New York that everyone could take advantage of 24 hours a day, a city with low crime, little disorder, and good cops who enforced the law. And just as newly elected mayor Rudy Giuliani had the good judgment to appoint Bratton police commissioner, Bratton had the good judgment to appoint Jack Maple as his first deputy commissioner in charge of crime-control strategies.

In the beginning, they laughed even at police headquarters when Maple, who always looked like he was in costume to audition for *Guys and Dolls,* said he could cut crime in half. Now, of course, the astonishing semi-annual reports of crime reductions are practically taken for granted. This year's likely total of fewer than 550 murders means that every week there are 27 would-have-been-dead people in this city whose lives have been spared.

"As a direct result of the systems we put in place," Bratton says, "cops have more time on their hands. How they use that time is critical. There are just too many cops now standing around in crosswalks," he says, referring to the mayor's effort to keep midtown traffic moving by not allowing pedestrians to cross at certain intersections. "Cops need to stay active, stay inspired, and they need to make the transition to a different form of policing—true community policing, if you will."

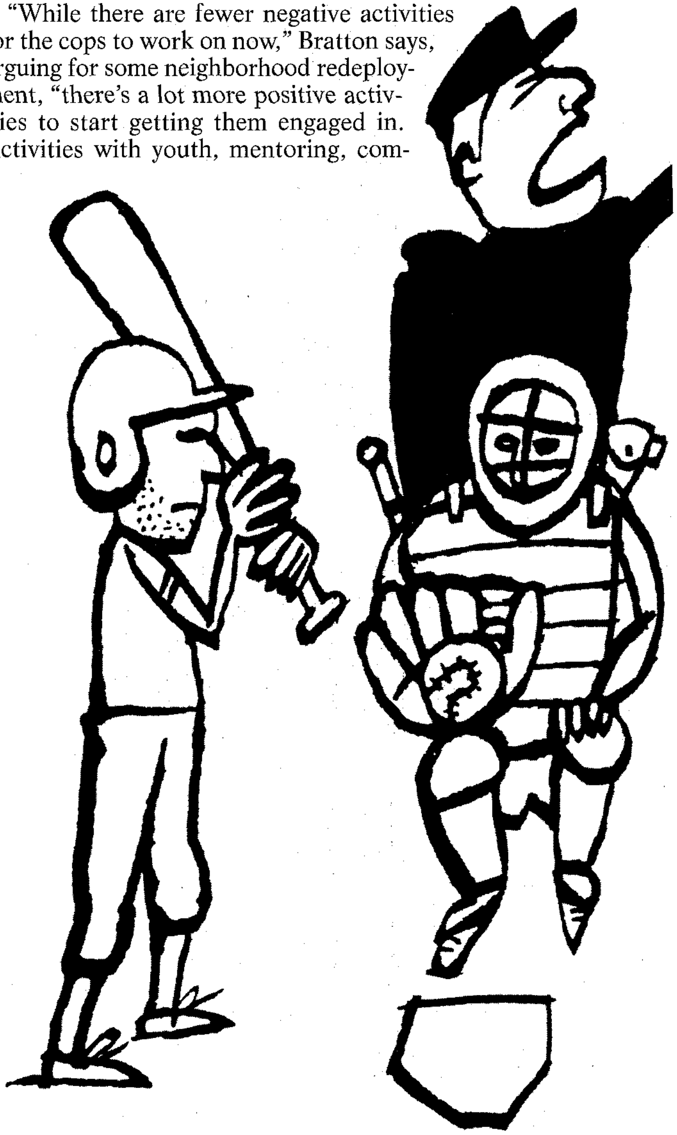
A key element would be to have cops stay assigned to a particular community, to keep good neighborhood cops where they know the people and the people know them. It has long been a complaint in minority communities around the city that cops who don't know the neighborhood come in and assume everyone's a drug dealer. Residents argue that as soon as a cop can tell the good guys from the bad guys, he's gone—either reassigned or promoted.

The classic beat cop, the cop who can skillfully diffuse a potentially explosive situation at midnight, doesn't necessarily produce significant arrest numbers, but he can make a community feel safer. These cops could also form a positive, influential critical mass in the precinct houses. Every cop learns to be a cop from other cops. Once he gets out of the academy, someone takes him aside and says, "Kid, forget all that stuff. We're gonna show you how it's really done."

Precinct staffing in general has been a sore spot for some time now—ever since Jack Maple demonstrated that if you pull cops out of the precincts, assign them to tactical units, put them where the crime is, and badger them every day, you can have the greatest statistical impact on violent crime. This tactic has been amplified by current police commissioner Howard Safir, who, with his drug initiatives in Brooklyn, Queens, and upper Manhattan, has poured cops into enforcement units.

One of the more cogent recommendations of the mayor's task force on police-community relations—which was formed in the wake of the Abner Louima incident and whose findings were derisively dismissed by the mayor after the election—was that the department should establish a career path for patrol specialists. Offer these cops the same salary opportunities as a detective so they don't feel compelled to get out of the bag (uniform) as quickly as possible.

"While there are fewer negative activities for the cops to work on now," Bratton says, arguing for some neighborhood redeployment, "there's a lot more positive activities to start getting them engaged in. Activities with youth, mentoring, community initiatives, particularly in minority communities which have traditionally been the flashpoints. The department should work like crazy to get cops into those communities and keep them assigned there. They should take over school security, have youth officers and volunteer officers like they had in the homeless-outreach unit." (Each precinct now has three officers assigned to youth activities, a number Bratton says should be increased.)



"Cops need to stay active, stay inspired, and they need to make the

True community policing? Activities with youth? Is this the same high-octane tough guy who used to hang at Elaine's long into the night and favored World War II imagery when he talked about fighting crime? The guy who got excited talking about "taking beachheads" and fighting for "every neighborhood, block by block, one house at a time"?

Bratton hasn't gone soft; he simply thinks the department needs to respond to the current reality. And there may be another factor as well. "What is our legacy?" one thoughtful former top cop who worked with Bratton said to me. "It's true we achieved a monumental reduction in crime, which was a terrific accomplishment. But there's still a great polarization of the races in the city. Shouldn't it be *better* if whites feel less threatened by blacks and blacks can go to work, get their kids to school, and get on with their lives without the constant spectre of crime hanging over them?"

There remains in minority communities around the city a great ambivalence about the Giuliani-era crime reductions. Every time a narcotics team breaks down the wrong apartment door or some innocent black teen gets "tossed" (stopped and searched) simply because he's wearing big, baggy jeans, the notion is reinforced that the mayor and the police are totally insensitive to blacks and Hispanics.

Though it got lost somewhere in the telling, it was this anger and outrage over the seeming indifference to minority citizens that the Reverend Calvin Butts was expressing when he called the mayor a racist not long ago. Spoken in a burst of frustration, his intemperate remarks came on the heels of an incident—the last straw, actually, after a series of similar incidents—in which two kids from his church were tossed, arrested, and held for hours without cause.

For Bratton, the feeling that the department should focus on improving its relationship with the minority community makes good sense for both practical and moral reasons. He worries that if cops are seen as too oppressive, the pendulum of public support will eventually swing away from law enforcement. He also sees it as a sort of completion of his plan to remake the Police Department: "I have always believed that cops could be at the cutting edge, in a positive way, on the race issue."

The notion—reinforced by the erroneous "It's Giuliani time" quote from the Louima incident—that it's somehow open season on blacks or it's time for the cops to kick some ass has always disturbed Bratton. In his early days as commissioner, at every roll call in every precinct and to every cop he talked to, he would always say this is "not get-tough policing, it is get-smart policing."

Even Jack Maple, the brilliant police strategist who now makes more money than he ever dreamed of as a hired gun, consulting for police departments around the country, sounds, when discussing what the cops ought to do next, like an old-fashioned root-causes liberal. "We have to recognize that police can only do so much," he told me from New Orleans, where he's been attempting to reform what may be the worst police department in America. "The next thing in policing is that we have to try, through education, to save the next generation."

ransition to a different form of policing—true community policing."

To accomplish this, and to take advantage of available police manpower, he'd like to see the Administration for Children's Services come under the aegis of the Police Department. All reports of child abuse should be vetted *first* through the Police Department's special-victims squads. And he'd like to see the same reorganization, accountability, and focus on management that worked so spectacularly well for the NYPD brought to bear on the troubled children's agency.

Maple also firmly believes that the police should take control of school security, replacing the current force of poorly trained paraprofessionals hired by the Board of Ed. "With its 3,000 officers, the school security force would rank as the thirteenth-largest police department in the country," Maple says. "We have to ensure kids a safe environment. I think in these two areas—child welfare and the schools—the police can become much more intimately involved and we can start to save the next generation. It'd still be law enforcement and we'd still be taking care of the problems at hand. But we'd also be preventing problems in the future. This was always the grand design, always what we wanted to accomplish."

BETTER, MORE INNOVATIVE USE OF MANPOWER IS one goal, but for Bratton the first real step toward realizing a peace dividend is to reduce the size of the police force through attrition. Bratton says the force can actually go down from its current 38,300 to about 35,000 cops without losing any of its effectiveness. The most important reason for this is the celebrated Compstat process developed by Maple, introduced by Bratton early in his tenure as commissioner, and now copied by police departments all over the world. It's a combination of accurate, timely crime data and weekly meetings to hold precinct commanders accountable for what's happening in their jurisdiction. With daily computer-generated crime stats and the use of highly detailed maps, the department can quickly identify any blips in criminal activity and deal with them before they become serious problems. This results in the most efficient use of manpower.

In addition, ever since the riots in Tompkins Square Park and then in Crown Heights, the NYPD has been developing various military-style rapid-response strategies, which give it the ability to get hundreds of cops to a hot spot anywhere in the city before things get out of hand. (The plans obviously still need some refinement, given the delay several weeks ago in getting enough cops on-site to control the construction workers' demonstration in midtown.)

Figuring that it costs the city on average approximately $70,000 to employ one cop—$40,000 in salary and $30,000 in benefits—Bratton's recommended reduction of 3,000 officers would yield a savings of $210 million. He would take that money and give each of the remaining 35,000 cops a $100-a-week across-the-board raise. That would still leave $35 million, which, he says, could be used for discretionary overtime to deal with problems identified by precinct commanders and the community.

"This plan would yield multiple benefits," Bratton says. "It would reinforce the risk-taking we encouraged of our commanders by giving them resources to use as they see fit. They could put the cops where they need them when they need them. Say from midnight to four instead of a full eight-hour shift. Right now there's not a great deal of flexibility in terms of taking a cop off one shift and putting him on another because of contract encumbrances. It can be done, but it takes time. This would take care of that problem. Accountability would be insured by Compstat. And even though the force would be a little smaller, you'd actually end up with an expanded police presence because the cops would be where they're most needed."

Perhaps most important, Bratton says, the cops deserve the raise. "The mayor and I get the credit, but they're the ones who brought the city back. They did the work. Giving them a raise would be a desperately needed boost to morale. It's an angry department at the moment. The cops don't like this mayor now as a result not only of the pay issues but the constant effort to keep them under his heel. I've never been a boss who believed it was better to rule by fear and intimidation than motivation and inspiration. Right now the department is ruled by fear and intimidation."

(continued on page 102)

Argentina's hottest export, De La Guarda is taking

THE ROOM IS DARK AND HOT. A HAIRY MAN WITH a goatee clutches you—tightly—to his wet chest, whispers Spanish-accented nothings in your ear, and lifts you what feels like 100 feet in the air. He wraps his legs around yours. The fan blows your hair out into a halo. Below you, the crowd groans, rows of mouths in perfect *O*s, arms stretched upward in the universal gesture for *me too.* The drums beat louder. It feels like . . . flying.

LEARN TO FLY, exhort the red-and-yellow banners on Union Square East. And that's what people are doing, hundreds a night. De La Guarda, a performance-art troupe imported from Buenos Aires by the producers of *Rent,* has created a cultural stir in usually somnolent summertime New York with *Villa Villa,* selling out the standing-room-only floor of the old American Savings bank that was recently converted into the Daryl Roth Theatre.

Villa Villa—an expression coined by the show's creators that means "by the seat of your pants"—is, among other things, a quick trip to the rain forest, a disco, an air show, and a circus. The sixteen performers climb the walls, throw themselves at the floor, pop through paper scrims, and infect the audience with the desire to dance to a tribal beat. All in 65 minutes. The women—who dress like schoolgirls but act like harpies—contort their faces and ecstatically gyrate their bodies. The men start out in ties and boxy business suits and quickly strip down to pants—or less—as the show escalates from a summery squall to an all-out storm. Creators Pichón Baldinu and Diqui James—Pichón's the stylish, hawkeyed emcee, Diqui the tanned, lanky poet—are quick to correct any comers expecting acrobats on swings.

"We're more like a dance, a party, a ritual, something to take out your energy. The show is all about your senses. You can be free, you can meet someone, you can start dancing with someone," says Baldinu excitedly. "If in your country you aren't used to being so close to the performance, to take someone like this"—he seizes my arms—"give them a kiss"—he doesn't—"it's very personal. It's like sex."

DE LA GUARDA BEGAN IN A BUENOS AIRES MUSIC CLUB IN 1993. Its founders, Baldinu and James, were once members of the all-male La Organización Negra—a radical theater group which became famous for flying off national monuments. But the pair wanted to do something less postapocalyptic and more fun. In 1995, they joined with the largely female dance-theater group El Descueve to create *Villa Villa* and further developed their distinctive hybrid water-air-land aesthetic. The team experimented on rock-and-roll audiences, opening unannounced for performers like Iggy Pop. "We didn't have to be good," Baldinu says. "We started testing our ideas on people, testing the limits between violence and euphoria. We wanted to do something very positive, not do violent things to get people's attention."

What's the point? The two creators insist they have none. "I hear crazy interpretations, a lot of incredible stuff," says James, shaking his head at some of the earnest intellectual drivel showered on his show. "The point is just to have fun." In Argentina, De La Guarda went from a club oddity to a national sensation in just a few years. They began performing stadium shows for 14,000 people at a time—their last, called *Periodo DOMA,* took place in the Buenos Aires Velodrome. In 1995 they went international, wowing crowds at festivals in Montreal, Belgrade, and London, where they turned away 100 people every night. In May, the troupe—backed by an entourage of riggers, nannies, and children—arrived in New York for its first U.S. appearance.

LONG BEFORE ITS ARRIVAL HERE, DE LA GUARDA WAS GENerating impressive word of mouth, a fact that may have something to do with its impressive pedigree. *Villa Villa*'s U.S. producers are responsible for two of the biggest downtown shows in recent memory: David Binder was the original producer of *Hedwig and the Angry Inch,* and Jeffrey Seller and Kevin McCollum coproduced *Rent.* Searching for a hit to follow *Hedwig,* Binder discovered De La Guarda in Montreal exactly a year ago. "The show made me crazy, it was an emotional experience," he says. "I called Jeff in the middle of the night and left a crazy ranting message. I couldn't even put sentences together." Binder, Seller, and McCollum flew to London a week later to see the group perform at the London International Festival of Theater and fought off competition from the producers of both *Stomp* and *Tap Dogs.* Binder won't say how much it cost to bring De La Guarda to America, but the figure has been estimated at more than $1 million. "It's a big show," he'll admit. He remains as much of a groupie as anyone—"I'm a big fan of parades, fireworks, and rock concerts where masses of people can enjoy themselves. There are no bad seats here—there are *no* seats! It's totally democratic."

IN THE LOBBY, TWO HOURS BEFORE THE SHOW, A STAGE manager orders 700 more plastic helicopters, airplanes, bicycles, and fish that will shortly rain down on the audience. A group of lithe teenagers in baggy jeans inflates a hippo-size bag of balloons. Every three minutes, one pops, a counterpoint to the rushing of the air pump. A giant square of translucent paper is spread out on the floor, to be reincarnated as a ceiling.

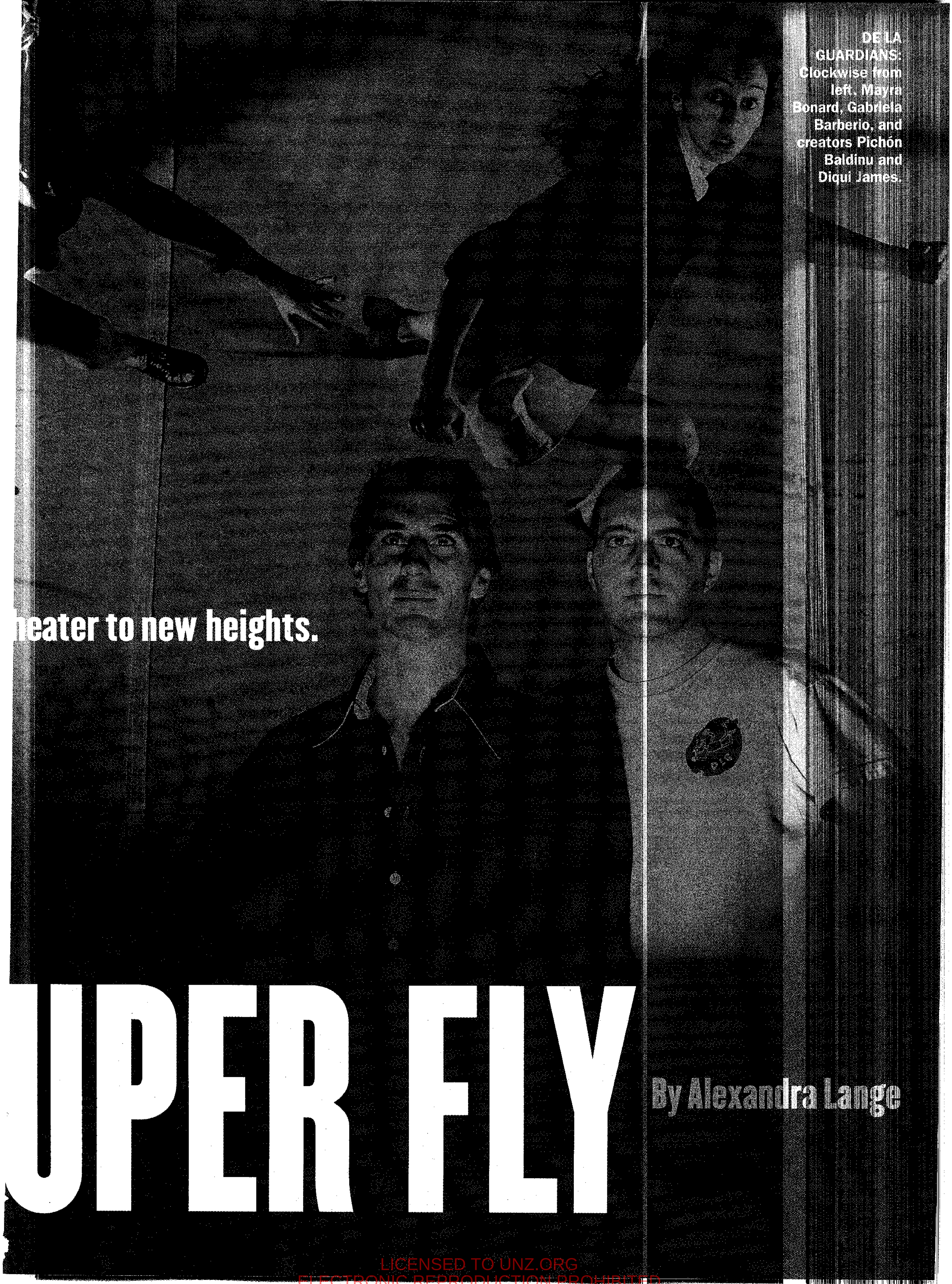
To warm up, half the performers play soccer in the Daryl Roth's gaudily painted basement, smacking into the walls and each other. The rest group themselves in the center of the theater, now a black box with a luminous white ceiling. Outside, a long line snakes out the bank and into 15th Street; green-haired East Village kids stand beside Prada-outfitted yuppies, gray-haired matrons, a smattering of models, and a healthy dollop of celebrities. "I don't like it when I go to a place and see all young cool people or all old intellectual people," James says. "I like a mix." Sandy Gallin dropped in one night, scoping out the show for a possible Las Vegas engagement. Diane von Furstenberg spent the entire evening clutching the wall, trying to avoid flying confetti. Philip Glass danced. And David Byrne flew. "I kept thinking about its being from Argentina," remembers Byrne. "Here was this expression of pure exhilaration, exploding with energy and joy, from a culture that has been under a dictatorship for years." The show is sold out every night; some fans have been back three or four times. "When it ends, everyone is excited," says Baldinu proudly. "It's as if they have been inside a box in which so many things have happened. It's very intimate. And I think they are touched." ▬

Photograph by Alexei Hay

UPER FLY

heater to new heights.

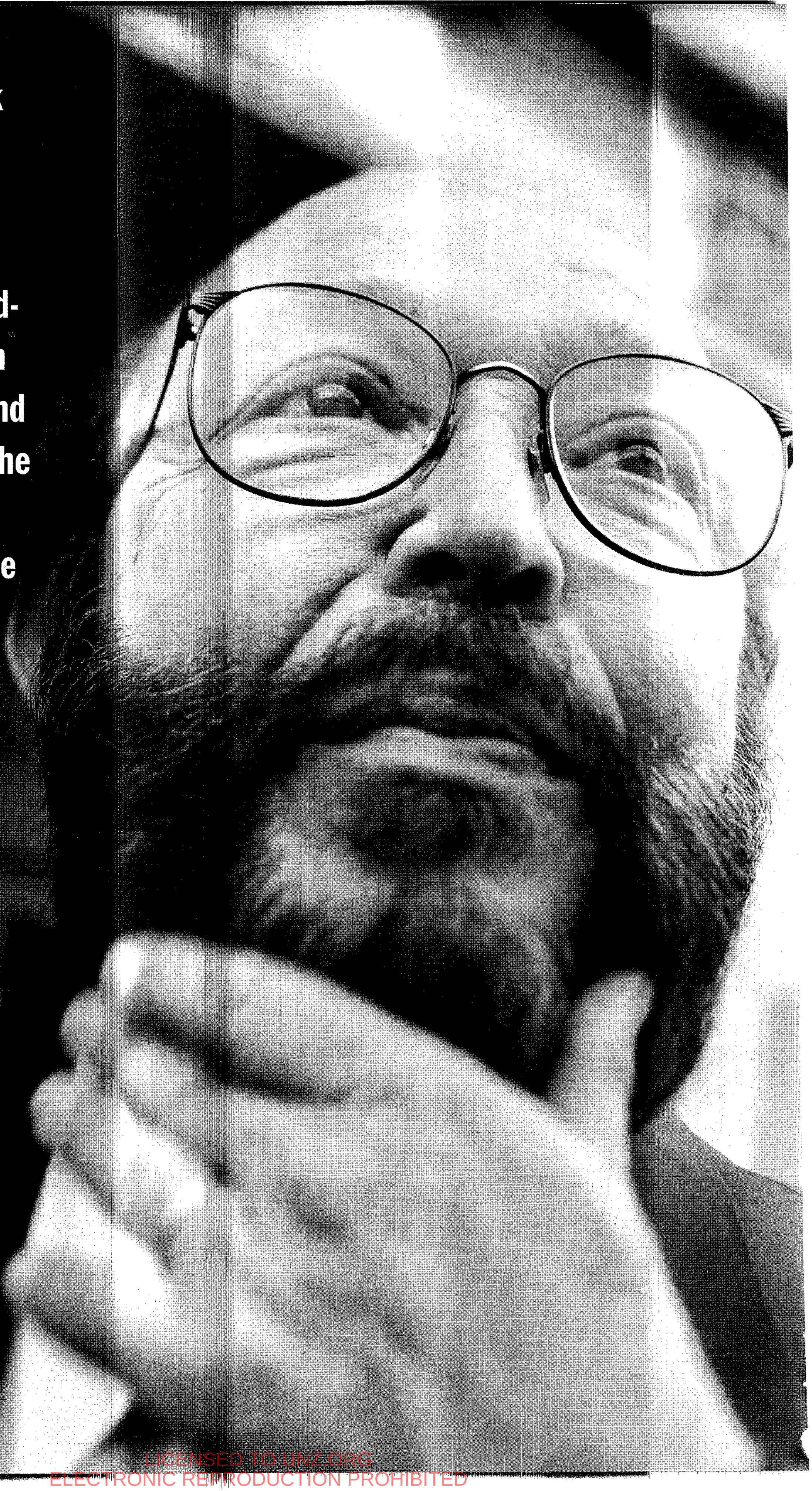
By Alexandra Lange



DE LA GUARDIANS: Clockwise from left, Mayra Bonard, Gabriela Barberio, and creators Pichón Baldinu and Diqui James.

Dr. Bernie Salick plans to woo New York's AIDS population with first-rate, around-the-clock care in lavish clinics—and turn a profit in the bargain. Crazy? He's already done it with cancer.

By David France



Accentuate the Positive

In April 1994, at the peak of the AIDS epidemic, patients arriving at St. Vincent's Hospital and Medical Center were forced to wait on gurneys in hallways—sometimes for a day or more—before one of the 120 designated AIDS beds was free. By December 1997, only 40 beds on average were needed. Even the Hearts & Voices choir, which has sung there every Monday night for the past six years, plans to abandon ship: "We were singing to empty chairs," explains executive director Tim Rosta. Indeed, the hospital may do away with the seventh-floor AIDS ward—one of the country's oldest and most respected—altogether. ■ Yet AIDS has hardly disappeared. In fact, there have never been more New Yorkers living with HIV—nearly 200,000 of us, by last count. But thanks to powerful (if imperfect) drug regimens, AIDS in most cases no longer prompts lengthy hospital stays. Good news for patients—and a golden opportunity for Bernie Salick. ■ "Suddenly the hospitals have emptied out?" Salick virtually bellows from the couch of his Carlyle Hotel pied-à-terre. "It's the perfect environment for me!"

Photographed by Michael Benabib

Dr. Bernard Salick made a fortune as founder of Salick Health Care, Inc., a national network of eleven opulent outpatient clinics for treating cancer. It is the Saks Fifth Avenue of oncology, featuring amenities like valet parking along with top-flight care 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Salick took on even the most intractable cancers while minimizing patients' needs for hospitalization, thereby suppressing costs *and* building enviable profit margins.

He plans to do the same with AIDS treatment by chasing the disease out of emergency rooms and into eight for-profit outpatient clinics in the New York area alone, along with a network of others in a half-dozen cities across the country. Never mind that he's no AIDS expert, and that he's surrounded by competitors for the same business. He's confident enough to have budgeted $350 million in start-up costs, much of it his own money.

On the other hand, some people in the tight-knit world of AIDS treatment and advocacy think he's half daft, an impression reinforced by his tendency toward reckless hyperbole and the King of Cancer Care's habit of showing up at meetings carrying a smoldering pipe. But he's unfazed by the naysayers. "I showed in 1983 in cancer, if you are able to deliver care 24 hours a day in a beautifully designed outpatient setting, you would dramatically lower the cost of the disease," Salick says, "and you would let the patient be home with their family or their partners or whatever, and they would be much more comfortable. AIDS? Same thing."

After just a few months of foraging in New York City, Salick has struck deals that will channel him some 28,000 AIDS clients within three years—wealthy Manhattan patients, to be sure, but also the poorest from the Bronx. That alone would make him the largest provider of AIDS care in the country. But he wants more—upwards of 80 percent of people with HIV in the greater New York area, he says. (Don't hold him to that number; some days, his estimate drops to 70 percent or even 60 percent.) He also wants to provide care for most of the area's cancer patients, as well as to the lion's share of people with other catastrophic conditions, such as post-operative organ-transplant patients, and those who need dialysis.

"Bernie Salick is interested in change at a time when profound change is in order," says Daniel Zingale, executive director of AIDS Action, a Washington-based think tank representing 2,400 AIDS service organizations. "He has a track record of delivering high-quality care at a reasonable cost. And those are two things that our population needs most at this point."

"It's impossible to get skilled AIDS care outside of doctors' hours," says Ken Fornataro, executive director of New York's AIDS Treatment Data Network. "If you're having an adverse side effect, it would be real good to be able to stop in at a place that knew what they were doing."

Perhaps equally important, Salick and his team are talking about using their extensive network to provide sites for the testing of new drugs and procedures such as post-exposure protocol, the so-called morning-after pills for people who may have been exposed to HIV.

In New York's clubby AIDS and cancer communities, Salick's flashy promotional style has marked him as an opportunistic parvenu, a nephrologist turned entrepreneur making a dollar off people in need. The possibility of his success seems to bother them even more.

The AIDS Team: Salick with Queens College president Dr. Allen Lee Sessoms (above), and flanked by the Bentley staff (opposite), Dr. Brian Saltzman, Nancy Corbett, Wendy Cook, and Dr. Gabriel Torres.

"My fear is that a very small number of people will control AIDS care," says Dr. Howard Grossman, a doctor on the Gay Men's Health Crisis board. "That puts the system at some risk."

"I think he's setting the expectations so high," says the cancer director for a leading Manhattan hospital, "just so that people say, 'What's going on here?' "

That is exactly the question GMHC leaders were asking in May, when Salick's people called to arrange a summit meeting. "We realized there would be a relationship, either civil or adversarial," says Mark Robinson, GMHC's executive director. So Salick was given a tour of GMHC's new Chelsea headquarters and pressed for assurances that he would treat all patients, even those on Medicaid (he agreed). Robinson was impressed. "I don't know that I would call him charming," he says. "But I frankly found him extremely knowledgeable."

GMHC vowed to monitor his arrival on the scene, which doesn't bother Salick one bit. "People squawk, but they'll see I'm going to offer every conceivable service for people with HIV," he says, taking a hit on his pipe, then smothering it with a quick cock of a thumb. "It's not because I'm a saint; it's because I have a bad gene. I have to keep moving all the time."

In February, Salick announced a partnership with Montefiore Medical Center to manage all its outpatient AIDS and cancer care in the Bronx and Westchester. He will construct three stand-alone cancer clinics and a new AIDS facility for the hospital; Montefiore doctors will staff them and pay Bentley Health Care a fee for rent, promotion, and other services.

Then Salick paid more than $1 million to take over a network of New Jersey infectious-disease specialists treating some 18,000 HIV patients. And he hired three of New York's best-known—and gayest—AIDS clinicians to run his show in Manhattan. Dr. Gabriel Torres, who built St. Vincent's AIDS program into a global model of treatment and drug research despite the hospital's uncomfortable affiliation with the Catholic Church, will be co–medical director of an 8,500-square-foot facility on Irving Place designed by Charles Gwathmey. His partner is Dr. Brian Saltzman, long the co-director of the HIV inpatient unit at Beth Israel

Medical Center. Dr. Todd Yancey, a respected HIV internist from New York Hospital (and GMHC board member), will serve as associate director.

"I think Bernie has really an outstanding people sense," says Saltzman. "Our visions were very similar. I think this is a very tolerant and nonjudgmental person. And that's what really matters."

On May 20, in another coup, Salick announced a preliminary agreement with Mt. Sinai Medical Center to build up to five cancer centers under its auspices, and another deal with Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn. Salick now has a presence in every borough but Staten Island, and he's working on that, as well as on expanding to Long Island. "Let's just put it this way," says a top executive at one of the city's major hospitals. "The guy is connected up the wazoo. He's making deals all over town."

"Our visions were very similar," says Brian Saltzman. "I think this is a very tolerant person, and that's what matters."

BERNIE SALICK HAS NEW YORK IN HIS BLOOD. Born 58 years ago on Avenue D on the Lower East Side—his immigrant parents had barely escaped Romania in 1933—he graduated from Stuyvesant High School before attending Queens College and then the University of Southern California, where he studied medicine, specializing in nephrology. He began his career running dialysis centers.

In 1983, when one of his three daughters (now 18, 21, and 24) was diagnosed with a rare bone cancer, his attentions turned to commodious cancer care. He simply applied the dialysis-center model—homey, round-the-clock facilities offering insurers a fixed-price menu of services—to cancer. For a single premium—say $7 per month per enrolled patient in any given plan—he would treat any member who developed cancer. Previously, no provider had accepted such a cap.

Soon he had become partners with major hospitals, opening clinics around the country under the banner of Salick Health Care. The company went public in March 1985. With every glowing testimonial from his patients, his stock prices surged. Today the measure of his success includes a home in Bel Air and the Carlyle co-op (formerly owned by Givenchy) with tiled terraces, a Southern California ranch and accredited equestrian-training center, a Gulfstream III, and a net worth in the high nine figures.

Three years ago, Salick Health Care entered into a partnership with the British pharmaceutical company Zeneca PLC, makers of many of the leading cancer drugs—with the assurance that it would not dictate which medicines the centers could prescribe. Last year, Salick sold Zeneca the rest of his company for a total price of $480 million. Immediately, Zeneca shuttered two of the centers and removed him as chairman and CEO. He was offered an honorary title, which he refused.

INSTEAD, SALICK TURNED AROUND and formed Bentley Health Care ("because I live on a street called Bentley in L.A.") and declared war on the firm that still bears his name. He was going back into cancer. But first, flush with cash, he wrote a check to Queens College for $3 million to endow a chair there—the cornerstone of a dreamed legacy. It would be called the Bernard and Gloria Salick Chair for International Relations.

"It's strange how things work out," Salick says, laughing. "We were offering the job to everybody, until one day this character"—Salick gestures toward his public-relations consultant and confidant Bill Haworth—"comes into my office and says there's a guy named Montagnier who's being courted by Willie Brown, the mayor of San Francisco." After seeing Brown, Montagnier, a co-discoverer of HIV, accepted an invitation to talk with Salick. "Willie Brown was going to give him a great building called the Presidio. I said, 'He's giving you a jail! It's an old jail, the Presidio. I'll give you Queens College! I will turn what was going to be a school of international diplomacy into a center for molecular and cellular biology!' "

Montagnier preferred the jail. But Salick pursued him all the way to Paris, with his wife, Gloria, and the college president, Allen Sessoms, in tow. "Imagine it. We were there to try and convince Montagnier to leave the Pasteur Institute, one of the great institutes of the world, and come to Queens College. And he said, 'Queens College? Where is Queens?' and I said, 'The center of the universe.' And he said to me, 'Is it safe to walk in the streets of Queens?' The guy's living in Paris! I said, 'It puts Paris to shame!' " Eventually, Montagnier relented, Salick says, adding, "And that's how I got into AIDS."

Luc Montagnier will have nothing to do with Bentley Health Care. Instead, he'll head up a $30 million research lab on the Flushing campus, which Salick seeded with a $1.5 million donation (with most of the rest coming from the state and city budgets), while serving as the first Bernard and Gloria Salick Distinguished Professor of Molecular and Cellular Biology. "That's my charitable work," says Salick. "I do have big goals, and my biggest one is to attempt to eradicate this disease."

Of course, the Flushing deal also helped redirect Salick's budding business toward HIV. He pursued Dr. Anthony Fauci, the top AIDS researcher at the National Institutes of Health, and Dr. Robert Gallo, the adjudicated co-discoverer with Montagnier of HIV (it took an international tribunal to settle their long-standing dispute). Both men turned him down. "I told him if he wanted to talk about working together, the question is on what?" Gallo says in a phone interview from the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. "Then I pick up the paper and read that we're in negotiations."

But Salick's persistence ultimately paid off. He successfully courted Dr. David Ho, director of the venerable Aaron Diamond AIDS Research Center and the man widely credited with developing the drug cocktails that spawned the outpatient glut in the first place. Ho, *Time* magazine's 1996 Man of the Year, insists he's just an unpaid, ad hoc adviser, though Bentley literature lists him as member of its scientific advisory panel. Whatever the case, Ho has helped guide Salick through the sometimes knotty labyrinth of egos, personalities, and activism in the world of AIDS treatment. Ho has also delivered Salick genuine credibility, and introductions to some of its superstars. Gabriel Torres had built up the St. Vincent's center over fourteen years, and only Ho's personal entreaties persuaded him to consider Salick's offer. "He called me up and told me how seriously I should take the offer," Torres says, "and gave me a really solid move-forward message."

Salick's hiring of such well-regarded doctors has quieted a lot of the critics. "I was very confused about what they were doing," says David Gold, an editor at the International AIDS Vaccine Initiative. "But I ran into Gabe one night at the Lure"—the popular gay leather club—"and he was excited about it. Judging by his history, I'm sure it will be all right."

PROVIDING OUTPATIENT AIDS care in glamorous environments is not a concept that originated with Bernie Salick. But nobody else expects to profit from it. On East 17th Street, for example, the Peter Krueger Comprehensive AIDS Clinic has slowly grown to serve 2,000 patients—all at a deficit. In the past few months, thanks to private donations and massive fund-raising, two new Chelsea facilities have flung open their designer doors. On the ground floor of the new Gay Men's Health Crisis building on West 24th Street, New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center has constructed a gleaming offshoot of its critically acclaimed boutique AIDS program uptown. The $2.8 million Chelsea Center for Special Studies opened last December.

"We have stretched our resources to the limit and still fall short," says Dr. Jonathan Jacobs, the medical director. "If we didn't have private fund-raising, we wouldn't make it."

The financial incentives for New York–Cornell are transparent. By having a tentacle in Chelsea, the hospital is gambling that some of the expected 2,000 yearly outpatients will eventually need hospitalization—uptown, on 68th Street. Every hospital in town has boosted revenue from inpatient AIDS care; the goal now is to increase market share.

The other newcomer is the Community Health Project, which had been based in the Village, the epidemic's former locus. In early May, it opened as the Michael Callen–Audre Lorde Community Health Center, a six-story, 27,000-square-foot, sublimely detailed pavilion on 18th Street and Ninth Avenue, a few blocks south of GMHC. Though Callen-Lorde is a primary-care center serving gay men and lesbians, it also treats more than 1,200 HIV and AIDS patients each year—including at the specialized Bellevue-run AIDS practice situated on the building's fifth floor. Dean LaBate, the executive director, admits that competition is fierce for the fully insured Chelsea patient—to help offset the shortfall everyone expects.

"I think there's enough—I don't want to call it *business*—to go around," LaBate says. "Certainly we compete, but I don't see us in the same category. Our mission is also to provide care regardless of ability to pay. We have stake holders, and not shareholders."

Just a few blocks east, the Bentley Health Care clinic is setting down on 18th Street and Irving Place with an anticipated rolling inauguration beginning later this summer. By September, it will be fully in the hunt. The clinic has been designed as a one-stop shop for all HIV primary-care needs. Currently, a patient must show up at as many as a half-dozen clinics and offices to gather the data his or her primary-care doctor requires, then shuttle among the gastroenterologist, the AIDS oncologist, and the social worker once a serious problem develops. At Bentley, a pharmacy and full-service laboratory will provide on-site X-rays, endoscopy, blood work, radiology, and other commonly needed procedures. One floor is reserved for "supportive services" like counseling and nursing, and another will offer a projected complement of six full-time AIDS doctors as well as regular visits by HIV-trained gynecologists, oncologists, ophthalmologists, and the like.

"There's enough—I don't want to say *business*—to go around," one provider says of Salick. "But I don't see us in the same category."

The upper floor will also house the Bentley research facilities, and this is Salick's secret weapon. "Every major drug company is involved in AIDS," he says. "Millions and billions of dollars are being dedicated to researching different drugs." Salick wants a piece of that action. Bentley Health Care could dominate the field by enrolling patients in the studies quicker than anybody else. With a network of Bentley clinics across the country, they may be in a position to speed a trial along, for a fee paid by the drug companies, which in turn could expedite a drug's FDA approval. "I can save a pharmaceutical company hundreds of millions of dollars," Salick says. "Suddenly, they're interested!"

Torres has his own plans for the Bentley site. Starting this summer, at the first post-exposure clinic on the East Coast, he will be prescribing the so-called morning-after pills (actually, they're taken for 30 days) to people who, whether through sexual assault, condom rupture, or stupidity, may have been exposed to HIV. They will be evaluated for their risks and, if the drugs are deemed appropriate for them, be put on a drug regimen immediately, in the hope that it will stave off infection. Post-exposure treatment is extremely controversial and as yet unproved in humans, except by anecdotal evidence. This will also be the first time it is being offered commercially.

There's no question it will find a hungry marketplace. A recent test in monkeys was 100 percent successful if treatment was begun within 24 hours of exposure—but just 75 percent at day two and 50 percent at day three. "This has to be done," Torres says.

THOSE ARE JUST TWO ways that the Bentley network promises to push the envelope on HIV care. "Honey, we are going to *lavish* service on people," says Todd Yancey. Will all these plans—ambitious, according to some; pie-in-the-sky, to others—spell profits for Bernie Salick? Torres and Saltzman have both expressed doubts to Salick, at least regarding the first few years. Saltzman expects cancer-care profits to cover costs early on, while Torres is more optimistic, saying the on-site lab and pharmacy will be quickly profitable. But Salick is insistent: "We worked out the numbers. We're sure we can do this."

"He could be completely right about all of this," suggests Dr. Victoria Sharp, the director of the HIV center at St. Luke's–Roosevelt Medical Center and one of the few AIDS authorities willing to speak for the record. "On the other hand, he could be completely wrong. But I'm willing to say, 'Let's strap on our safety belts and see what happens.' " ■

DR. KATZ:
PROFESSIONAL THERAPIST
MONDAYS
10PM/9C

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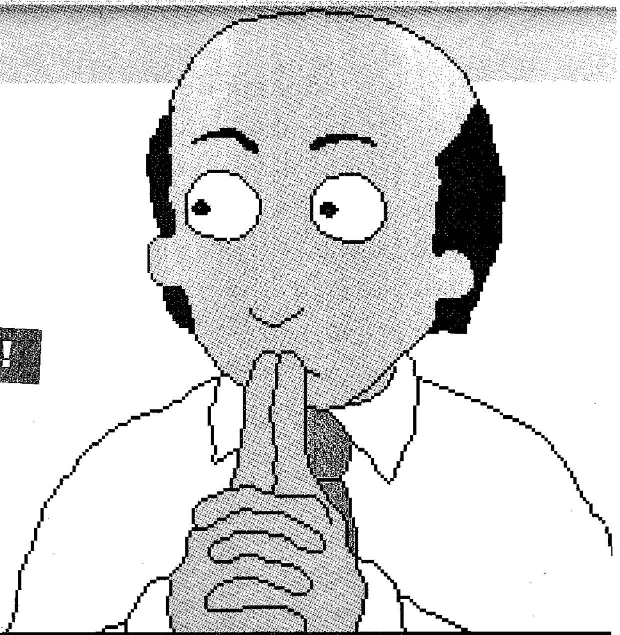

Dr. Katz has had more celebrities on his couch than Hollywood's biggest casting director. Catch him dispensing the best medicine (that's laughter, not Prozac) every Monday night.

ON THE COUCH: July 13 BEN STILLER

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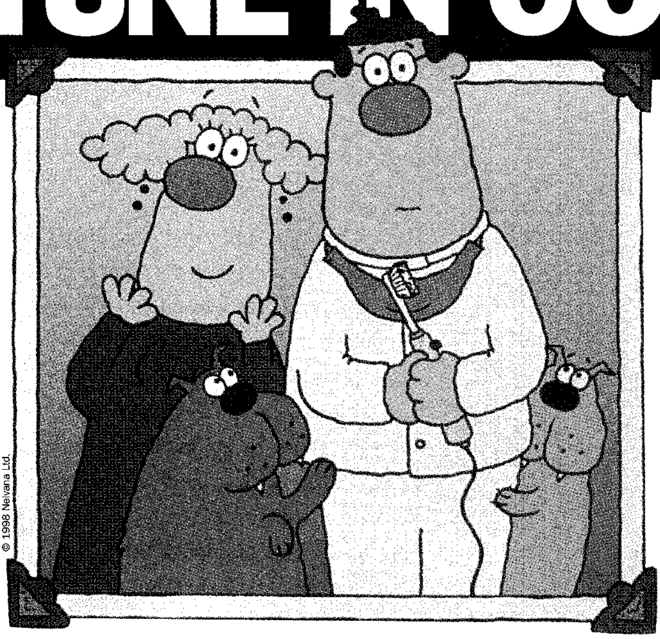

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Square Deal

Brooklyn lamp designer Roy Braeger adds a witty touch to kids' lamps. They look like old-fashioned alphabet or counting blocks, but his Bloklites have a 75-watt bulb inside. Braeger hand-makes them of maple plywood, adds a Danish oil or whitewash finish, and insets rice paper in the cut-out letters and numbers ($115).

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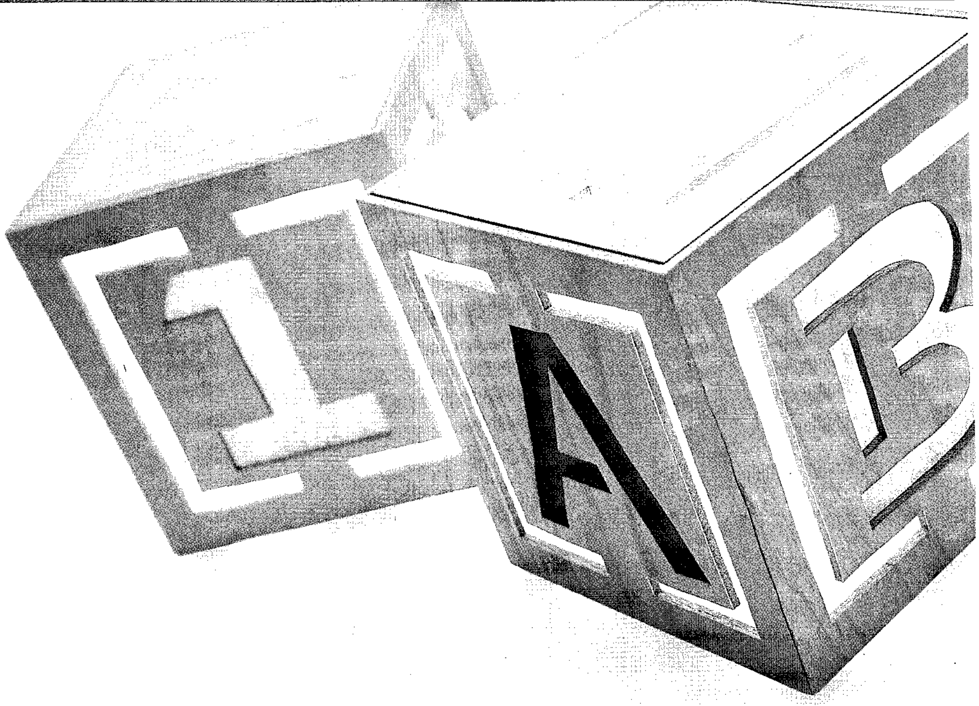

BEST BETS

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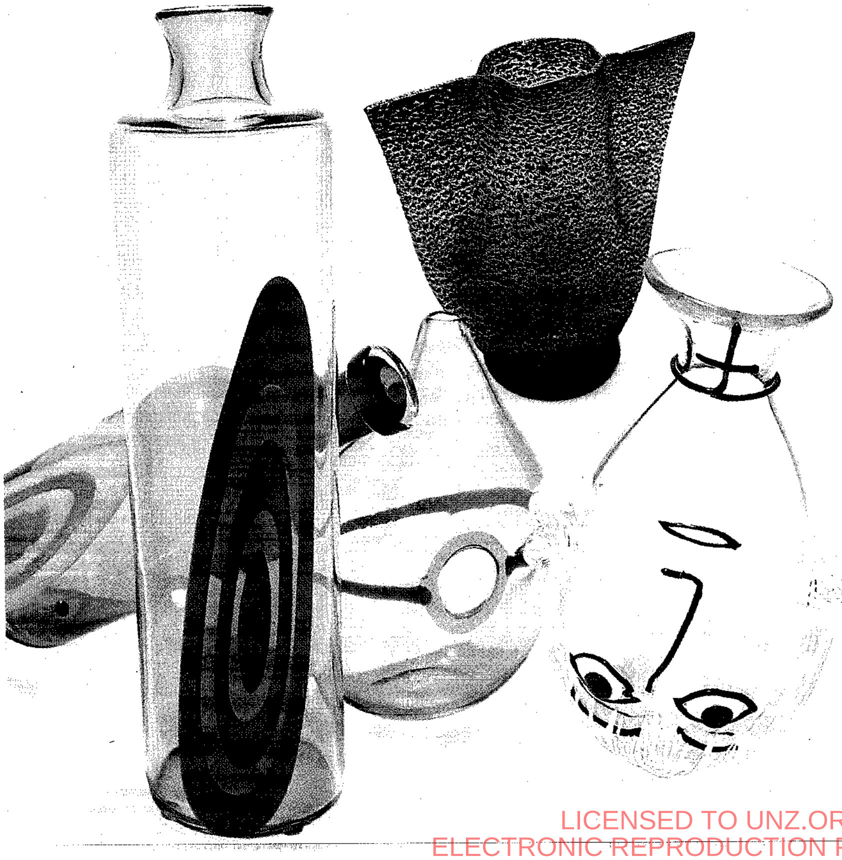
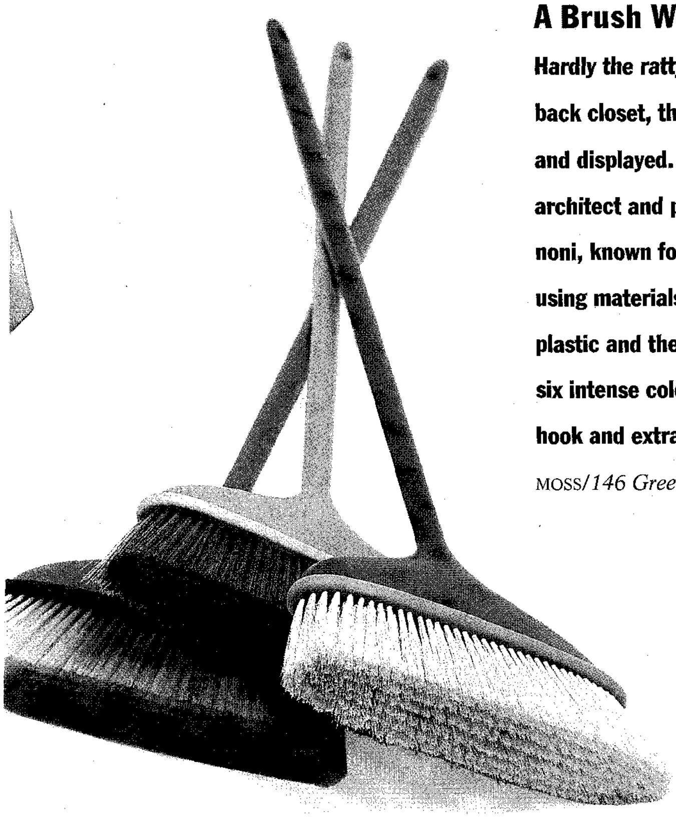
BY CORKY POLLAN



Glass of the Titans

Since it opened eight years ago, Crosby Studio has been a hidden resource, known mostly by architects, decorators, and museum curators hunting for vintage Murano glass and Tuscan ceramics. But with these *objets* newly hot, owner Richard Weissenberger has decided it's time to go public. Each of the pieces in his shop has been created by a celebrated artisan or a renowned company: Barovier & Toso, Venini, Fratelli Toso, and Cenedese in glass; Guido Gambone, Marcello Fantoni, and San Polo in clay. His cache dates from the beginning of the Modernist movement in the late 1800s with the revival of ancient techniques and continues to the 1980s (from $300 for a small bowl to $6,000 for a one-of-a-kind Venini head).

CROSBY STUDIO/*117 Crosby Street/941-6863*



A Brush With Greatness

Hardly the ratty broom that gets hidden away in a back closet, the "Mago" could almost be mounted and displayed. It's the latest from radical Italian architect and product designer Stefano Giovannoni, known for impish takes on quotidian objects using materials of the moment. The whole thing's plastic and therefore washable, and it comes in six intense color combinations ($75, including hook and extra brush).

MOSS/*146 Greene Street/226-2190*

Racket Rapport

"It's light but not too light," proclaimed our resident tennis-phile after he put Prince's new titanium racket to the test. He also found that it was well balanced and added a little zing to his shots: exactly the claims Prince makes about the LongBody ThunderStrike. The company combined titanium with graphite to create just the right weight and added a sweet-spot suspension system to help ensure solid shots. But our tester discovered the ThunderStrike had that elusive quality the company neglected to hype: "With the best tennis rackets, you don't notice them; they become a part of you. This one did." ($279.99.)

PARAGON SPORTING GOODS/*867 Broadway, at 18th Street/255-8036*

PRINCETON SKI SHOP/*21 East 22nd Street/228-4400*

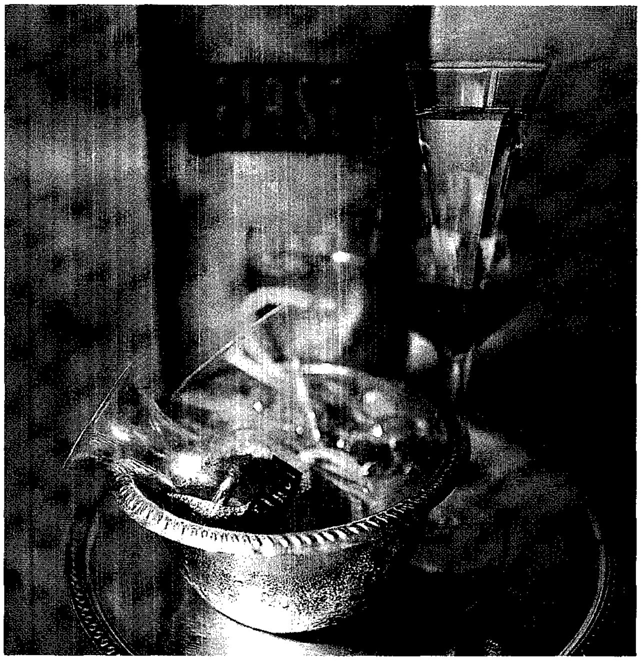
Photographs: clockwise from right, Steve Wisbauer; James Worrell (3).

SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

Champagne Wishes...

and caviar dreams—**at beer-and-pretzel rates:** *First offers an unlimited pour of the bubbly stuff, and an Internet retailer keeps us* **all in a roe.**

JONAS AND URSULA HEGEWISCH—the husband-and-wife team behind Wearkstatt, a bridal salon in SoHo—opened their store last November but have been accruing samples for years. To make space in their warehouse, they're putting them on sale, along with gowns by Peter Langner, Holly Harp, and Birnbaum & Bullock, during a "cocktail hour" sample sale at the store. Dresses usually priced at $2,000 to $3,500 will be up to 75 percent off retail. *Wearkstatt, 33 Greene St. (334-9494); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon. 5–10; 7/13.*



First, we'll have a drink: The East Village boîte marks its fourth year with a bottomless quaff of beer or wine (red, white, or sparkling).

Sturgeon General

ACCORDING TO A RECENT REport in the New York *Times*, Beluga caviar is scarcer and more expensive than ever. But Edward Boginsky, the president of the new company Just Caviar, has come to the rescue. He can offer a price of $40 per two ounces—the larger emporiums in town charge up to $90—because he sells his various Russian delicacies through the Internet. Just log on to his site at www.justcaviar.com, and orders will be delivered the next business day by messenger or second-day air. Luddites can call 888-367-0099 and ask for an order form.

First's Fourth

TO CELEBRATE FOUR YEARS IN BUSINESS, the restaurant First—a consistently delicious and sexy spot (with its deep booths and tête-à-tête lighting) in the East Village—will pour free champagne, wine, and beer with every course ordered. There'll also be special offers every night (including one for Bastille Day on July 14) as well as the menu's regular selections. *First, 87 First Ave. (674-3823); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Wed. 6 P.M.–2 A.M.; 7/13–7/15.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Printed Matter

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG, ANDY WARHOL, Ross Bleckner, Richard Estes, Helen Frankenthaler, and Howard Hodgkin are just some of the artists whose prints are available at Jim Kempner Fine Art's summer sale. As well as offering 10 to 40 percent off the group of contemporary master prints, the gallery will include a signed Frank Stella poster with every purchase over $500. *Jim Kempner Fine Art, 501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872); M.C., V.; Tues., Fri., Sat. 10–6, Wed.–Thurs. till 8; 7/14–7/18.*

Take Two

YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND A DESIGNER GEM AT one of INA's two resale locations, in SoHo and NoLIta—often items that are barely worn. At the summer sale, the prices are going even lower; for example, Prada dress, was $350, now $175; Dolce & Gabbana skirt, was $150, now $75; Comme des Garçons men's suit, was $400, now $200; Helmut Lang dress, was $275, now $138; Manolo Blahnik shoes, were $250, now $125. *INA, 21 Prince St. (334-9048) and 101 Thompson St. (941-4757); A.E., M.C., V.; daily noon–7; 7/13 while supplies last.*

Wedding Notice

ANOTHER BRIDAL SALE WHERE you can knock literally thousands off the price tag: Robert Legere is selling samples from both his current collection and other recent ones. Dresses that retail for $2,000 to $5,000 will be $300 to $700 here. *Robert Legere, 222 W. 37th St. (631-0606), fourth floor; A.E., M.C., V.; Fri.–Sat. 9-5; 7/17-7/18.*

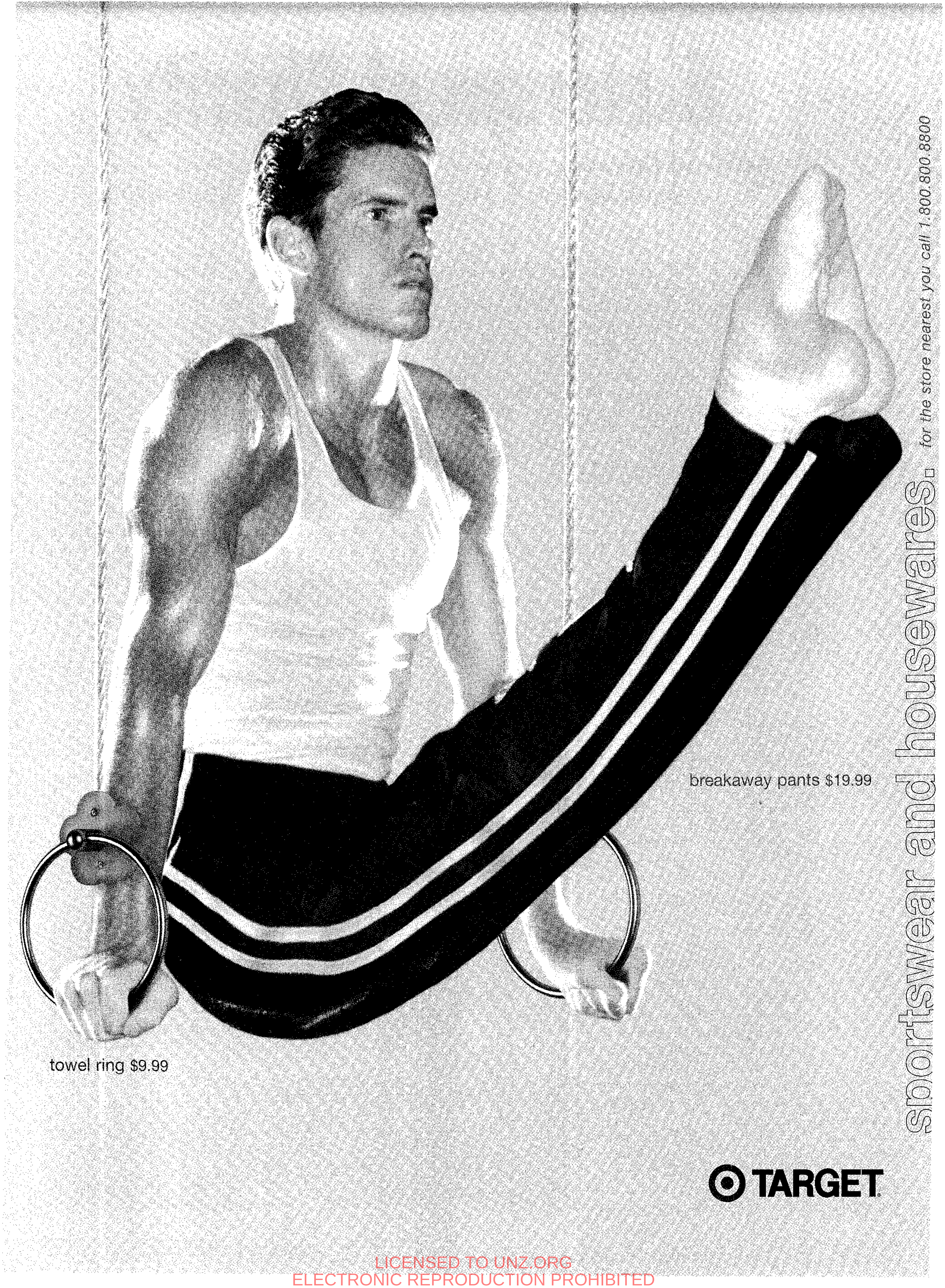
Reduced, Reproduced

IF YOU ARE NOT INCLINED TO DROP $30,000 on that first edition of Joyce's *Ulysses* you wanted, check out the Strand's facsimile that sells for $29.95. Other volumes include *Main Street,* for $12.95; *Le Morte d'Arthur,* for $17.95; and *The Life of Samuel Johnson,* for $24.95. *Strand Book Store, 828 Broadway, at 12th St. (473-1452); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 9:30–9:30, Sun. 11–9:30; while supplies last.*

Riflessi Meets the Eye

RIFLESSI'S SEMI-ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE has all the trappings a man could need. Among the offerings, Italian suits by designers like Ermenegildo Zegna, Canali, Kiton, and Loro Piana, were $795–$1,695, now $395–$795; sport jackets, $695 and up, $295–$450; silk ties, were $115, now $45. *Riflessi, 260 Madison Ave., near 38th St. (679-4875); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9:30–7, Sat. 10–7, Sun. 12–6; through 7/31.* ■

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.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MOVIES **DAVID DENBY**

Bittersweet Charity

Restored and uncensored, Fellini's masterpiece 'Nights of Cabiria' finds tremendous power in tracing the emotional life of a streetwalker.

IN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS SEQUENCES IN THE HISTORY of the cinema, Federico Fellini ends his 1957 masterpiece **Nights of Cabiria** with a benumbed Giulietta Masina walking along a street as a bunch of carefree teenagers serenade her. The boys and girls swirl around the lonely, grief-stricken woman, passing in and out of the frame, singing, riding a motorcycle around her, until, finally, Masina smiles, even grazing the camera with a glance, as if to signal to us her permission to enjoy the moment. One can analyze this movie, which has just been rereleased in a restored, uncut version, in terms of its technique and its cinematic language—patterns of light and dark, figures in the foreground and background intricately moving together, and so on. But emotion is a language, too—the language that the cinema forgot—and when watching *Nights of Cabiria,* one is amazed by how close Fellini keeps us to the moment-by-moment feelings of Masina's aging, unhappy little prostitute. That final sequence pulls together the seemingly random meanings of everything that has come before; it completes Masina's character and releases us into tears. *Nights of Cabiria* remains the most perfectly beautiful and touching of Fellini's movies.

At the end of the war, Fellini began his career in film by writing screenplays for Roberto Rossellini, who was creating, with other directors, a new, raw-streets style that came to be known as neorealism. *Nights of Cabiria,* which marks the end of Fellini's first period as a director, can be seen as a final stopping place for that style. The heavily symbolic *La Dolce Vita* came next, and then the many Fellini extravaganzas in which the fate of no single human being seemed to matter very much. *Cabiria* shares the neorealist emphasis on poverty and unhappiness—the sense of social betrayal, the rapacity of street life—but the movie at its most expressive is moving away from realism and toward fable and even religious myth.

Masina's Cabiria is no longer young; she's been around, and she talks tough, insisting on her independence, refusing the services of a pimp. She has something—her own house. But it's the most comfortless of refuges, an isolated cement box surrounded by empty lots and a few blank modern buildings. In the neighborhood where she works, pimps and clients drive up, the other girls strut and shout, and sometimes lewd parties break out on the street. It's a Fellini movie, and there's always a lot of life going on. But the prostitutes and their clients are struggling to cheer themselves up, struggling to keep at bay the loneliness and impersonality of the huge, tawdry city. For all her tough talk, Cabiria is entirely vulnerable; she believes what people tell her. She unwittingly poses a test of their honesty and loyalty.

At the beginning of the movie, a man Cabiria loves throws her in a river and grabs her purse. She is pulled out by a bunch of kids and turned upside down until the water drains out. As soon as she can, she's up and fighting, enraged and hurt but ready for more. Battling for every bit of respect she can get, she responds to everything, little slights and moments of temporary advantage. Masina's performance draws on the circus, and on the Chaplin Tramp figure, but it has a delicacy that goes even beyond Chaplin. Cabiria can't conceal anything; her feelings show up on her face, a clown's mug with saucer eyes and big round lips. At a pretentious nightclub, she starts dancing like a music-hall performer, kicking and grinning—Cabiria is not stupid, but she's guileless. She lives deep in fantasy and emotion while hardly seeing what's in front of her.

Even after her gruesome experience in the river, Cabiria is looking for love, or at least a little companionship. It was a principle of neorealism that incident mattered more than plot—that reality not be squeezed into a preset pattern. *Nights of Cabiria* seems at first rather wandering and random. But Fellini quietly creates a structure that echoes and resonates. If you think of the movie as both a Christian fable and a sorrowing defense of illusion, everything in it makes sense. The

If they could see me now: Giulietta Masina and François Périer in *Nights of Cabiria.*

Photograph courtesy of Rialto Pictures.

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movie becomes a panorama of betrayal—by art, by the church, by men. Only a silent man with a sack, walking about the outskirts of Rome and handing gifts to the broken-down old whores living in caves—a secular saint—redeems this wasteland.

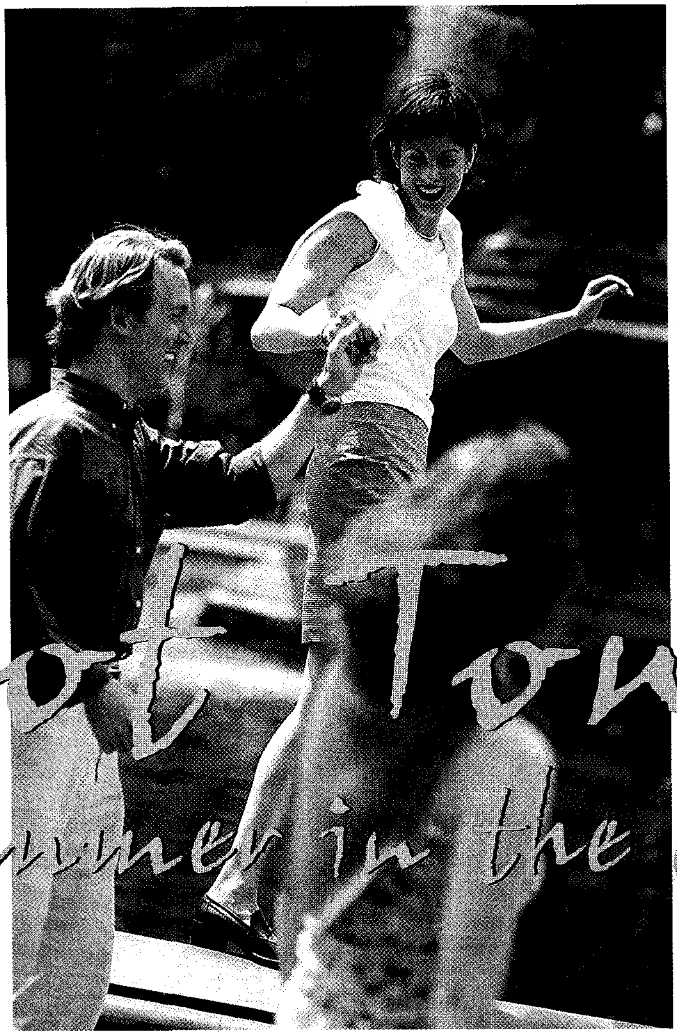
Nights of Cabiria, we think, should be a tragedy. But Fellini renounces tragedy; he insists that life without illusion is not possible. He offers a Christian optimism that draws nothing from doctrine or clergy and everything from love. It would be nice to say that *Nights of Cabiria* could redeem the cinema, too, but some things are not possible. Yet this 41-year-old movie provides an extraordinary contrast to the summer-season monstrosities as they blaze their way into oblivion.

IN **Buffalo '66,** VINCENT GALLO, ACTING IN A movie that he wrote (with Alison Bagnall) and directed himself, has a face like an unsheathed knife. Pointed beard, pointed nose, pressed-together lips, filthy hair, a screw-you stare—Gallo, a former Calvin Klein heroin-chic model, takes his own neurotic singularity very seriously. He believes in it, he enacts it, and he appears to have very little distance from it. Watching *Buffalo '66* is a little bit like landing in the hands of a ratty hustler who lives in a bus station ("Hey, can I talk to you for a second? Just for a second . . ."). Which is not to say that Gallo doesn't have talent and a scraggly kind of wit. He plays Billy Brown, a jumpy young loser who leaves prison and spends a long time looking for a place to pee. Billy kidnaps a girl (Christina Ricci) with heavily tinted eyes and fluttering lashes—an erotic doll with a pliant disposition. The early scenes have a scary, paranoid realism, bordering on farce. Billy is terrified of sex with the girl; he kidnaps her so she will accompany him on a visit to his parents, who hate him and wish he did not exist. Angelica Huston and Ben Gazzara produce successful vicious caricatures, but in the family scenes, Gallo begins to play with trick staging and trick editing, and the movie comes grinding to a halt. Baffled, we feel like he's working through some sort of private obsession. From there on, it's strictly touch-and-go—some good scenes, some things that don't work at all, and a rushed, unsatisfactory ending. If Gallo is going to have a teenage girl fall for scary Billy, the movie needs more psychological realism than it has. Who, and what, is *she*? Gallo may be too self-obsessed to care. *Buffalo '66* has an authentic rotgut flavor, but here's the question for the future: Will Gallo learn to criticize his own ideas or continue to pride himself on screwing up? ■

David Denby's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Hot Town

Summer in the city



Summertime. Vacation time. Dress-down days. Weekends that start around lunchtime Friday and stretch into a later-than-usual arrival on Monday morning. Forget clogged highways. Instead, savor the city in full swing. Central Park's a blur of bikers and 'bladers, and meadows of sunbathers. It's a great time to be out and about, discovering the city that never misses a beat, especially during the heat of summer.

Beverly Hood Allen Creative Services Director
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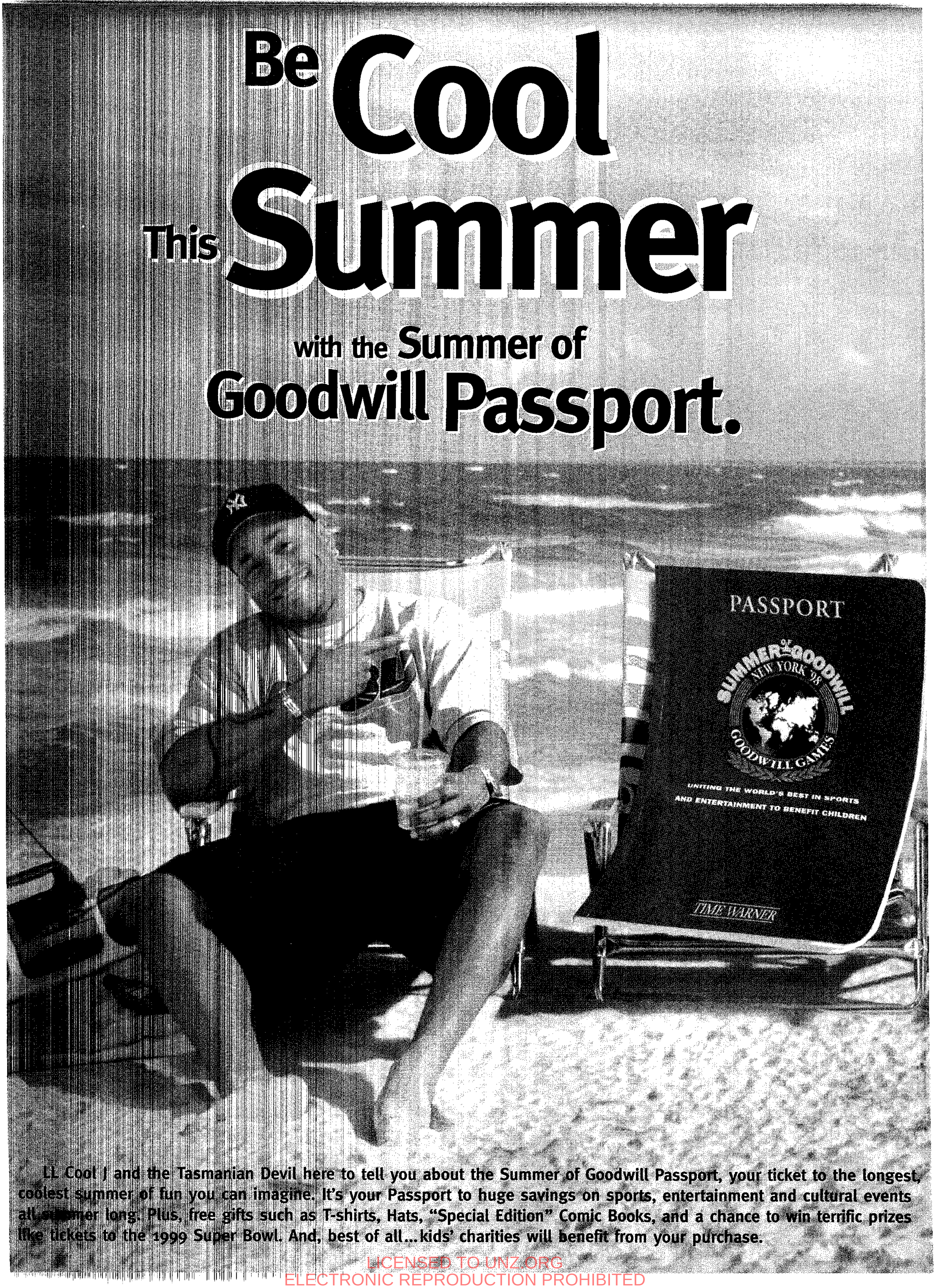
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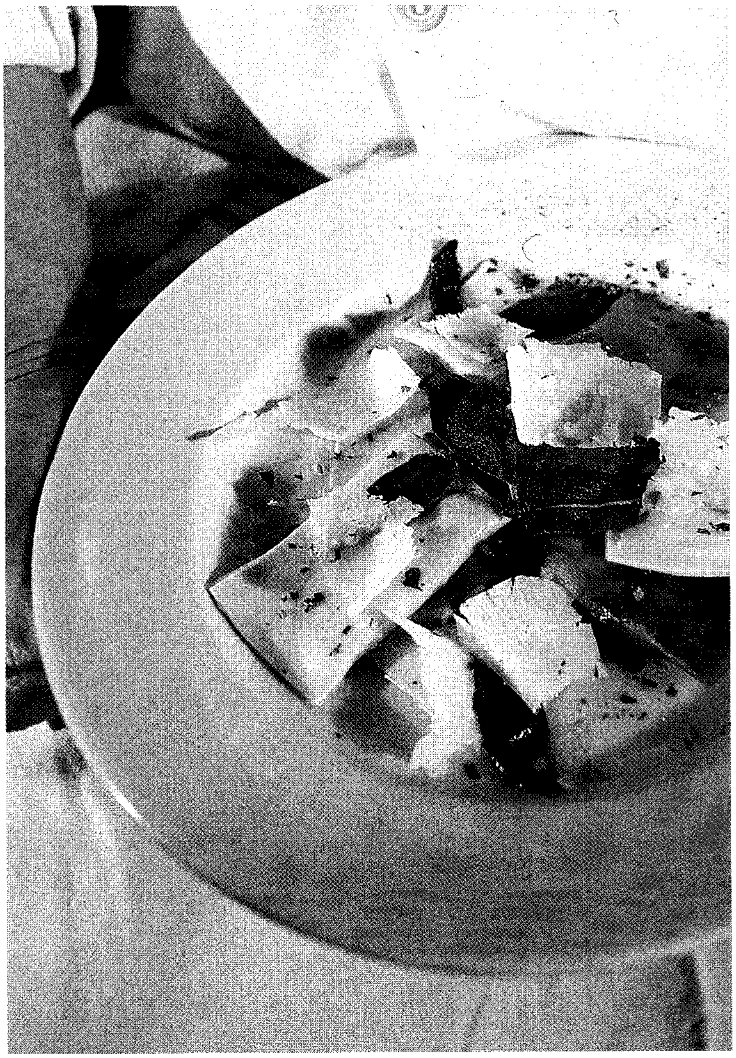
Summer Bounty

Chefs love summertime. That's when there's local produce, from seafood to salad greens, adding freshness and flavor to the lighter fare on warm weather menus. Lots of places have outdoor spaces to linger over a meal (you can even dine while cruising on a yacht) and **those restaurants you've been dying to try are easier to get into,** now that the vacation evacuation has thinned the crowds.



At **C^2 at the China Club** (268 West 47th St.; 398-3800), **chef Eban Ross has added sprightly summer twists to his inventive, eclectic menu.** Potato crusted bluepoint oysters come with horseradish cream and a caperberry tartar sauce, the Manila clam martini is steamed in sriracha, three tomato gazpacho is made with organic cucumbers and 15-year-old red wine vinegar. There's a Thai Japanese-influenced spa Bento box, southern deep skillet fried chicken, and cous–cous-crusted Atlantic salmon. And for dessert, Ross' own version of a root beer float made with a deep-fried ice cream ball.

Caffé Bondi (7 West 20th St.; 691-8136) boasts a **vine-covered garden that seats 30 happy people feasting on historic and traditional Sicilian dishes** that include zuppa di pesce based on an 11th-century Saracen recipe, a brioche filled with lobster, shrimp, clams, mussels, and rice, and unusual pasta dishes like perciatelli with a sauce of fresh sardines, fennel, pine nuts, saffron, and currants. There's a $19.98 prix fixe lunch served daily 'til 5 p.m., and a brunch on Saturday and Sunday priced at $7.95. If you happen to be in the neighborhood, there's an amazing Sunday-only dinner priced at $19.98.

The downtown bar scene has set up shop in the Financial District at **Divine Bar** (55 Liberty St., 2nd Floor; 791-WINE). The Wall Street crowd with an eye for something a little edgy has flocked to this new, upscale bordello, decorated New Orleans-style in chartreuse, plum, and gold. Divine opened in May, two blocks north of the Stock Exchange and two blocks east of the World Trade Center. The funky duplex wine-and-tapas bar features a 42-foot stainless bar with velvet sofas and armchairs just right for slouchy posing. Divine Bar serves nothing but premium liquors, 45 beers, and 65 wines by the taste, glass, and bottle. The tapas menu goes on and on, from satay-style shrimp on skewers, five types of bruschetta and sweet potato pancakes to toasted ravioli and "wild tapas" (pepper crusted ostrich filet, alligator fritters, and hickory smoked barbecue buffalo).

Photo: Kenneth Chen

If you can't get to France this summer, stop by **René Pujol** (321 West 51st St.; 246-3023). **This is the kind of elegant family-run restaurant you'd find in the French countryside, if you were lucky.** The charming Mr. Pujol put his name on the door 28 years ago. His daughter Nicole directs the dining room, and her husband Claude Franques is the chef. His fresh, flavorful cuisine updates French classics such as sauteed frogs legs, steamed codfish, peppered tuna steak, pan-seared monkfish, and grilled salmon with wilted spinach and couscous. Desserts include a refreshing pear tart with raisins, pear sorbet, and a chilled apple soup with yogurt ice cream. Chef Claude's wine cellar is his pride and joy–15,000 selections resting in climate-controlled bliss.

A four-course dinner, a three-hour cruise past the Statue of Liberty, a little dancing in the moonlight. **World Yacht** (Pier 81 at West 41st St. and the Hudson River; 630-8100) puts together **as romantic an evening as you could ever want.** Boarding begins at 6 p.m. for the 7-to-10 p.m. cruise, and there's a Sunday buffet cruise that boards at 11:30 a.m. for the 12:30-to-2:30 p.m. cruise.

Ben Benson's Outside (123 West 52nd St.; 581-8888) is a 60-seat terrace extension of the popular steak house with the stock market zipper above the bar. The welcoming veranda-like space is shielded from the sun and rain by the overhang of the building above, and outfitted with well-spaced tables and comfortable armchairs. There's an easel-mounted blackboard menu that lists such casual outdoor fare as grilled breast of chicken, grilled fish of the day, and filet mignon with tangy lemon sauce. What's more, the full inside menu is available as well.

Seems as though every evening starts out festive at **Rossini's** (108 East 38th St.; 683-0135). Happy hour in the lounge–presided over for the past 10 years by Manny the bartender–is the first stop. Then it's on to the split-level dining room where the ample northern Italian menu features assorted cold antipasti and plenty of fresh seafood, including shrimp scampi or lobster tails alla Rossini, and the house specialty, a two-and-a-half-pound female (larger tail, smaller claws) Maine lobster. **The occasional cigar nights, which include a seven-course gala dinner and custom-rolled cigars, are already legendary among those who revel in such exercises of self-indulgence.** The next one is in September, (date pending master roller Don Tito's schedule) but they're taking reservations now.

The Commonwealth Grill and Brewery (35 West 48th St.; 977-2269) is more restaurant than typical brew pub. Massive copper vats fill the entire back wall, but **it's obvious that this is a fine restaurant that just happens to serve the tasty ales and lagers it brews itself.** Just look at the menu. Chef Stephen Ciber's menu is alive with spice—sizzling Thai shrimp sauteed in a wok, smoked salmon wrap made with tequila-cured salmon, marinated crispy grilled quail salad, and five-spice encrusted duck breast with hoisin mashed potatoes. Brews are serious business here, of course, and summer brings a Bohemian pilsner that's a classic golden lager with a crisp, clean, refreshing taste. Brews even make their way into the desserts. There's a cheesecake, served with almond tuilles, that includes the house Hudson River Porter beer in its recipe.

Photo: Antony Nagelmann.

One of the city's longest-running parties is **Campagnola** (1382 First Ave. at 74th St.; 861-1102), **a friendly neighborhood spot run for years by Salvatore and Frankie D, and their crew of waiters who seem to be having as much fun as the folks they're serving.** You could make a nice light meal out of grazing at the cold antipasti bar, but then you'd be missing out on the many pleasures of a menu that boasts grilled scampi, lobster cooked any way you like it, and 16 pasta specialties. And just when the dinner action begins to settle down, the barroom inside the arched picture window tunes up with a piano player-singer kicking off a late-night scene that keeps things going for hours more.

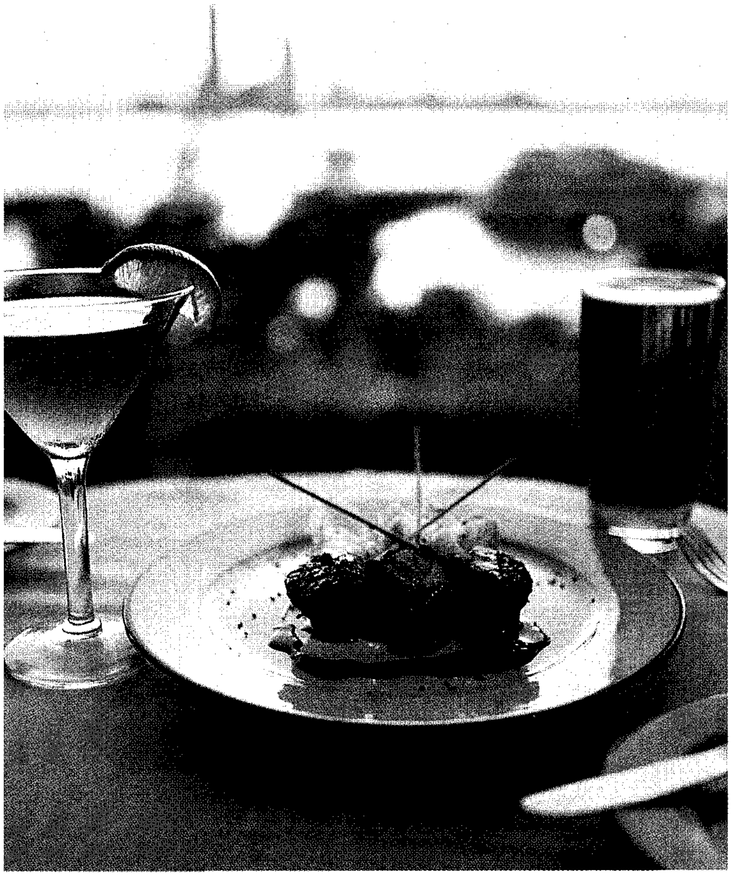


Photo: Kenneth Chen

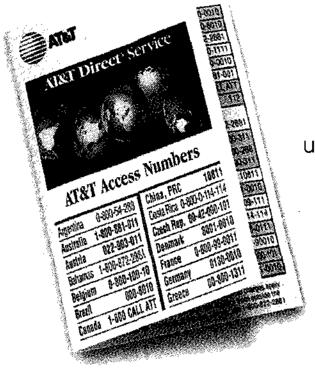
The midtown after-work place to be is **No. 18** (18 West 56th St.; 489-1888). **The chic blue-gray dining room—an oasis of stainless steel, glass, and cobalt-blue lights—a perfect setting to see and be seen,** is fueled by a menu of 34 seven-ounce martinis for seven bucks, from 5:30 to 7:30 p.m.. Then, Dale Balsamo's menu is the main attraction. His summer menu features plenty of seafood and other light dishes, complemented by a list of 38 wines by the glass, and 15 well chosen imported and microbrew beers.

Regulars call it the Italian Saloon, but **Ecco** (124 Chambers St.; 227-7074) is a lot more genteel than that. **The bar up front is a popular gathering place, but the real draw is a menu that's long on seafood fetched fresh daily from the nearby Fulton Fish Market.** Start with antipasti stacked in tiers, insulata di frutta di mare, tender baby octopus salad, fresh anchovies marinated in olive oil, or fresh green mussels prepared in a spicy tomato sauce. A specialty of the house is whole orata or branzino, flown in fresh weekly from the Mediterranean, baked in fresh herbs, and fileted tableside. Another direct import from the Mediterranean is giant blue prawns that are grilled with a touch of garlic and olive oil. Lobster arrives daily from Maine. And, you can beat the midday heat with Ecco's cool $20 Millenium prix fixe—a menu that changes daily, Monday through Friday.

And, if you're headed to a house in the country, off to the beach, or just out to Central Park, you can take along a barbecue dinner for six ($165) from **Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon** (121 West 45th St.; 869-4545). Give them 48 hours notice, and they'll put together a crate of crab cakes, salmon croquettes, a whole roasted chicken, four types of ribs (beef, baby-backs, and slow-smoked and St. Louis-style pork), macaroni and cheese, collard greens, desserts, and two bottles of the house barbecue sauce. You can have this "maxed-out barbecue in a box," or any assortment from the menu. Or plop yourself down in the restaurant for the all-you-can-eat special for $18.95 on Sunday and Monday.

It's summertime and the livin' should be easy. Now's your chance to sample the city's best eateries, nightspots, and takeout emporiums without the crowds. You'll be glad you did.

(move fast)



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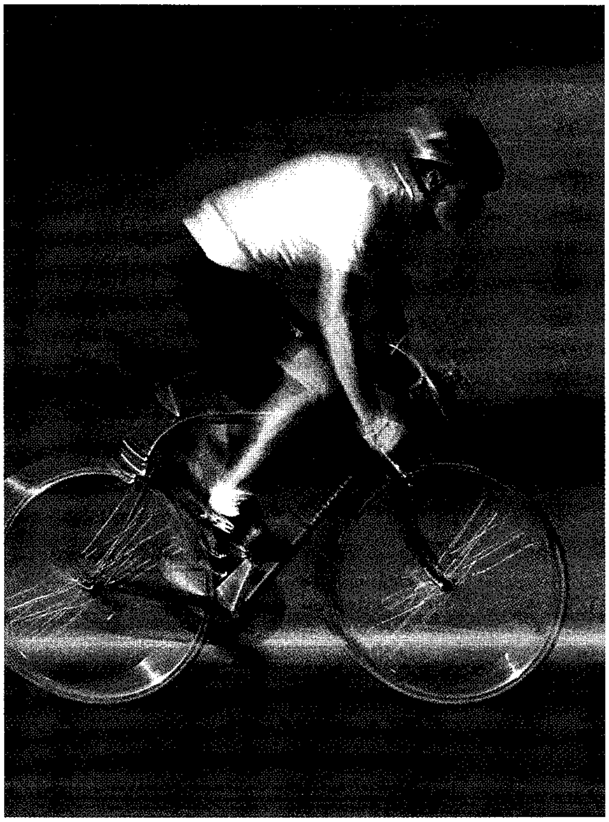
Enjoy the Games

From July 19 through August 2, some **1,500 world-class athletes from more than 60 countries will turn the city into the sports capital of the world, all in the name of good sport, all for a good cause. The Goodwill Games** feature 15 sports, including three new ones–women's soccer, freestyle wrestling, and water polo–with competition scheduled at venues in Manhattan, on Long Island, and on Staten Island. Boxing, basketball, and wrestling at Madison Square Garden, beach volleyball in Central Park's Wollman Rink, a men's and women's triathlon that demands a 1.5-kilometer swim in New York Harbor, a 40-kilometer bicycle ride from Battery Park to Central Park, and a 10-kilometer run through the park.



Sports, entertainment, and outdoor fun

Track and field competition will be a major draw, with Michael Johnson attempting another double victory in the 200- and 400-meter dashes, Dan O'Brien challenging the 9,000-point barrier in the decathlon, Jackie Joyner-Kersee bidding farewell in her final international heptathlon, a "Fastest Man" 100-meter showdown matching Canada's Donovan Bailey, who won Olympic gold in 1996 in a world record time of 9.84 seconds, and American Maurice Greene, reigning world champion in the 100-meter.

Athletes are competing for $5 million in prize money. Record/performance incentives will be awarded, creating the largest purse in multi-sport event history. And the Goodwill Games have taken on a new cause, benefiting children, with a SuperChallenge fund-matching program aimed at generating one million hours of volunteer time and $1 million for the national organization of the Boys & Girls Clubs of America, as well as a donation to UNICEF International made by Time Warner on behalf of the Games. TicketMaster (307-7171) is selling tickets for all events, TBS Superstation is broadcasting three hours of primetime coverage each night, CBS is televising ten hours of afternoon weekend coverage, and HBO is covering boxing as part of its *Boxing After Dark* series.

This is also the **Summer of Goodwill, an amazing roundup of outdoor film screenings, concerts, dancing, sports, Broadway shows—even everyone's favorite funnyman, Jerry Seinfeld, gets into the act.** The Summer of Goodwill schedule includes screenings of classic films each Monday at sunset during the HBO Film Festival at Bryant Park, Philharmonic Concerts in the Parks in all five boroughs, an evening of country and folk dancing and desserts (July 22) as part of Midsummer Night Swing at Lincoln Center, and the first-ever Montreux Jazz Festival in New York (Sept. 4 and 5) featuring legends of the Atlantic and Warner Bros. record labels.

The Atlanta Braves vs. the New York Mets (Sept. 4-6) is part of the festivities, as is Broadway on Broadway (Sept. 13), a showcase of excerpts from current shows in Times Square. And, if The Last Episode wasn't finale enough, Jerry Seinfeld is here on Aug. 9 with a standup "I'm Telling You for the Last Time." Call 1-800-Goodwill for more information on tickets and schedules.

Photo: Visual Horizons

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WHEN

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WHERE

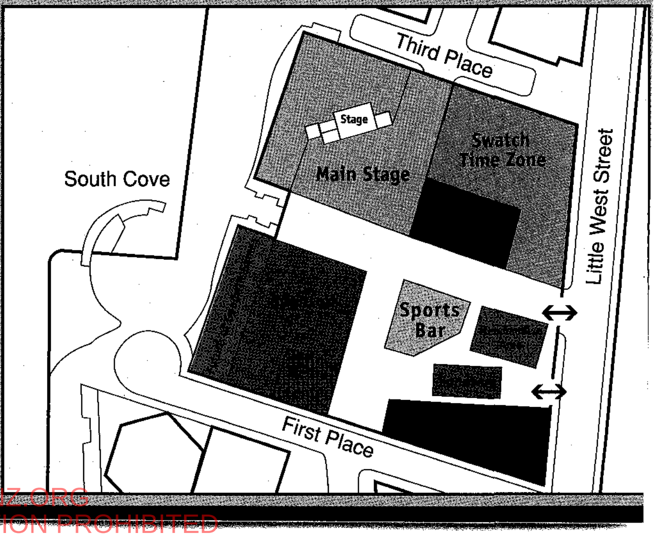
Little West Street, Battery Park City (The Cirque du Soleil Site)

ADMISSION

Children under 12: FREE Adults: $5, 11am-5pm; $10, 5pm-9pm.

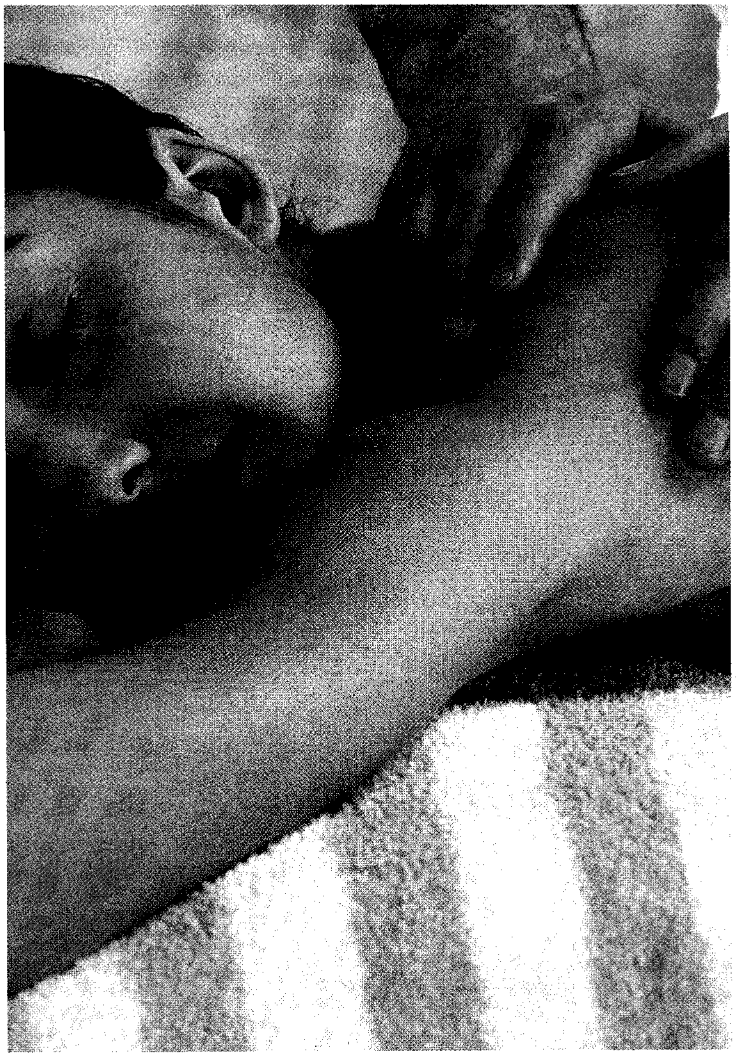
WHAT

The Goodwill Games Global Pavilion brings together visitors of all ages and nationalities, where they can experience interactive sports, children's activities, international food, multi-cultural events and music and artistic performances. As a cross-cultural event, the Global Pavilion entertainment line up is as diverse as it is exciting. During the fourteen-day extravaganza, the Main Stage will showcase artists from Simply Red, The Manhattan Transfer to Athenaeum, Linda Eder and Bobby Caldwell and his Big Band.


Third Place
Stage
Swatch Time Zone
South Cove
Main Stage
Little West Street
Sports Bar
First Place

Bare & Beautiful

Summer's a time for pampering. When it moved down the block to much larger quarters at this crossroads of the Upper West Side, the popular **Scott J. Salon & Spa** (257 Columbus Ave. at 72nd St.;769-0107) added truly luxurious spa treatments to its roster of haircuts, coloring, and hair and scalp treatments. (Also located at 2929 Broadway at 114th St., 2nd Floor.; 666-6429.) **Scott J. is an AVEDA environmental lifestyle store, showcasing the pure and natural theme in a calm décor that features banks of ferns, a waterfall streaming down a copper-clad wall, and a centerpiece cluster of towering stalks of bamboo.** The spas private treatment rooms are cocoons that soothe with New Age music, subdued lighting, heavenly scents, and peaceful quiet. The concept here is total pampering with massages, facials, hydrotherapy, and such full-immersion processes as the 75-minute Mind/Body Rejuvenation, described as a facial for the whole body, or the hour-and-a-half Himalayan Rejuvenation Treatment that combines a full-body rubdown to cleanse away dead skin cells, a massage with flower and plant oils, a 20-minute body steam, and a gentle cooling down that leaves you happily helpless. Before you venture back out on the streets, you can relax in the lounge with water and fresh fruit. And, you're only a block from the natural environs of Central Park.



Allana Day Spa & Laser Institute (160 East 56th St.; 980-0216) offers customized **half-day and full-day beauty treatments that begin with a facial (oxygen therapy, European, herbal, or fruit) and a choice of body treatments that include exfoliations, wraps, scrubs, cellulite treatment, and paraffin.** Or just indulge in the benefits of reflexology or aromatherapy. As an accent to your summer wardrobe, you might consider a Mehndi henna tattoo that lasts about three weeks. Bring your own design or leave it up to the artist's inspiration.

You can work your body from the inside out at **Callanetics Studios of Manhattan** (in Carnegie Hall at 154 West 57th St., Studio 832; 765-2900). **Three hour-long classes per week produce "visible results" usually in about one month, according to owner Ruth Jeffries.** The non-aerobic, non-impact regimen combines isometrics (the contraction of muscles) and isotonics (the movement of muscles) to exercise deep postural muscles which tighten quickly, meaning you lose inches quickly.

Photo: Top: Michael Mayor

Classes are limited to 12, and Callanetics, which is celebrating its 25th anniversary, is offering 10 classes for $150 instead of the usual $180. You can sign up for an introductory class for $25, which is then applied to the package price if you sign up for a series of 10 classes.

Once you've relaxed and firmed up, **how about a bright white smile to go with that tan you've been working on?** All you have to do is phone **1-800-DENTIST®** to find a cosmetic specialist among the 200 participating dentists who can provide the latest approaches to bleaching. That tan will fade. White teeth will be with you forever.

If you've ever wanted to work on your ability to speak in public, meetings, presentations, or to increase your comfort level, you can book yourself a weekend with **TalkPower Seminars** (333 East 23rd St.; 684-1711), a totally unique and original program. Forty-five percent of all Americans rank the fear of speaking before a group as their number-one fear, ahead of financial problems, heights, deep water, even death. Natalie H. Rogers, a noted behavioral psychotherapist, created a unique mind-body approach to this problem based on performance skills, speech crafting, and assertiveness training.

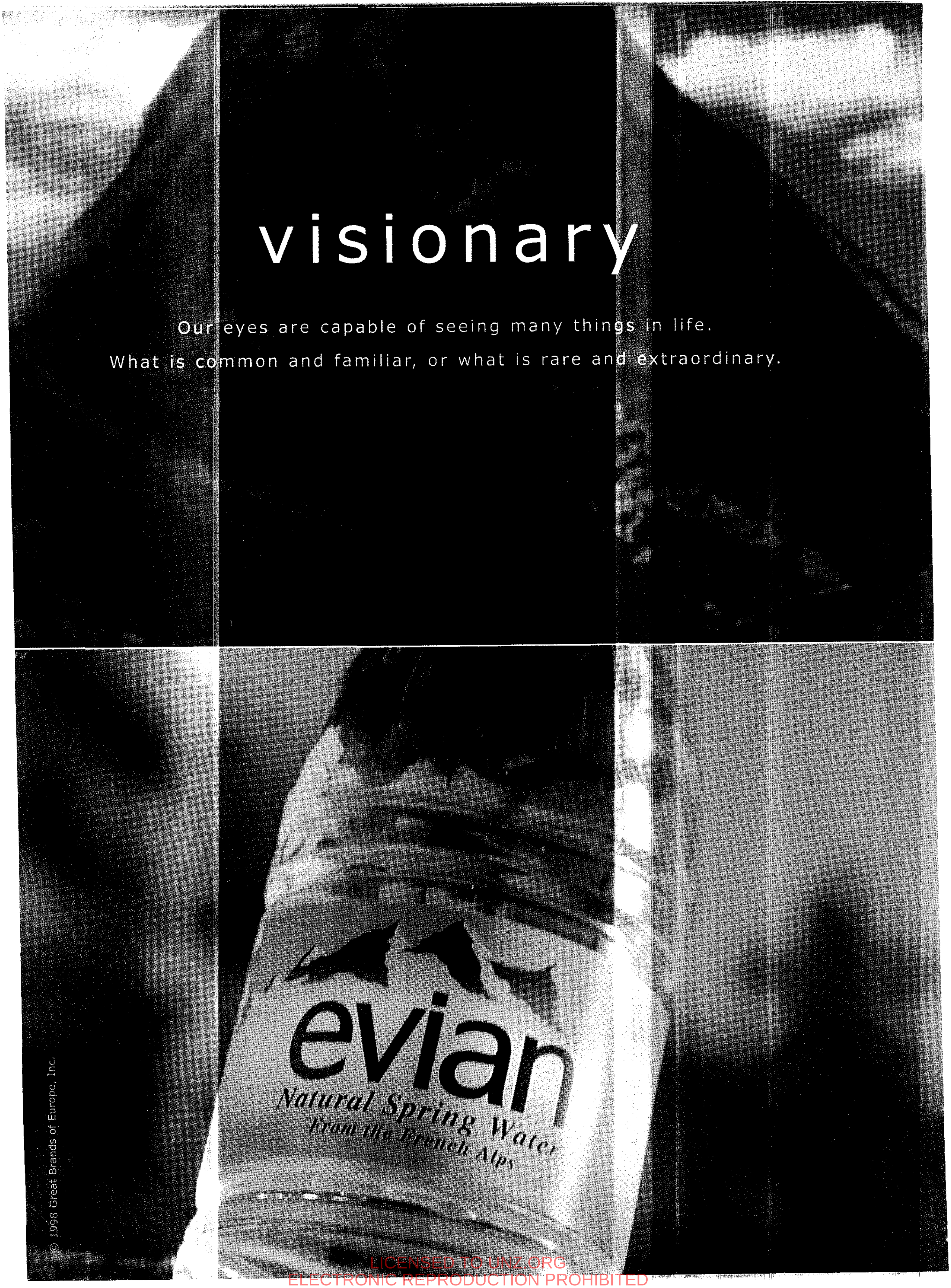
TalkPower Seminars bring together highly successful people from all over the country for a 19-hour weekend **learning how to breathe correctly, control the first three minutes of speech, maintain concentration, and reduce the rapid heartbeat, trembling, and adrenaline rush triggered before facing an audience.**

They also learn acting and rehearsal techniques, as well as a detailed speech-building process, all of which permanently transforms panic into confidence step-by-step. The next TalkPower seminars are scheduled for Aug. 1-2 and Sept. 12-13.

Sun Smarts—Keep it Covered

As good as it feels to bask in the summer sun, the sun's stinging rays can wreak havoc on almost all parts of your body. We're here to remind you that when it comes to the sun, there truly is such a thing as too much of a good thing. Protect from harmful UVA and UVB rays with sunscreen (face and body), powerful sunglasses, a hat, and protective clothing at peak hours (10 a.m-2 p.m.) If you still feel the need for a dose of color, today's self-tanning creams are better than ever.

Photos: FPG


visionary
Our eyes are capable of seeing many things in life.
What is common and familiar, or what is rare and extraordinary.
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From the French Alps

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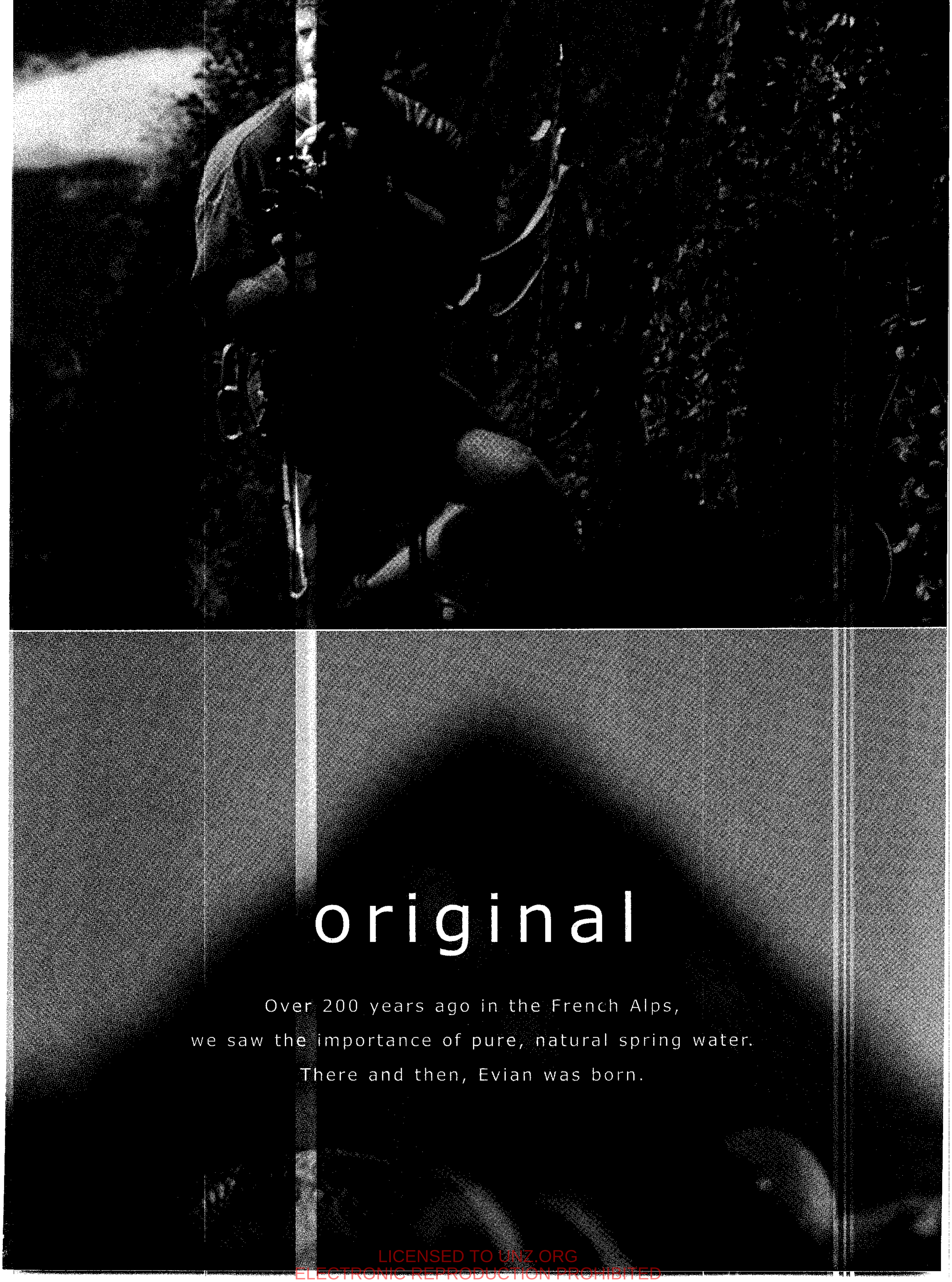

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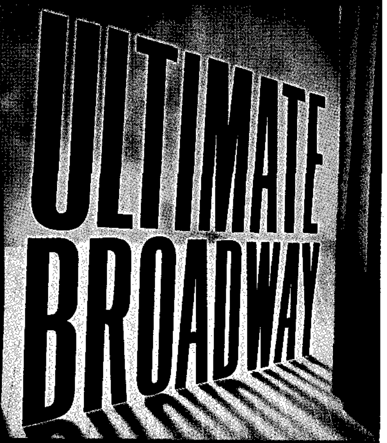

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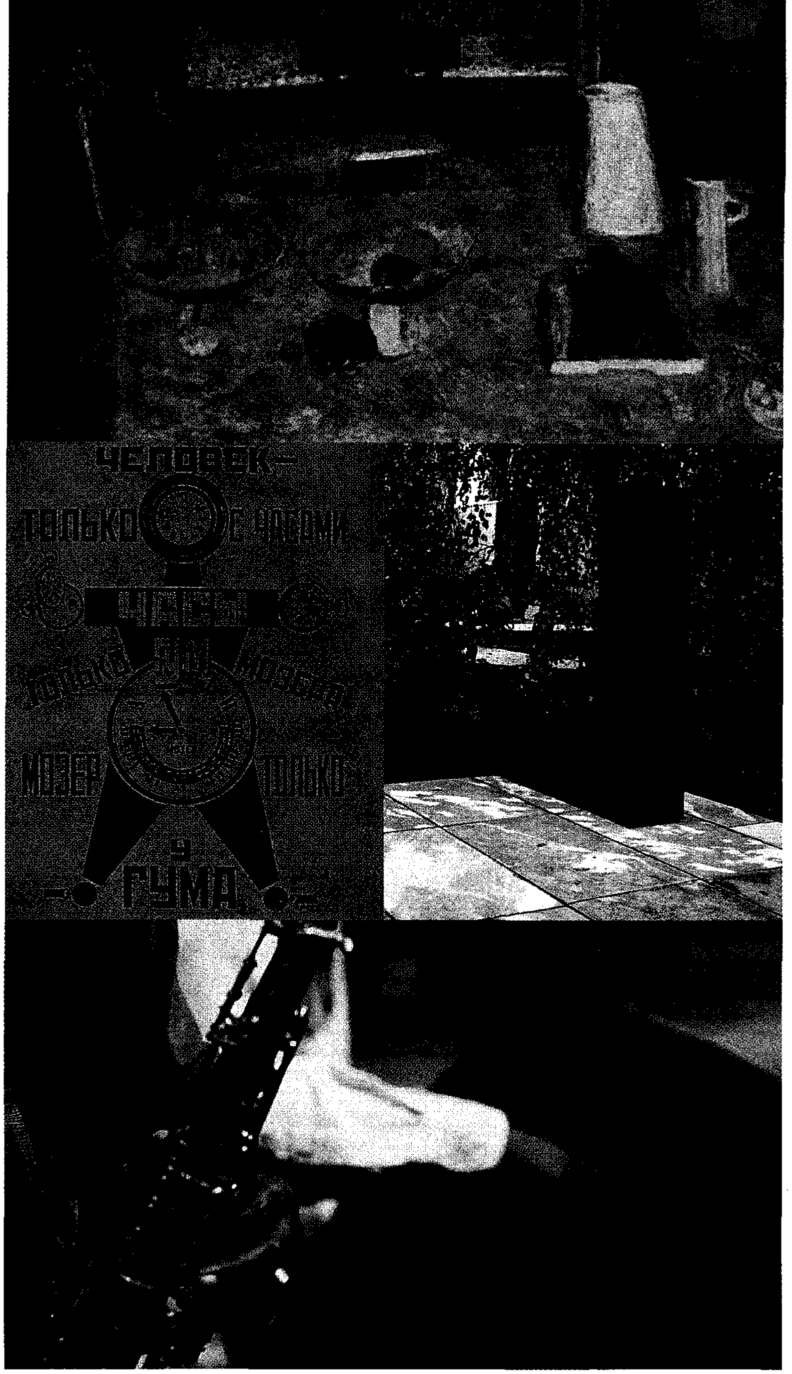


Photos: Top two rows: Courtesy of the The Museum of Modern Art. Bottom row: Richard Laird

Special Advertising Section

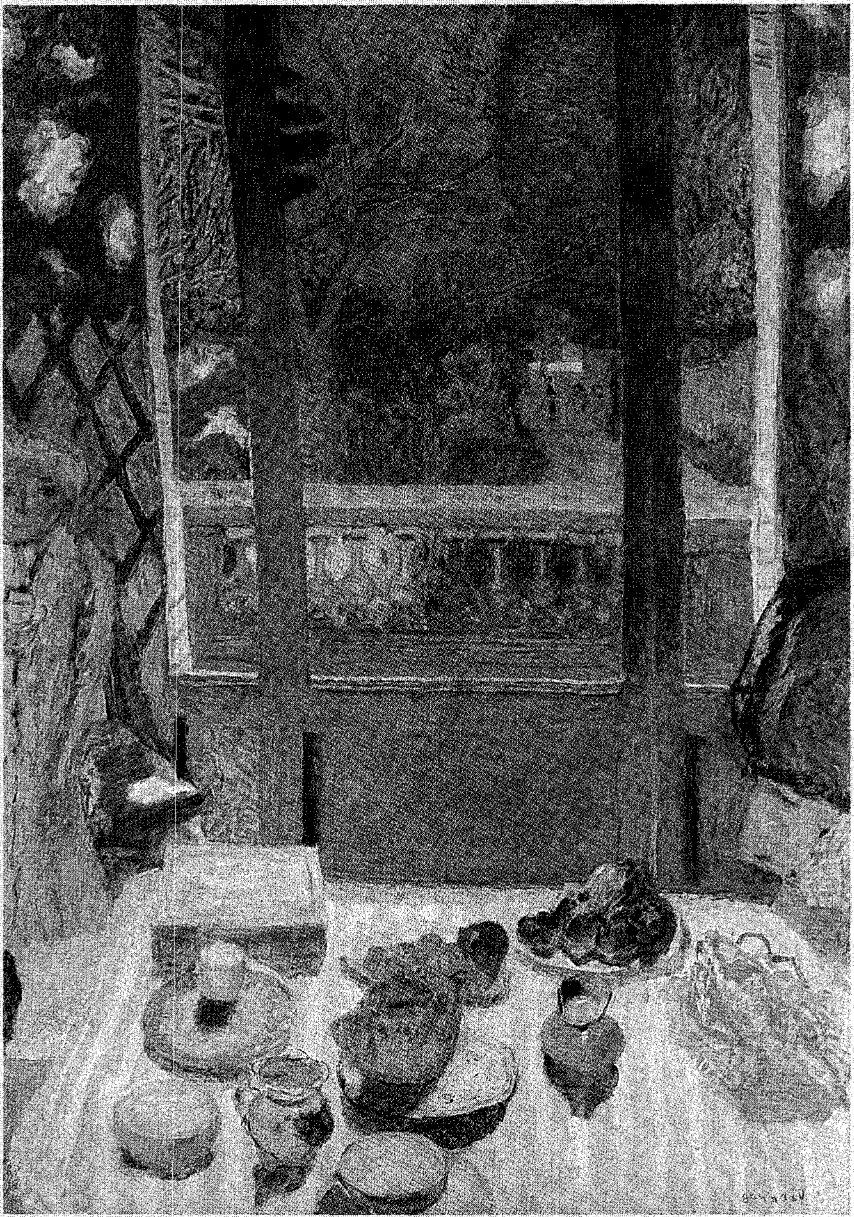
Now that you mention it, the spiraling gallery of the **Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum** (1071 Fifth Ave.; 423-3500) does look like a drum. And on Friday and Saturday nights it even sounds like one. Perhaps as a complement to its landmark *Art of the Motorcycle* Exhibition, **the museum is turning the rotunda into a jazz club, for a series of WorldBeat Jazz performances.** In July, the featured artist is blues-based guitarist Teddy Royal, who's played with the Neville Brothers, Fats Domino, and Allen Toussaint. In August, through September 12, it's Brazilian guitarist, composer and arranger Tiberio Nascimento, who's recorded with Paquito D'Rivera, David Byrne, and k.d. Lang.

They *may not be dancing* in the aisles at **The Museum of Modern Art** (11 West 53rd St.; 708-9400), but **there's plenty of excitement over the first retrospective in New York since 1964 of the French painter Pierre Bonnard,** best known for his extraordinary colors and sensuous nudes. Some 80 works fill eight galleries, the first two showing the unfolding of Bonnard's art from 1890 through the late 1920s, and the remaining six exhibiting his later paintings grouped according to subject matter.

CenterStage at the World Trade Center gives lunchtime crowds something different to cheer about every day of the week in the Austin J. Tobin Plaza concert series – Classical Mondays, Broadway Tuesdays (performances by the casts of "Rent," "Beauty and the Beast," "The Sound of Music," and "Chicago") Jazz Wednesdays (Pieces

Bonnard

"Bonnard is magic."
— Financial Times



Pierre Bonnard, Dining Room Overlooking the Garden (The Breakfast Room), 1930–31. Oil on canvas. The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Given anonymously, 1941. Advertisement © 1998 The Museum of Modern Art, New York.

Pierre Bonnard. A master of color and light in the luminous tradition of Monet and Renoir. And one of the greatest painters of the twentieth century.

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Now through October 13

This exhibition is supported in part by The Starr Foundation, Mrs. Melville Wakeman Hall, and Catharine and Jeffrey Soros. The catalogue is funded by the Blanchette Hooker Rockefeller Fund. *Indemnity granted by the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities. The exhibition is* organized by the Tate Gallery, London, in collaboration with The Museum of Modern Art.

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at the World Trade Center '98
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12:15–2:00 pm
July 6–August 28, 1998

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with Juilliard School of Music
Highlights: Davidoff Piano Trio
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Broadway Tuesdays
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Jazz Wednesdays
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Highlights: Gato Barbieri
Angela Bofill • Jon Lucien
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Country Thursdays
with New Country Y-107
Highlights: Hal Ketchum • Suzy Bogguss
Bryan White

R&B Fridays
with 98.7 KISS-FM
Highlights: Blue Magic
The Manhattans • Martha Wash
98.7 Kiss FM • AT&T • SEARS

After Work
5:30–7:30 pm
July 23–August 14, 1998

Summer Oldies
Thursday Nights
Highlights: The Brooklyn Bridge
featuring Johnny Maestro
The Drifters • The Shangri-Las

Salsa Dance Party
Friday Nights
Highlights: Manny Oquendo Y Libre
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(Pieces of a Dream, Gato Barbieri, Angela Bofill) and Country Thursdays (Dixie Chicks, Bryan White, Suzy Bogguss). **Thursdays after work is the time for Summer Oldies** (the Shangri Las, The Brooklyn Bridge featuring Johnny Maestro, the Marvelettes, the Drifters) and lunchtime Fridays is R&B (The Manhattans, Martha Wash). Friday evening is the Salsa Dance Party (Jose Alberto, Ray Sepulveda and Orchestra, Manny Oquendo).

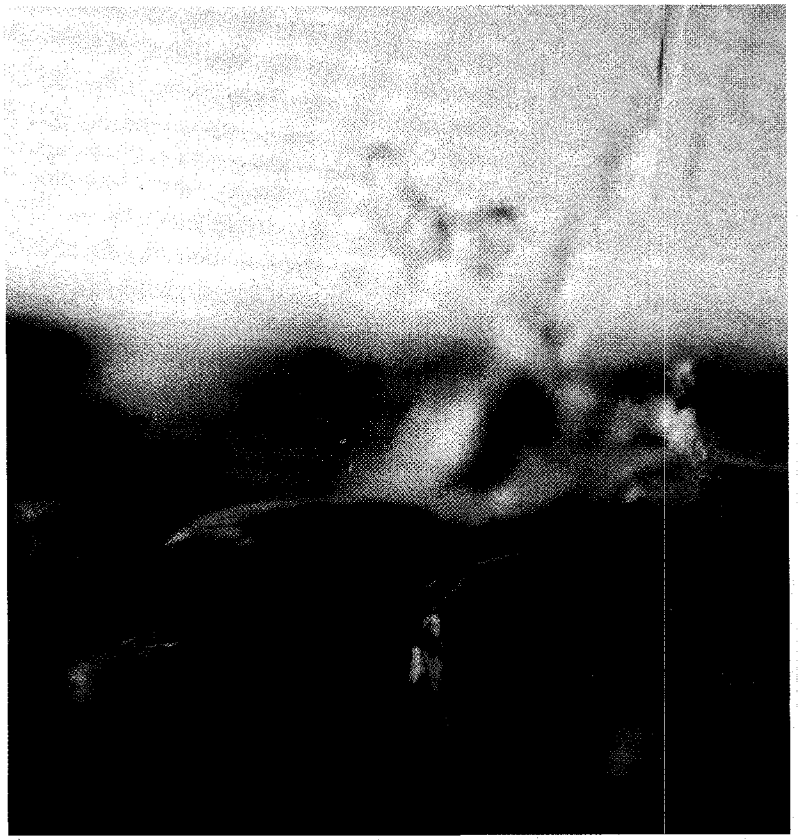
And, you can take home six decades of showstoppers in **Ultimate Broadway,** a 40-song, two-CD original cast collection personally selected by Clive Davis, president of Arista Records, who fell in love with the Great White Way as a young lawyer negotiating cast album contracts in the '60s. Arranged chronologically, with track-by-track liner notes, Ultimate Broadway hits all the high notes from such memorable shows as "Oklahoma," "South Pacific," "The King and I," "My Fair Lady," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "The Fantastics," "Hello, Dolly!" "Mame," "Cabaret," "Hair," "A Chorus Line," "Evita," "Cats," and "Rent."

Photo: FPG

Special Advertising Section

Water, Water Everywhere

One of the summer's main events is the U.S. Open. **EVIAN® Natural Spring Water**, which, marking its 13th year in a row as the official bottled water of the tournament, has advice about staying hydrated while you're sitting in the stands or, if you're Martina Hingis or Michael Chang, playing on center court.

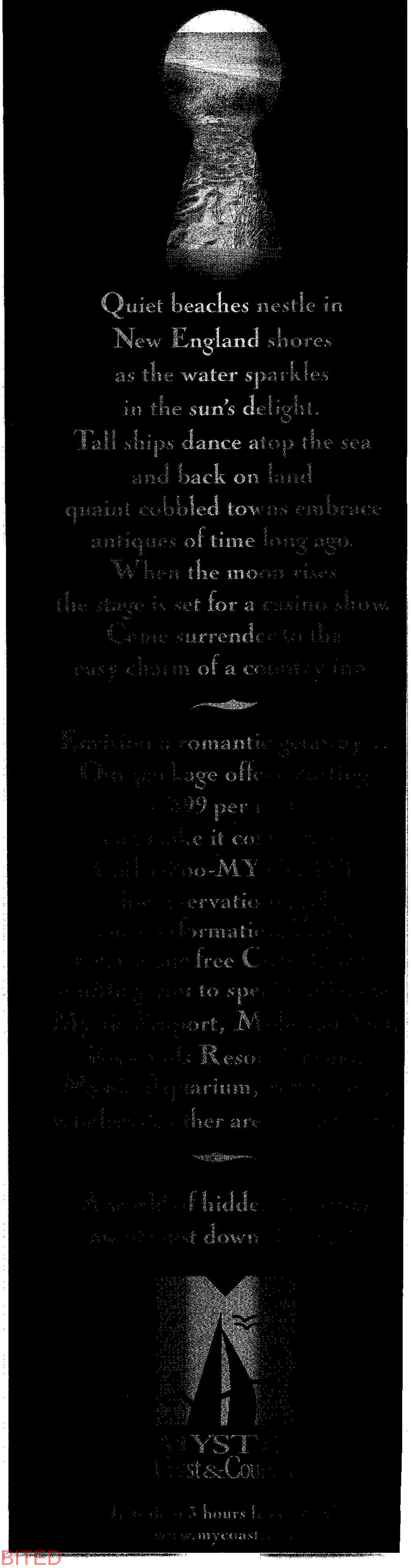


EVIAN Natural Spring Water starts out as pure snowflakes and raindrops and melting ice in the French Alps, all of which gets filtered through mineral-rich glacial sand, on its way to its protected spring in the town of Evian-les-Bains on the southern shore of Lake Geneva. So if anyone should know about water, it's the folks at EVIAN, who offer the following summertime suggestions:

Adapt your water intake to your activity. You lose up to three quarts of water a day even without exercising. So even if you're sitting around taking it easy, you should drink about eight to ten eight-ounce glasses a day. If you're active, figure 10 to 12 eight-ounce glasses a day. If you're working out, drink eight ounces of water before you begin, four to six ounces every 15 minutes during exercise, and at least another eight ounces when you're cooling down.

If you're traveling, carry a bottle of water with you. The cooled air in cars, buses, trains, and airplanes is especially dry and dehydrating. By the time you're feeling thirsty, you may already be dehydrated. So keep sipping through the heat of the day.

Photo: Antony Nagelmann



Quiet beaches nestle in
New England shores
as the water sparkles
in the sun's delight.
Tall ships dance atop the sea
and back on land
quaint cobbled towns embrace
antiques of time long ago.
When the moon rises
the stage is set for a casino show.
Come surrender to the
easy charm of a country inn.

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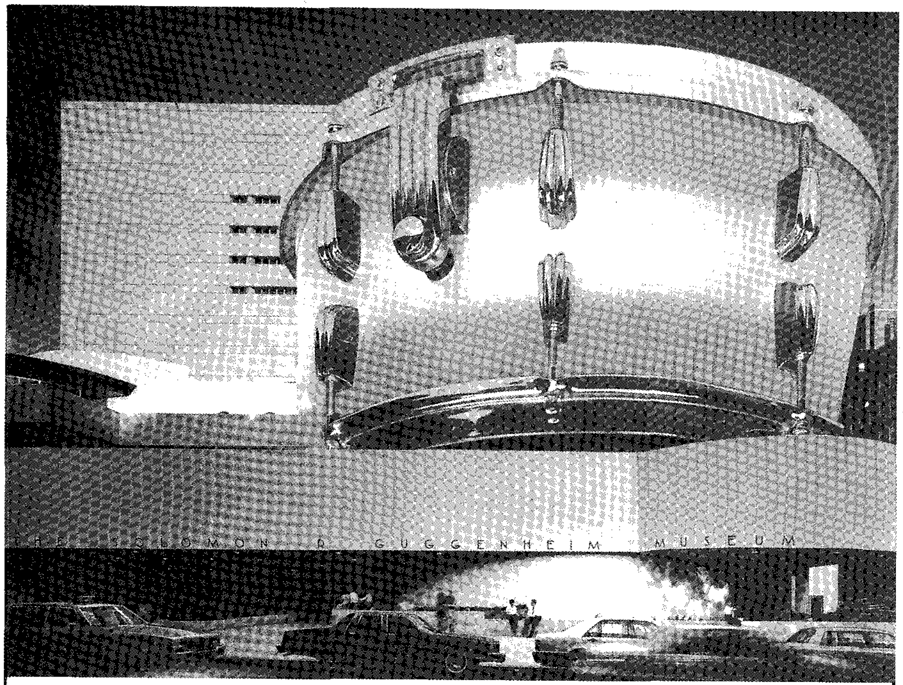

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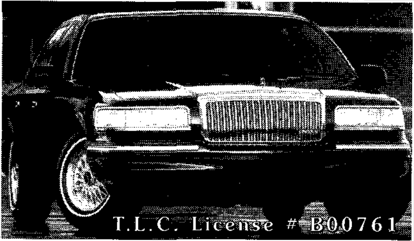

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Shoppers' Delights

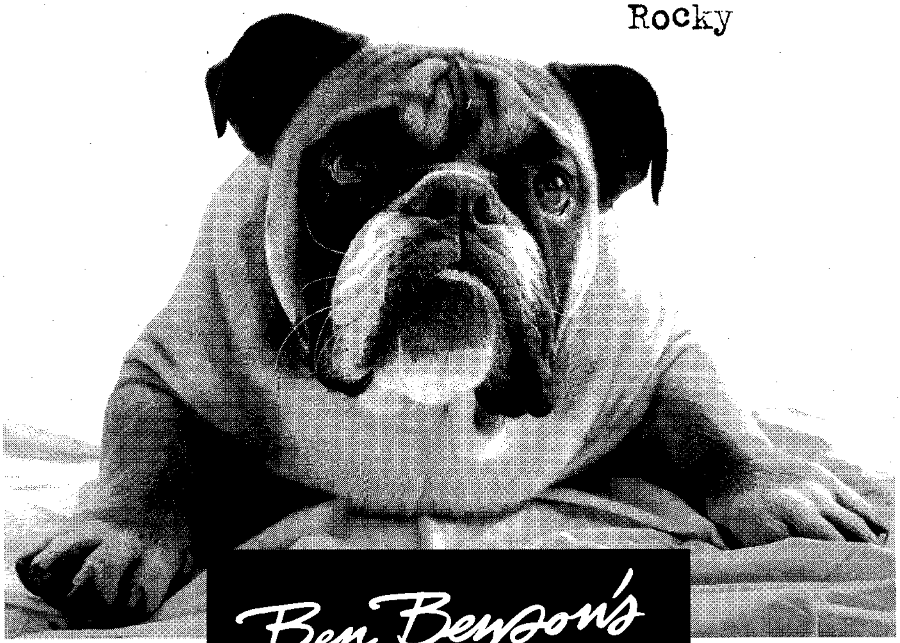
Summer is a time for flea markets, farm stands, and discount shopping. Usually, furniture shopping is a process of trekking from store to store to store in search of exactly what you want. It's too hot for that, besides which, **Foremost Furniture** (8 West 30th St.; 889-6347 or on the web at www.foremostfurniture.com) puts it all together for you in 50,000 square feet of air-conditioned comfort. And until July 20, you'll save an additional 10 percent storewide during their 32nd anniversary sale. Every floor in the store has its own theme. Manhattan Style. The Leather Collection. The Contemporary Showcase. The eclectic collection of unique Things from All Over. And the Century Showplace, dedicated to this manufacturer's 50 years of styles ranging from classic to contemporary.

Photo: Antony Nagelmann

Foremost's new Masland Studio offers a remarkable guarantee. If, for any reason, you don't like the wall-to-wall carpeting once it's installed, they'll take it out and install another comparably priced carpet, and all you pay for is labor. And as always, design service is free.

Ligne Roset (1090 Third Ave. at 64th St.; 794-2903) has the solution for last-minute shoppers looking for something tasteful to add room to a vacation house. The stylish shop stocks a choice of sleeper-sofas in twin, full, and queen sizes in plenty of different styles and bright, summery colors, as well as a great selection of occasional furniture and accessories, all ready for immediate delivery anywhere.

Photo: Kenneth Chen



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The Computer Programmer Often Stops In for a Byte

He loves the menu of pastas: Linguine with White Clam Sauce, Fettuccine Alfredo, Rigatoni al Filletto di Pomidoro, Gnocchi Bolognese, Tortellini alla Rossini. But what to do when he catches sight of another guest's steamed Fresh Asparagus or Sweet Broccoli Saute? "I never determine beforehand what I'll have to eat," he says. "I just scan the menu and order whatever clicks."

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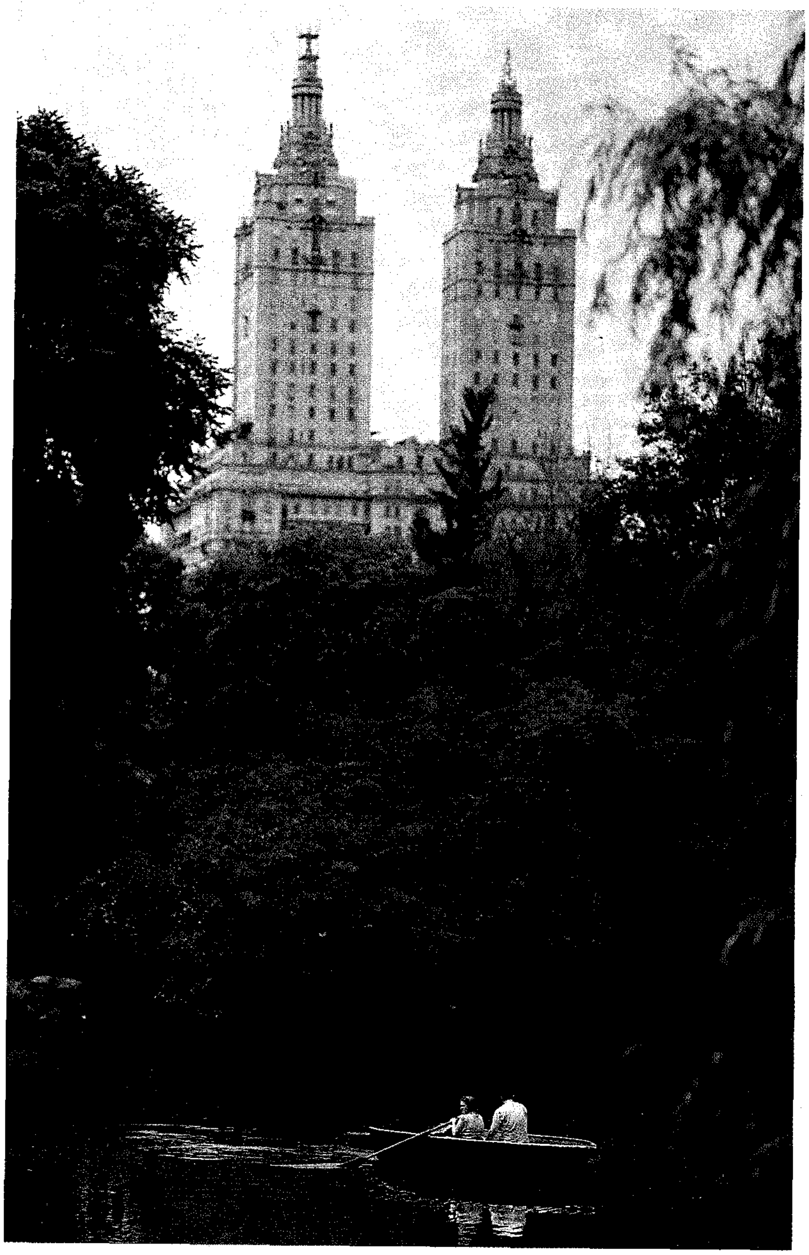

Summer Lovin'

With hot summer nights, romantic days on the beach, and other summer pleasures upon us, is it any wonder that jewelry is a consistently hot seller when the temperature rises?

If that summer romance looks like it's got a future, you might be looking for a diamond ring. But how can you tell a good diamond from a poor one? How do you know whether you're getting what you paid for? You go to **The Diamond Co.** (62 West 47th St., Suite 1208; 1-888-825-1233 or 819-0336), **a family-run business that's been one of America's leading diamond cutters and importers since 1968,** and a manufacturer of a collection of fine jewelry since 1972. Last year, the company decided to open its offices to private clients,

Photo: Antony Nagelmann

clients by appointment only, allowing access to diamonds usually available only to top wholesalers and retailers, at the same prices wholesalers pay. Isaac Levy, or his sons David and Adam, begin by teaching you how to judge a diamond's 4 C's–cut, color, clarity, and carat weight–then dazzle you with a side-by-side comparison of diamonds, each of which comes with an independent grading report, until you've found just what you're looking for.

Natural Wonders

For en entirely different spin on something exciting to wear, visit **David Saity Jewelry** (450 Park Ave.; 223-8125). Saity's collection of handcrafted Native American jewelry includes roughly 10,000 "artwear" items dating back as far as the turn of the century or before, all one-of-a-kind pieces. **The look is big, bold, and colorful, and gorgeous on bare, tanned skin.** Sterling silver accented by semi-precious gems such as turquoise, coral, jet, mother-of-pearl, malachite, tiger's eye, onyx, and lapis lazuli. Only the work of the Hopi, Navajo, Zuni, and Santo Domingo tribes, because of their extraordinary quality in design and workmanship, with new pieces arriving from Native American riders under contract with Saity, who travel from reservation to reservation on horseback seeking out the rare and unusual. Saity also carries 14k and 18k jewelry.

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Run Away from Home

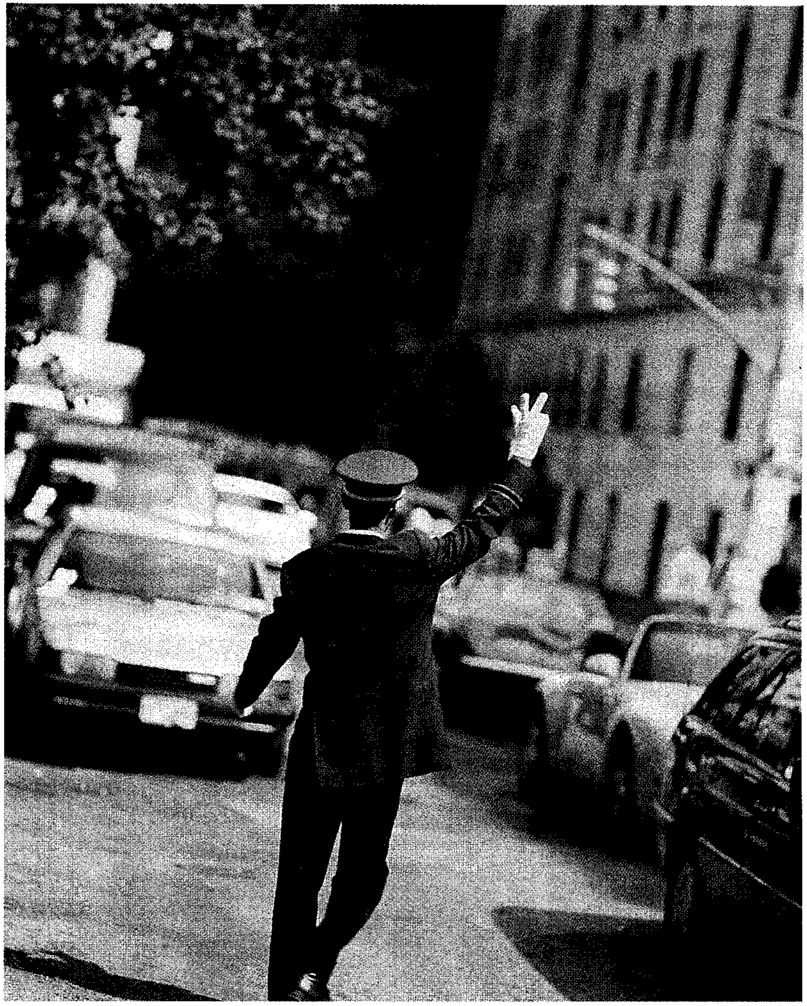


Photo: Antony Nagelmann

When the heat's getting to you, and the idea of maid service, room service, and maybe a bit of unaccustomed luxury might be the cure, there are fine hotels in attractive neighborhoods with special offers for mini-vacation breaks.

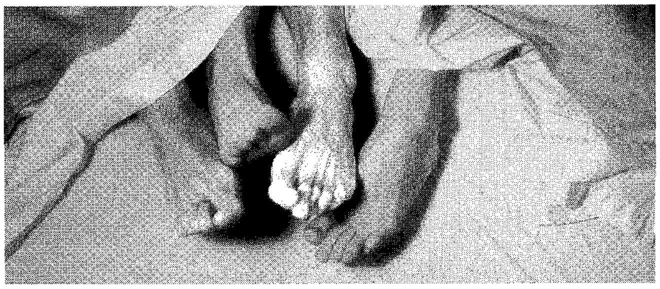
The Iroquois New York (49 West 44th St.; 840-3080) **has reawakened from decades of decay to become the Theater District's luxury boutique hotel of the moment,** and the buzz is already strong among the show biz types and wispy models who filled the place even during its masterpiece-in-progress phase. From the glass marquee and mahogany front doors, through the limestone lobby with its grandfather clock and cozy library lounge, right on up to your room and marble floor-to-ceiling bath, the renovation hasn't missed a trick. Everything's subdued greens and creamy shades of beige. Furnishings have a one-of-a-kind antique feel to them. James Dean lived in Room 803 from 1951 to 1953. And you can check in for a preview at a special rate of $175 per night until the end of August.

Special Advertising Section

On the Upper East Side, within a block of Central Park, **The Mark** (Madison Ave. at East 77th St.; 744-4300) lives by the motto, "No jacket, no tie, no attitude." **For $285 per night, you get a Mark T-shirt, continental breakfast for two and the newspaper each morning,** and shuttle service to the Theater District on Friday and Saturday nights. And July is Riesling Festival here, with more than 100 wines from top growers in Austria, Alsace, Germany, the U.S., and New Zealand served by the bottle, glass, or taste at lunch and dinner.

Down by the riverside, and within wandering distance of the United Nations, you can take advantage of the Summer Stroll Package at the **Regal U.N. Plaza Hotel** (44th St. at First Ave.; 758-1234), which includes **accommodations for two, full American breakfast for two in the Ambassador Grill or from room service, a disposable Kodak camera, and a walking guide of New York** to give you something to photograph. All guest rooms include a fax machine/printer/copier, dual line speaker phone with voice mail and data port, minibar, bathrobe, hairdryer, overnight shoeshine, newspapers, and a safe. The rate is $289 for a deluxe room, or upgrade yourself to Regal Club for $299.

Photo: Farrell Grehan



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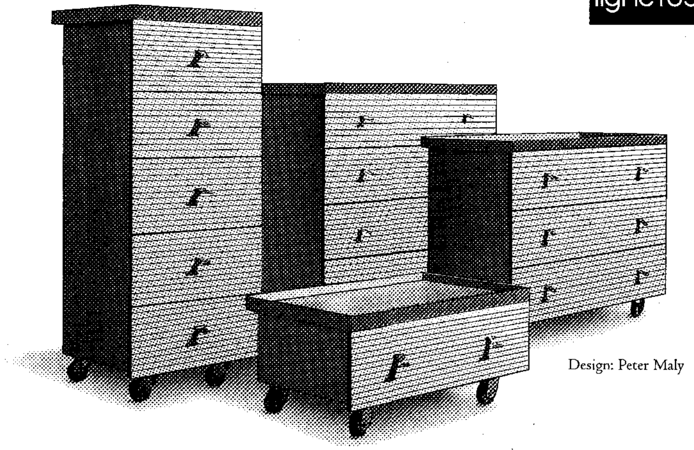

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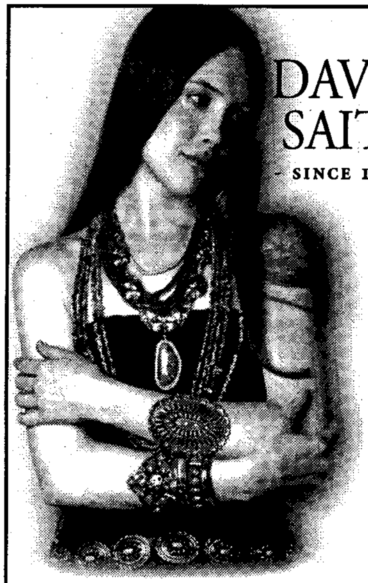

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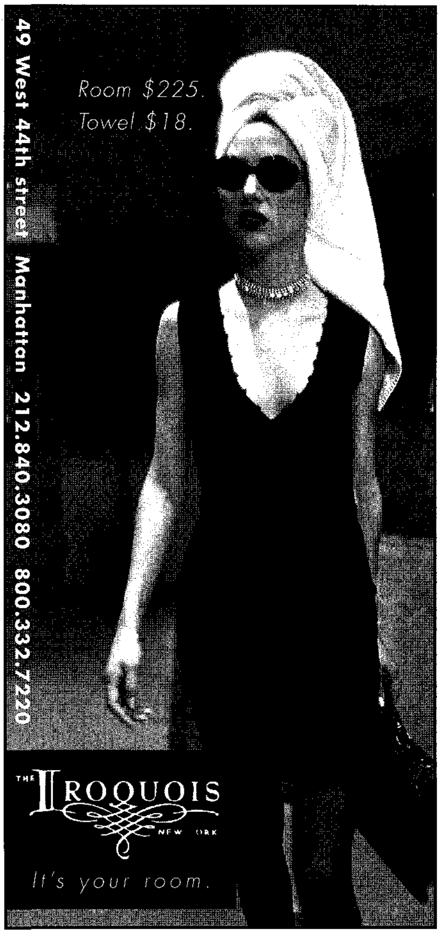
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Photo: Antony Nagelmann

A Scenic Visit to Russia

Nominated for this year's Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film, **The Thief** arrives from Russia July 17th for an engagement at the Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. Written and directed by Pavel Chukhrai, based on his own childhood experiences in Stalin's Russia, the film recalls Russia in the 1950s through a love story involving a woman, her six-year-old son, and the man they meet on a train. The story is by turns compelling, haunting, tender, brutal, and ultimately deeply touching. Shot in over 50 locations in Moscow, central Russia, and along the Black Sea coast, "The Thief" is also very much a voyage through a faraway place, and interesting, too, as a film released by New York City-based Stratosphere Entertainment, formed last year by Paul E. Cohen and Carl C. Icahn to distribute quality films as an alternative to major studio releases.

Photo: Courtesy of Stratosphere

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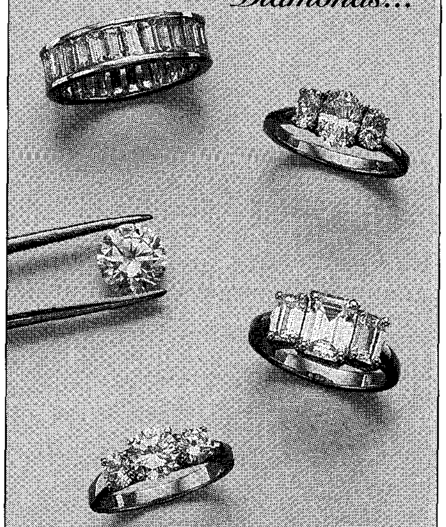

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Special Advertising Section

Get Outta Town

One thing everybody thinks about during the summer in the city is how to get out of the city. You don't have to go far to get away. And you've got a couple of appealing options for getting there as well.

A short drive along the Connecticut shore leads to **Mystic Coast & Country** (1-800-MY COAST), where 32 towns fanning out from historic Mystic Seaport have turned themselves into a federation of summer fun and games for the whole family. Mystic Seaport has been open since 1929, and has grown to include the world's largest collection of sailing vessels (nearly 500) that includes the *Charles W. Morgan,* the last wooden whaling ship afloat. Now craftspeople using 18th-century tools and skills are busy building a replica of the freedom schooner Amistad. The $2.8 million, 77-foot, hand-hewn vessel scheduled for completion in 2000. Mystic Coast & Country is also home to The *Nautilus* Museum, the world's first nuclear submarine. Mystic Aquarium, where you can observe some 6,000 specimens from the world's oceans, has just opened 24 new exhibits, including a 30,000-gallon coral reef stocked with sharks, rays, and a rainbow of other colorful reef fishes, as well as "kid-friendly spaces" where youngsters crawl inside acrylic bubbles

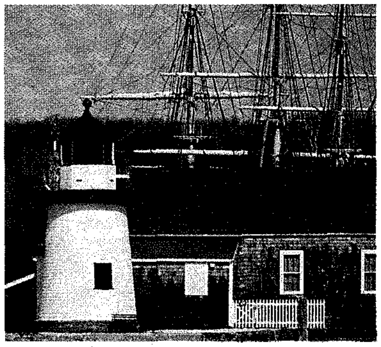

Photo: Jim McElholm.

and caves to get fish eye views of the underwater world. Mystic Coast & Country has a full calendar of special events, including the 35th Annual Arts and Crafts Show in Old Saybrook (July 25-26), the Old Lyme Midsummer Festival (Aug. 1), the 12th Annual Antique Fair in Stonington (Aug. 7-8), the Mystic Outdoor Art Festival (Aug. 8-9) and Adam's Garlic Fest in Pawcatuck (Aug. 15).

To get away quick a little closer to home, call **ALL STATE CAR & LIMO SERVICE** (333-3333) **when you're ready to head for the Hamptons or Fire Island. They'll come pick you up in a sedan or a town car, or a station wagon** to load up with luggage and groceries, and deliver you in comfort. ALL STATE'S fleet includes six different types of vehicles, including mini-vans that seat six and vans that seat 14, for trips to the airports or anywhere else in the tri-state area at rates they quote as "most places for less than a yellow taxi."

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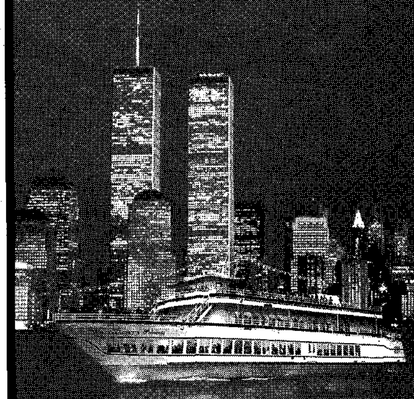

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THEATER JOHN SIMON

Thin *Skin*

Without the dazzling cast and direction of the original, the Central Park revival of 'The Skin of Our Teeth' loses a great deal of its bite.

THORNTON WILDER WAS STYLISTICALLY INFLUenced by German Expressionism; ideologically by James Joyce's use of Giambattista Vico. With some justification, he has even been accused of cribbing from, among others, Georg Büchner. Still, in *Our Town* and several others, he created archetypally American works, which the Germans, reciprocating, clutched to their bosoms.

In **The Skin of Our Teeth** (1942), Wilder's most Expressionist play, humanity, represented by Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus (*anthropos,* Greek for *man*), son Henry (formerly Cain), and daughter Gladys inhabit modern-seeming Excelsior (Latin for *upward*), New Jersey, but, in the course of three acts, escape three ancient scourges: the Ice Age, the (biblical) Flood, and War (presumably World War II), if only by the skin of their teeth. In an America being drawn into that global conflict, this felt both timely and encouraging.

The Antrobuses have a maid, Lily Sabina, who represents both the evil Lilith and the Sabine women carried off as sexual prey, although Wilder, most puritanical of authors, never made much of the sexual angle. Instead, Sabina is the comic servant and mistress of misrule. The playwright brings in any number of modern professions; four out of nine muses; such animals as the dinosaur, the mammoth, and the politician; Shriners and boardwalk chair pushers; a fortune teller, etc. We shuttle between Excelsior and the Atlantic City Boardwalk, radio broadcasts preempt the action, and a stage manager periodically stops the proceedings to remind us that all of life is theater.

I fondly recall the premiere production after well over half a century, with Fredric March, Tallulah Bankhead, Montgomery Clift, Frances Heflin, and Florence Reed in the leads. There was only one ordinary performance, by the then–Mrs. Antrobus. In Central Park, conversely, the only outstanding performance is by Frances Conroy as Mrs. A. She offers the quintessential wife, mother, and American: faithful, maternal, and caring, yet also flusterable, giggly, and self-righteous—all that Wilder could have wished for.

John Goodman, as a portly George, cannot make us forget fat John. He also seems unsure of himself, or perhaps just sweaty under the collar in the hot summer air. He does not suggest the father of humankind or the inventor of the alphabet, mathematics, and the wheel, although he does convey a wheeling-dealing conventioneer (or "conveneer," as Wilder mistakenly has it). Making the son Hispanic and the daughter black must have thrilled the director, Irene Lewis, but neither actor contributes much beyond that. Particularly disappointing is Kristen Johnston, of TV's ghastly *3rd Rock From the Sun,* whose Sabina is ungainly, uninventive, and unalluring. In the smaller roles, nobody registers at all.

Miss Lewis brings in a pair of mood-setting dancers and some up-to-date references, and turns the stage manager into a woman (Lola Pashalinski, of Ridiculous Theater Company fame, and indisputably ridiculous). But she has not made the goings-on involving, and has let the design team serve her poorly. Indeed, John Conklin's semi-surreal, semi-mid-American scenery, though apt, is as unpleasurable as any I have ever seen. But the problem is largely the play: overambitious, strained, and quite dated. It straddles the legendary-historic and the folksy-facile uncomfortably, like an unlimber dancer struggling to recover from a split, and there is that goody-goody and ultimately condescending tone Wilder seldom quite avoids. His underlying problems were being an anti-intellectual intellectual and a closeted homosexual oozing Norman Rockwell values. He must have found himself confusing company.

THE ACTING COMPANY, WHICH HAS AN ENTERPRISING PAST and comes up with offbeat new ideas, commissioned seven well-known younger playwrights to write a short, modern play each, based on an assigned Shakespeare sonnet. In performance, each sonnet is presented twice;

TV or not TV: Sitcom stars John Goodman and Kristen Johnston cavort in the Shakespeare Festival's *Skin of Our Teeth.*

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

even so, it is not easy to make the connection with the resulting playlets. Still, any way of getting the creative juices flowing is as good as another. Of the seven efforts, two are very fine, two partly successful, and three negligible or worse. There is a good deal of input from the savvy director, Mark Lamos, and from the improvising actors, a procedure that can prove a double-edged sword, unhappily mightier than the pen.

Love's Fire, as the show is called, begins with Eric Bogosian's *Bitter Sauce.* It is about a brawny working-class lover whom a kooky young woman springs on her fiancé on the eve of their wedding, and how the distraught fellow outsmarts his outsize rival. It is just funny enough. Ntozake Shange's *Hydraulics Phat Like Mean* is, like its title and most of Miss Shange's *oeuvre,* garbage not worth discussing. The talented Marsha Norman comes up with *140* (the number of her sonnet), a bisexual variant on Schnitzler's *Reigen* that misses the boat both fore and aft. Tony Kushner's hilarious *Terminating* (the full title is too long to quote) is about a lesbian shrink whom her clinging gay patient wants to bed rather than let go of, and about their respective lovers who, real or imagined, stand by their sides to make troubling comments.

William Finn's *Painting You* is a miniature musical monologue addressed by a painter to his model and lover. It is too slight and short to allow us time to judge it good or bad. Wendy Wasserstein's *Waiting for Philip Glass* concerns a party for the East Hampton smart set to which the guest of honor is late in arriving, and pokes mild fun at arrivistes of every stripe. A preliminary sketch for a longer play, it is much less funny than David Ives's *Philip Glass Buys a Loaf of Bread* (not part of *Love's Fire*) but, with sexual ambiguities aplenty, has its droll moments. Finally, the longest piece, John Guare's *The General of Hot Desire,* based on the two last sonnets and the medieval *Legenda Aurea,* deals with a group of students or student actors working on a group project—a play about the Creation and Sonnets 153 and 154—and their researches, actings out, and other shenanigans. All delicious, though slightly overextended. I only wish Guare's jabs at Helen Vendler's monstrous book on the sonnets had been sharper. Adam Guettel has composed a charming song for this play.

Mark Lamos directed resourcefully amid Michael Yeargan's amiably loony décor, to which Candice Donnelly's costumes and Robert Wierzel's lighting add spice. The nine young actors are all engaging, especially Erika Rolfsrud, Stephen DeRosa, and Daniel Pearce. Shakespeare, in any case, will survive this too. ■

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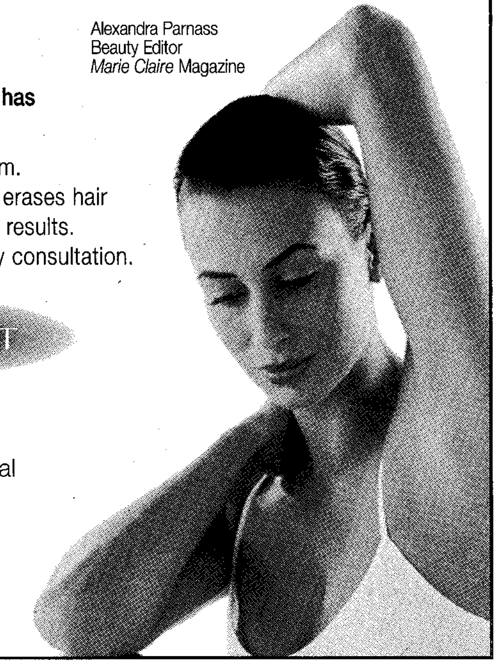

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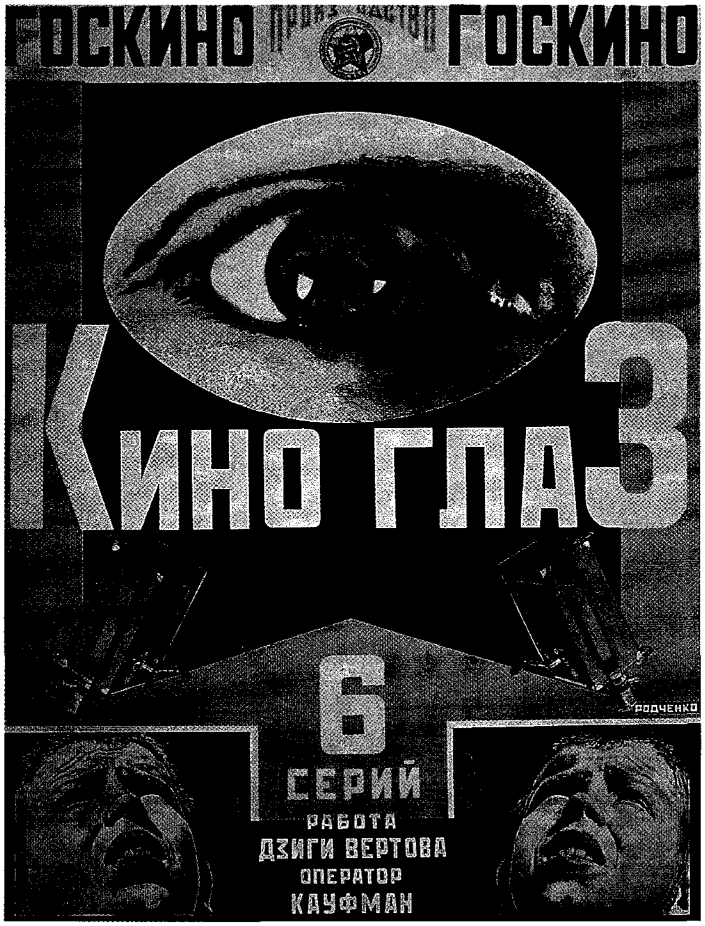
ART **MARK STEVENS**

Power to the People

At MoMA, the work of Rodchenko, who put down his brush to invent the look of the Russian Revolution—only to be crushed by reality.

IN 1921, **Aleksandr Rodchenko** CHOSE TO stop painting, sacrificing his art to the Russian Revolution. His action—in retrospect one of the most poignant in twentieth-century art—was the gesture of a true visionary. Intoxicated by the dream of another world, Rodchenko, much like a mystic who yields his private ambitions to become a wandering preacher, gave himself utterly to the transformation of mankind. There was no time in 1921 for an arcane personal art. He would have to change the eye of the people, recasting every aspect of the world—from teapots to chess boards—and use the new methods of communication, such as photographs, magazine design, and advertising, to create exalted states of mind. He would collaborate, militate, inspire, instigate.

Since Rodchenko worked in many different areas, his art can easily slip between the cracks in today's specialized museum world. Appropriately, the retrospective of his work now at the Museum of Modern Art is a collaboration among three curators—Magdalena Dabrowski and Peter Galassi, respectively the curators of drawing and photography at MOMA, and Leah Dickerman, an art historian at Stanford. Apart from its intrinsic interest, this particular exhibition sets our own period into sharp relief. Rodchenko (1891–1956) was arguably the first "media" artist, but one whose vision now seems to come from Mars no less than from Marx—that is how out-of-sync he is with today's ironic sensibility. With the exception of some of his peers, such as Kasimir Malevich, no other artist of the century gave himself so passionately to the future. None now appears locked so painfully in the past.



Tsarry eyes: Rodchenko's poster for the Vertov film *Cine-Eye* (1924).

Like other revolutionary Russian artists, Rodchenko seemed to fashion his drawings and paintings from air, heat, and mysterious, floating geometries. He would fling the fundamental building blocks of existence into the air, letting them freely find their new utopian form. His rejection of painting was startling partly because—in contrast to an artist like Duchamp, who also gave up the brush—he was one of the strongest painters in his milieu. But he brought the same liberating sensation of release to his other work, too. He not only designed a perpetual-motion machine but also became one himself in the days when Russian artists still remained free. He whirled through early Soviet culture, shaking out the dust and inventing the look of the revolution. Even in a museum environment, you can sense his palpable excitement in designing posters and book jackets.

As a manipulator of forms, Rodchenko had a paradoxical eye well suited to the new era. He liked strong and exclamatory images; his graphic design is full of punchy black shapes, more often rectilinear than soft or curved. At the same time, the heavy forms never weigh down their space. They have a certain lilt; the compositions can always breathe. To put it another way, Rodchenko's work appears bold but airborne, at once orderly and free. It generates revolutionary optimism through its visual feel, not just its literal subject matter. Rodchenko's faith in the possibility of creating a new man—not only a new art—is embodied in his *Worker's Club 1925*, originally exhibited at a Paris exposition and now partially reconstructed by MOMA. Here, workers would sit in a new kind of chair, listen to a new kind of speech, read a new kind of magazine. It's a room without shade. Clean, spare, functional—as bright as a marching song at a parade.

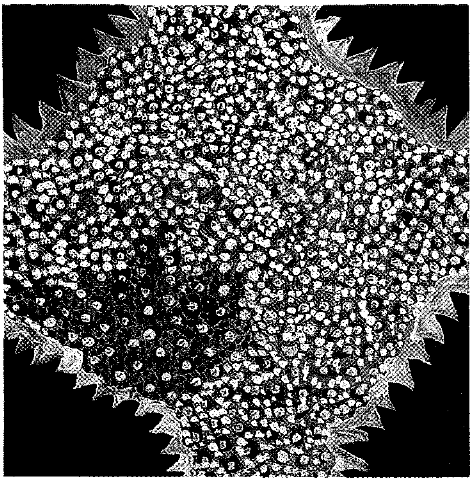
Rodchenko's marvelous photography—for which he is now best remembered—tilted the world in a new direction. He would typically skew the angle of his shots, so that our eyes are not dominated by the usual dead-on

Photographs: this page and opposite, courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

rectangle. He was trying to break the habits of seeing and slide space itself into new dimensions. Just as in his other work, however, his rigorous compositional sense visually "holds" the elements of the photograph in place; we look down at the heads of workers eating lunch, but the unexpected perspective creates no uncertainty. So many of his photographs convey hope without being the least bit canned, prettified, or sentimental. In *Walking Figure,* the stride of the man may appear grotesque and puppetlike. But his shadow springs to life. Even Rodchenko's famous photograph *Pioneer Girl,* in which he makes a monument of clear-eyed youth, is unexpected. The face is beautiful but not pretty.

As Stalin consolidated his power in the late twenties, he shut down the free expression of artists. Only propaganda was then permissible. Rodchenko's art was too playful, earthy, and honest for the earnest pieties that became the rule. But he tried. In the last room of the exhibit are some photographs that celebrate Stalin and depict the construction of a canal between the White Sea and the Baltic, which was built with gulag labor at the cost of about 200,000 lives. What is remarkable about these images is that Rodchenko tries to lie—but cannot, quite. The work is still excellent; but whether consciously or not, he takes the air out of the images. His diagonals press the image down. A censor would not notice, but his figures now appear visually bound. Even the sky seems imprisoned.

Among the great sadnesses of modern culture is the alienation of serious art from its larger society. For a brief moment, modern artists in Russia dared to rethink the place of Western art, refusing to settle for the making of either luxury goods or personal statements; their hope was quasi-religious, evoking a culture that dreams together without the divisions of class. In many ways, of course, the dream was naïve; no worker made of flesh and blood would actually enjoy hanging out in Rodchenko's Workers' Club. It was a powerful vision nonetheless, and the progression in this exhibit from airy exaltation to crushing reality is devastating. The curators have made an error, I think, in not presenting a sampling of the work Rodchenko created during his shadowy last twenty years. Rodchenko is not just an artist who makes art that is better here but worse there. He is a figure in a modern parable. So we should be forced to confront, at the end, his small paintings of circus clowns.



Yayoi Kusama's *Flower A.3.* (1954/63).

THIS SUMMER, MOMA IS ALSO PRESENTING exhibitions of the work of two recent visionaries who have not quite received their due. **Love Forever: Yayoi Kusama, 1958–1968,** organized by Laura Hoptman of MOMA and Lynn Zelevansky at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, displays the remarkable work of a Japanese artist who lived in New York in the late fifties and sixties. Kusama is one of a number of women—Eva Hesse was another—who brought a new feeling for both psychic dislocation and the visceral body into postwar art. In a series of paintings called "Infinity Nets" that gave a fresh twist to Abstract Expressionism, she created a space that seems at once free-floating and claustrophobic. In contrast to most Pop artists, who took a coolly ironic approach to the nutty extravagance of American popular culture, Kusama responded to her surroundings with a kind of manic hilarity. A chair she made that bristles with hand-sewn phalluses is among the funniest works in postwar art—but funny with an edge. Kusama's work, which also includes performances, installations, and movies, invariably finds the line between the ordinary and the mad. (Her work is also being shown this month at the Robert Miller Gallery and the Peter Blum gallery.)

Tony Smith (1912–1980) was a knotty artist of so many principled and divergent enthusiasms that he never became an art-world careerist cranking out versions of a single blue-chip idea. Admirable. An architect, painter, sculptor, reader, and teacher, Smith could see the virtue in both organic and geometric form, and he understood the necessity of both clarity and mystery. Particularly in his late sculpture, he found a distinctive vision that united his paradoxical passions. In a massive black sculpture such as *Moses,* you can sense the geometric backbone of nature as well as the girders of the modern city; the sculpture is a bold statement full of whispering angles. Many pieces in the exhibit, which was organized by Robert Storr for MOMA, are on display in the museum's sculpture garden. ■

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PETER G. DAVIS

Lady Killer

One longs for a properly impassioned diva in Glimmerglass's 'Tosca,' but good packaging (and that plotline) carry the opera far.

Glimmerglass Opera HAS ALWAYS TREATED THE warhorses with due consideration, but this elite summer festival will perhaps have to ride them even more carefully and more frequently in the future. After all, virtually every production lovingly prepared upstate in Cooperstown now eventually finds its way into the repertory of the New York City Opera, which, like all repertory companies, must have plenty of audience favorites on hand. So this year's festival has opened with fresh stagings of two staples destined to travel south: Puccini's *Tosca,* which launches the City Opera's fall season on September 10, and Verdi's *Falstaff,* scheduled to be seen at the State Theater at some future point.

What to do about *Tosca*? Whether presented as a chilling study in existential evil or as cheap melodrama, the opera once needed only three ingredients to guarantee a successful performance: a larger-than-life, charismatic soprano, a baritone who can act, and an uninhibited tenor with a gorgeous voice. That combination, which seemed so simple for impresarios to produce 30 years ago, is now apparently impossible to find, so other embellishments must be added. The most obvious device to juice things up is to relocate the action in some time or place unknown to Puccini and his librettists, and lately Fascist Italy of the thirties has been the update of choice. Director Mark Lamos has taken that familiar option for his vision of *Tosca,* letting references to Napoleon, the Battle of Marengo, and other topical anachronisms fall where they may.

Purists will be offended, but at least Lamos never overplays the obvious, calling upon just a few key elements of Mussolini's jackbooted-thug police state to suggest the milieu. In effect, he has simply cleansed the stage of scenic fripperies and focused the action squarely on the three principals, forcefully reminding us of just how frightening this pessimistic drama of cruelty really is. Michael Yeargan's stark sets are in a similar spirit. The iron grillwork and threatening suspended crucifix of the opening church scene are cleverly transformed into Scarpia's ominous office, a barred detention room lit by an overhead crisscross of harsh neon lights. This lean-and-mean *Tosca* contrasts startlingly with the Metropolitan's lavishly decorative period production by Franco Zeffirelli, and offers a genuine alternative.

That said, some will still miss the big personalities who once galvanized this opera, and without the assistance of an inventive stage director or surprising changes in locale. Looking perfectly lovely in her thirties' gowns designed by Constance Hoffman, Amy Johnson moves gracefully over the stage and sings the title role with a modest but secure soprano, suggesting that she has listened to all the right recordings—a thoughtful and efficient performance but one of no special character. Michele Bianchini's one-dimensional, raspily sung Scarpia is even less than that, a dull dog scarcely worth kicking, let alone hacking to death. And I'm still trying to figure out why, during the Te Deum at the end of Act One, he suddenly takes a fit and falls frothing to the floor. As Cavaradossi, Ian DeNolfo shows plenty of tenor muscle but not much ability to caress the lyrical phrases that Puccini has so considerately given him.

I'm bound to report that a capacity audience loved the show—the singers, conductor (Stewart Robertson), and production team all received ovations. It set me to thinking about how reactions to the performances of repertory standards have become increasingly generational over the years, and how much expectations have changed. My idea of Tosca was probably set at age 13 when my father took me to see Ljuba Welitsch

Knife girl finishes last: Amy Johnson as Tosca, with Michele Bianchini as Scarpia.

Photograph by George Mott/Glimmerglass Opera.

imperiously take charge of the stage, that carrot-red hair positively aflame as she fought off Scarpia's advances and pressed herself like a crucified woman against the wall, her pinpoint soprano as keen as the knife she used to murder the cad. Although never a great operagoer, Dad had been around, knew what he liked, and preferred the more nuanced erotic appeal of the Tosca from his youth, Mary Garden. Of course, that was back in 1913, when the opera was still new and Puccini was alive and at work. Possibly that made a difference, too.

If the outsize opera stars of yore are not missed by today's audiences, it's probably because most of them have never seen any—even Maria Callas is now a figure of misty legend. Besides, resilient operas like *Tosca* are so cunningly written that they can't fail to deliver on some basic level, as long as all the important ingredients can be as smartly packaged and intelligently presented as they are at Glimmerglass. *Falstaff* benefits even more from this approach because, unlike *Tosca,* it is a true ensemble opera. I could argue over dozens of details in the new production, but the entire performance has such zest and energy that in the end one can only wonder anew over this miraculous creation of Verdi's old age—surely a sign that something is going right onstage.

This time there are no fancy inventions to cloud the issue, but then, it's hard to think of how a character like Falstaff, so securely anchored in his own life and times, could ever be uprooted and planted elsewhere. In an admirably self-effacing effort, director Leon Major mainly concentrates on clarifying the swift-moving action, here buoyed by many lively but light touches of humor and George Manahan's fleet musical direction. Less successful are John Conklin's curious sets and costumes, more beholden to sixteenth-century Dutch portraiture than to the England of Elizabeth; the perversely designed final scene—a barren heath dominated by a bare-branched Herne's Oak (has Windsor Park been ravaged by fire?)—is downright ugly.

No one, not even Mark Delavan's bluff Falstaff, steals center stage, although it is hard to look elsewhere whenever Amy Burton's adorable Alice Ford takes charge of the merry wives' intrigues. Her fine-spun soprano gains in richness and strength each time I hear her, a clear indication that more ambitious roles are sure to come her way. Apart from Stephen Powell's robustly sung Ford, the rest of the cast is rather undervoiced, but even that doesn't seem to matter. The quickening spirit of Verdi's sublime comedy registers everywhere, holding up a mirror to human folly in each measure. ■

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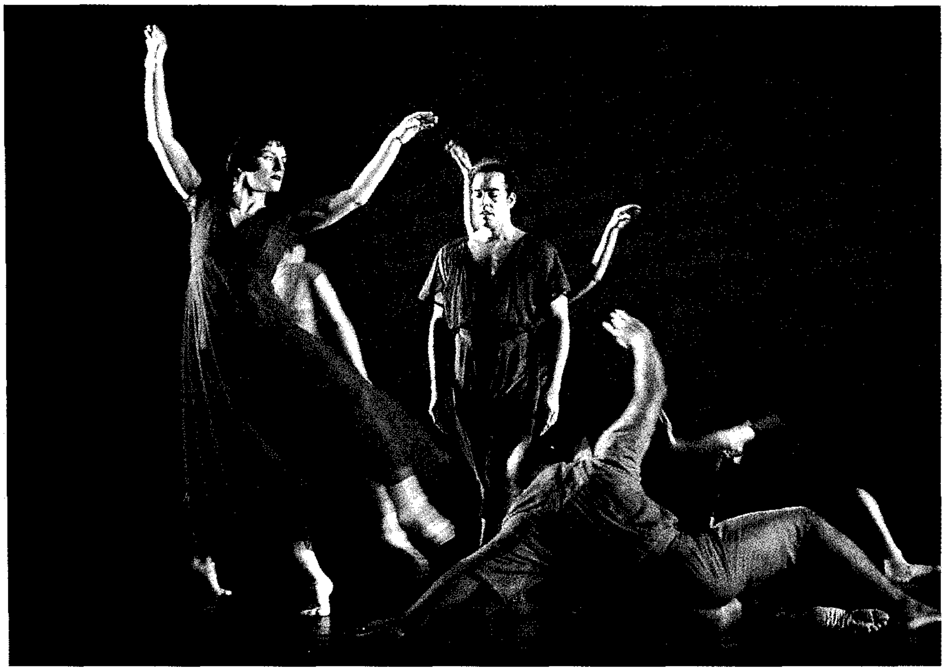
DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Mixed *Medium*

Mark Morris leaves audiences searching for a message in his brand-new 'Medium'—but wows them with the great 'Dido and Aeneas.'

THE PROGRAM OFFERED BY THE **Mark Morris Dance Group** in its brief sojourn at BAM consisted of two works, one displaying the choreographer at his most subdued, the other at his most extravagant.

Medium, new this season, is quiet and inconclusive, seemingly a meditation on the mysterious journey of the soul between this life and the next. It's set to John Harbison's "November 19, 1828," the date being that on which Franz Schubert died, at the age of 31. The program tells you so, in case you didn't know it already, but if you look at the dance without this information, you're hard put to understand its suggestions. (You also need to figure out that the title of the dance refers to Harbison's "channeling" Schubert for Morris, an admirer of both composers, whose music he has worked with before.) Equipped with these clues, you still don't fare all that well. The choreography, while masterly in its stage patterning, lacks a firm overarching structure and makes only the most fragile emotional impact. *Medium* seems to be preoccupied with something the choreographer knows and feels but hasn't yet found the means of making accessible to his audience.



The Mark Morris Dance Group in the choreographer's new *Medium*.

Photograph by Dan Rest.

A sextet, the piece opens with the figures in silhouette, three stretched out on the floor and three standing—one behind the other at first, so the unfolding of a single totem into discrete, rushing bodies is astonishing and eerie. The trios move in alternation as light from above picks them out, the grounded people waving their limbs like neophyte swimmers or fledglings learning to fly. Phrases that look like dancing (fluid, rhythmic) are intercut with pedestrian moves (too many of the latter borrowed from Morris's earlier works). Further into the proceedings, spates of folk dance bubble up—lusty, bounding jumps, emphatically flexed feet, and purposeful strides. The most astute section has the dancers working as twosomes—one all-female, one all-male, one mixed, the distribution being part of Morris's now-familiar gender agenda. The same passage is marked by fleeting appearances and abrupt vanishings as well as abandoned fallen figures. It's at this point that you expect a kind of dramatic logic to bring the action to a climax and guide your response to the work. But all you get is these figures swathed in deep-hued chiffon (ruby, sapphire, earth-brown), palpating the darkness, still locked in ambiguity. The only way you know the dance is over is that the music ends.

The more substantial part of the program was devoted to the 1989 *Dido and Aeneas* (reviewed in these pages June 26, 1989), Morris's treatment of the Purcell opera, with the dancers commandeering the stage, the orchestra and singers in the pit. After several viewings over the years, I found the choreography as wonderful as ever in its smart, sensitive, and wildly imaginative response to the music. Morris's own performance in the dual role of Dido and the Sorceress—reported to be his farewell to the part—combines profound dignity and voluptuousness (as the tragic queen of Carthage) with flagrant, multilayered camp (as a wholly unleashed wicked witch). Miraculously, the two portrayals hang together—as surely as the renderings of Odette and Odile do when those *Swan Lake* roles are played by a ballerina who can encompass the vast range of the human psyche.

American Ballet Theatre's FINAL BLOCKBUSTER EFFORT FOR its spring season at the Met was the evening-length *Le Corsaire*, in a production, borrowed from the Boston Ballet, choreographed by Konstantin Sergeyev after Petipa. In its current state, the piece is an extremely foolish undertaking. The authenticity of nearly every passage is in doubt, since the ballet has been continually emended from the time of its French and Russian incarnations, in the mid- to late nineteenth century. But you needn't be a dance scholar to recognize *mishmash*; all you have to do is look at the stage and you see cavalier patchwork, feeble pastiche, and an appalling neglect of the emotional and, yes, moral truths that underlie the greatest nineteenth-century ballets based on tales requiring suspension of disbelief. (This one is inspired by the Byron poem, from which it has bleached most of the lusciousness and all of the irony.)

The present *Corsaire* is merely a classicism-goes-exotic affair, its locale a Turkey that invites passions to run amok, what with the local population of pirates, pashas, and exotic slaves of both sexes. (The ballet has *not* been revised for political correctness.) Of course it ends with a shipwreck. How else would you get the curtain down after three acts of mostly specious choreography and theatrical foolishness?

In the course of events, there's the virtuoso *Corsaire* pas de deux (an interpolation to begin with), restored to an earlier pas de trois state, and the "Jardin Animé" scene for two ballerinas and the female ensemble, with its lovely formal-garden patterning (also an interpolation). The latter has been restored to include little girls manipulating flowered hoops—a device meant to give young ballet students stage experience, display the strength of a venerable company's academy, and no doubt ignite the imagination of potential recruits to the profession. Back in 1981, when ABT was directed by Mikhail Baryshnikov, a staging of the "Jardin Animé" scene—as an independent entry and without the kiddies—revealed far more formal beauty; you could see the Petipa hallmark.

In the first cast of the current rendition, fine, glowing performances in the ballerina slots came from Nina Ananiashvili and Ashley Tuttle. Giuseppe Picone—tall, dark, handsome, and possessed of immaculate line—*looked* fabulous as the hero, but his dancing lacks an essential vitality. Angel Corella, José Manuel Carreño, and Vladimir Malakhov all took advantage of *not* playing the hero for once and lent truth and texture to the dramatic and character parts assigned to them.

The most shameful element in the production was not the weak choreographic text but the stagers' spineless indecision about tone. At times, this *Corsaire* was played for beauty and poignancy; at others, almost sneeringly, as low comedy. It's certainly possible to love your subject matter and simultaneously poke gentle fun at it. Balanchine did just this in "local color" ballets of his like *Stars and Stripes* and *Western Symphony*. But the moment you despise your subject or fail to trust your audience to share your leap of faith into the gloriously absurd, you're done for. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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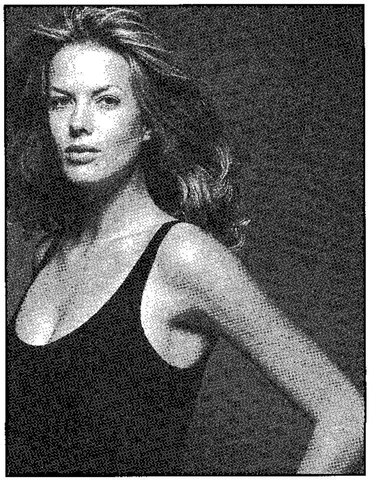

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TELEVISION **JOHN LEONARD**

Guilty Pleasures

On the Movie Channel, a pair of John Woo revenge tragedies offer up an irresistible mix of kick-boxing, melodrama—and, oddly, dance.

Getting even: Ivan Sergei, Sandrine Holt, and Nicholas Lea in *Once a Thief: Family Business.*

Photograph by Aaron Rapaport.

THERE IS REALLY NO EXCUSE FOR ENJOYING chopsocky any more than any other form of movie mayhem—I mean, *High Noon* with bare feet! Kung Fu Manchu!—but some of us will always go that extra mile to rationalize a guilty pleasure. In the case of John Woo, from whom this week we get a premium-cable piggyback of **Once a Thief: The Director's Cut** and **Once a Thief: Family Business** (Saturday, July 18; 7:05 to 10 P.M.; the Movie Channel), I've gone all the way to Botswana and Norman Rush's novel *Mating* (1991). *Mating* was deeply serious about capitalism, socialism, utopian matriarchy, and ostrich farming, but it also had a number of irreverent things to say on the subject of the fascists next door in South Africa, including this: "Mark my words, someday somebody will trace the influence of kung fu movies on the liberation struggle and it will be substantial. Because kung fu movies, which are in fact trash, nevertheless teach over and over again an important lesson: you've got to get revenge. Christianity says you don't, the reverse, and for years the educated black leadership went with that. But here comes something else, a set of brilliant how-to illustrations, that says to young men Join into groups, use your bare hands against the enemy . . . avenge your brothers."

You've got to get revenge—whether you are Jackie Chan, Chow Yun-Fat, Chuck Norris, Jean-Claude Van Damme, David Carradine, or even the Karate Kid. And kicking an evil dynast (or a four-fingered *yakuza* or a Hong Kong triadditive) in the head is infinitely more satisfying than dropping a bomb on him. The grudge is personal, and so must be the punishment. Besides which, you get to wear pajamas and quote Lao-tzu. Sometimes the martial arts get mixed up with martial law, as in *Walker, Texas Ranger;* or the merchandising of toys for children, as in *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles;* or outlaw-biker-culture fashion statements, like cyberpunk and tattoos; or magazine ads for home-study courses in self-empowerment. There is often a homoerotic component, as in secret societies at Yale. And sometimes, like Highlanders or samurai, you get to play with swords. Dressing up is important. But unlike the comic-book muscleheads, who are only into the superheroics for the money, the publicity, and the chance to run around in public in their underwear, the martial artist can pretend to belong to a mystic tradition, like a Hoplite or Berserker or Taoist warrior-sage, while his real psychic business is simply Getting Even.

On this symbolic flapdoodle, John Woo superimposes modern dance. It's as if Busby Berkeley and Leni Riefenstahl had brainstormed with Bob Fosse to combine Kabuki and Fritz Lang's robot women. To the acrobatics of Getting Even, Woo brings trapeze art in freeze-frame tableaux. Even in a mainstream Woozy like *Face/Off,* there's a built-in trampoline. And even on the small screen, his flying bodies never scatter; they deploy. It's a kind of courting, like coiled cobras. I won't pretend either of these *Once a Thief*s is *A Better Tomorrow.* You may already have seen the first—on Showtime—minus some twenty minutes the director obviously likes enough to restore for posterity. And the second, while much funnier, isn't even directed by Woo, though he executive-produced and his palm-print slap is on each scene. Nor are the plots any less ludicrous than we expect from chopsocky.

Mac (Ivan Sergei), orphaned as usual at an early age, and Li Ann (Sandrine Holt), sold as usual into child prostitution by her mother, are both adopted into the triadic Hong Kong family of Godfather Tang (Robert Ito), who treats them like his own son (Michael Wong)—that is, as criminal accomplices in everything from dealing weapons to stealing Rembrandts. Ivan, no smarter here than in *The Opposite of Sex,* will of course fall in love with Sandrine. And so, of course, will Michael, to whom she is awarded by Godfather Ito, who enjoys being a boss after so many years as Jack Klugman's lab assistant on *Quincy.* Many broken windows, much kick-boxing, and one humongous explosion later, Ivan and Sandrine end up working for a shadowy government agency in, of all places, Vancouver, where San- *(continued on page 86)*

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

Plantain Hollywood

Latino stars, salsa swingers, Yankees in mufti, and a trickle of downtown swells fuel the heat at Jimmy's Bronx Cafe, home of cosmic soup and Godzilla lobsters.

IF I HADN'T BACKED INTO A FIERY RADIATOR AND burned my thigh my first day in ballet class at the age of 8, I would definitely have been a ballerina. I was so tall, Maria Tallchief struck me as an omen of my personal destiny. Born to dance, condemned to eat for a living. I came alive again in the late seventies at Regine's, the quirky Ice Palace, Xenon, and just before dawn at Studio 54. Then disco faded. But like Baryshnikov, I would not surrender. So when my midnight crony—a man-about-town legendary for his devotion to topless dancing and a pathological Pétrus habit—puts together a posse of aging disco emeriti for a night at **Jimmy's Bronx Cafe,** I'm in.

Not like I don't have a few jitters. What do I know about the Bronx? I went to a Yankees game once and reviewed a shore dinner on City Island. I read Tom Wolfe, so I know what can happen if you get a flat tire in the Bronx. There are men from the Bronx in my life, most comfortingly the Road Food Warrior. Yet even he is wary: "What cabbie will take us there?"

"Easy. I'll use my drive-me-to-Harlem technique." We pile into a taxi. I give Doctor Ruth her fifteen seconds, wait for the meter to drop, then hit the guy matter-of-factly with the news.

"Whaaaaa," he says. "I nevah been dere." So much for that ploy. Whoosh, we're back out on the street. I try a more direct approach on the next cabbie, lounging at a red light. "Can you take us to the corner of Major Deegan Expressway and Fordham Road?"

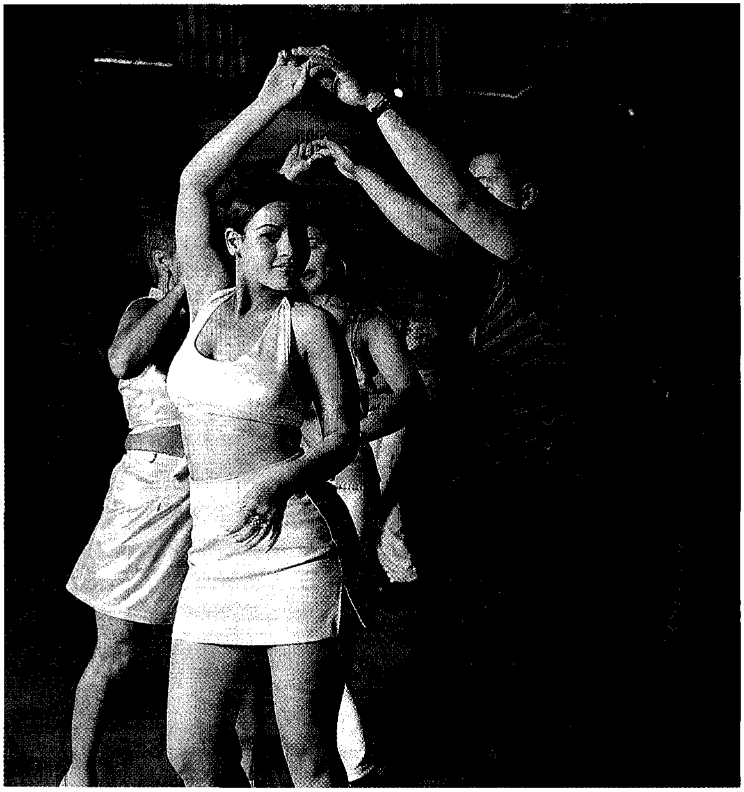
"Get in fast, lady," he says. "That's where I live." We zoom up the West Side Highway, veering off at the Major Deegan. Eyes right after the Fordham Road exit, and there it is. In neon. Jimmy's Bronx Cafe, overlooking the Harlem River. There's even valet parking. And what a surprise: I'm expecting *West Side Story,* a steamy cauldron of Latino hipsters. Instead, we see balloons at a baby shower, Mom and Pop with the kids, happy-birthday fanfare. It's a criollo commissary for the neighborhood as well as a sports bar with signed jerseys from Latino jocks. Most everyone in our little galaxy of downtown swells has been here before and knows the drill. The waiter swoops in with polyester napkins, a vamp for VIPs when everyone else gets paper.

My Pétrus-sniffing pal has given my anonymity away. "I never heard of you," Jimmy Rodriguez admits with unshellacked candor. Street-smart, charismatic, slick, he speaks with an enduring innocence and unabashed confidence. Rodriguez lacks the defensive cool so epidemic downtown. But then, he got his start peddling fish on the street with his dad and brother, and it's come to this: a 450-seat dining room, space for 1,000 in the adjoining club, catering hall below. This is where Castro fueled a year ago, where El Duque celebrated his first win for the Yankees after escaping Cuba on a raft. "I used to play Little League as a kid with Bobby Bonilla," says Rodriguez, incredulously. "Now I'm catering to the Yankees. I feed Joe Torre." His Yankees profits go toward Little League uniforms, for 50 local teams so far. "My goal is to have a Little League team on every block wearing Jimmy's uniforms," he says. "I'm doing for the Spanish people what Sylvia did for the blacks. I want to bring pride back to the Bronx."

The chef hits us with the specials, mostly good and very good—crisp fried plantains to scoop up black-bean mash, savory empanadas, sweet and juicy spare ribs, and yucca patties stuffed with bits of filet, about $30 per person, drinks and tip included. A roving photographer with a mate zipped into a Mickey Mouse suit wants to take our picture, but we're hot to disco. By the way, unlike at Regine's or Decade, dinner here doesn't get you into the club. That's another $20, and don't come in jeans. Ian Schrager, James Truman, and Robert Isabell once got nixed at the door. It took a call to Rodriguez to get a waiver. "I tell the doorman, if it's a gentleman in jeans, let him in," says Jimmy, tall and Hollywood-glam in a suit and shirt of midnight blue.

Uh-oh. I'm a goner now. Rodriguez takes my hand and leads me onto the floor. I'm doing the merengue, or maybe it's the salsa. No stand-apart boogie here. It's close-up dancing, prefeminist, go where he goes. Jimmy

In like flan: Pro salsa dancers at Jimmy's Bronx Cafe.



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whirls me around and into the hands of a minion. He's a tall, handsome fashion ad, too. But not Jimmy. Never mind, I'm still twirling. That's what you get for your money: Jimmy's staff assigned to keep folks dancing. Free salsa classes Tuesday and Thursday from 7 to 9 P.M. Karaoke in the bar on Tuesday and Friday. Mythic Puerto Rican, Dominican, and Colombian bands fire up live Fridays through Sundays at one or maybe two, and the room goes electric just as we're fading. Why so late? "We're Spanish," says Jimmy. "In Spain, they don't eat dinner till midnight." Outside, a line of service cars wait to take quitters home.

I remember my Studio euphoria. I didn't need alcohol or toot to get me high. Dancing till two or three in the morning was enough. Now I'm hooked again. One week later, the chef is preoccupied, reconciling with his wife in the club, and we order off the traditional Caribbean menu, entrées $8 to $40. With a few exceptions, dinner is love's labors lost. Two weeks later, that chef is gone, and a second is out sick. But inexplicably, the kitchen is better than ever. Sensational clams Cassino, empanadas, and a duo of soups, lukewarm but delicious—"seven seafood with rice" and the special sancocho (a cosmic stew of lamb, chicken, and beans)—are dinner enough. Tonight's calamari is tough, a paella with too-cooked sea critters disappoints, and the pork medallions have an odd aftertaste. But the filet is marvelous in a sweetish sauce with logs of fried yucca, as is the perfectly cooked giant lobster tail. Feet are already tapping. A last spoonful of flan, two tastes of the tres leches cake, and a powder-room stop (jewelry and hair doodads for sale)—then Jimmy introduces us to Felipe Lopez, the St. John's basketball star and, boasts our host, "the first Dominican player to sign with the NBA."

On into the roil of silver lamé, teeter-totter ankle straps, salsa rogues, and limber ingenues. Intimidated? Not me. I'm dancing. Jimmy hands me off to his second. Suddenly, a stylish stranger has me swiveling in sync. Now two men are actually fighting over who gets the next dance. So what if they get paid for this? The small man in the camel-colored suit finally gets his turn. "You can dance," he assures me. "Don't let anyone tell you no. You've got the rhythm. That's Spanish, you know."

"Maybe I'm part Spanish," I muse.

Jimmy's Bronx Cafe, 281 West Fordham Road, at the Major Deegan Expressway (718-329-2000). Lunch and dinner, 11 A.M. to 4 A.M. daily. Club open Thursday through Sunday 9 P.M. to 4 A.M. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ▬

Gael Greene's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

drine, thinking Ivan dead, is already engaged to somebody else, neurotic ex-cop Victor (Nicholas Lea). Michael also shows up in Canada, ostensibly to recycle Tang funny money before the Red Chinese take over Hong Kong but actually to Get Even.

So much for *Once a Thief,* Part I. In Part II, *Family Business,* Godfather Ito himself shows up in Vancouver to kill Ivan and Sandrine, who will instead save him from kidnappers belonging to a local crime family run by Valley Girl teenybopper Vicky Pratt—a scary amalgam of Alicia Silverstone, Buffy the Vampire Slayer, and Patty McCormack in *The Bad Seed.* Meanwhile, Nicholas is mixed up with yet a third crime family in surprising Vancouver—the traditionally Italian Orsinis. And Jennifer Dale, their campy "director" at the "shadowy government agency" that will remind you of *The Pretender* and *La Femme Nikita,* is playing deep games with all their ditzy heads. Perhaps in a promised Part III, they'll explain the stalking of a Buddhist nun.

Never mind. What matters is the hoedown in a Hong Kong warehouse full of Uzis, the slaphappiness in a Vancouver pool hall, the dockside shootout, and a circus act in a swimming pool full of inflatable animals; slo-mo and smash-cut and vengeful *danse macabre.* Woo is an Institute of Advanced Studies on bodies in motion. Once you're done with the amateur clumpings of black helicopters, bombed federal buildings, ice caps, sand dunes, and alien corn in the *X-Files* film, or with Chicken Little and the Dirty Dozen in *Armageddon,* you might try staying home for mindless pleasure.

In brief: OF THE TWO NEW USA NETWORK summer series, I so far prefer **The Net** (Sunday, July 19; 9 to 10 P.M.; Saturdays thereafter), with Brooke Langton in the Sandra Bullock role as Angela Bennett, the mild-mannered computer hacker who intercepts somebody else's e-mail and loses her electronic identity. Devoted as I am to Bullock, Langton seems to me just fine, and they have added a lot of plot to sustain a series—a lost father, a helpful "Sorcerer" in the person of Tim Curry, and cyberspace terrorists apparently responsible for every historical horror of the past fourteen years. . . . The other USA series, **Sins of the City** (Sunday, July 19; 10 to 11 P.M.; Saturdays thereafter), stars Australian heartthrob Marcus Graham—he looks like Tyrone Power and sounds like Steven Wright—as a Miami cop who starts his own private-detective agency after he's framed for a crime he didn't commit by the lieutenant with whose wife he has been guiltily sleeping. Atmospheric, yes, but as slow as sap in a tree older than the redwoods. ▬

John Leonard's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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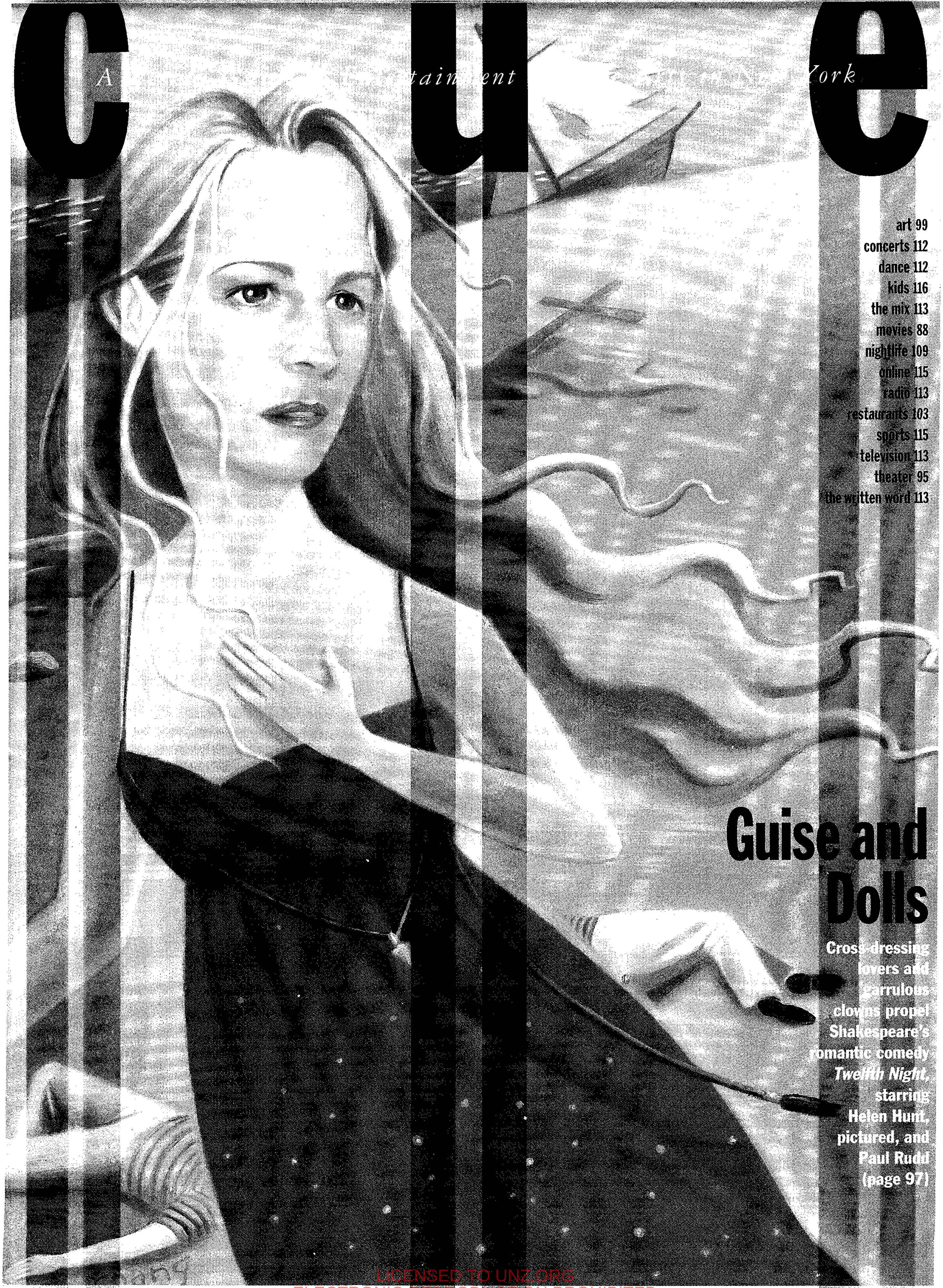

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Guise and Dolls

Cross-dressing lovers and garrulous clowns propel Shakespeare's romantic comedy *Twelfth Night*, starring Helen Hunt, pictured, and Paul Rudd (page 97)

movies

SlamNation...The Farrelly Brothers...*The Thief*

New Films

★**Un Air de Famille (Family Resemblances)**—Cédric Klapisch's expert film is about a family in provincial France who gather for a weekly meal in the restaurant they own and who fight with the intimate violence of people whose habits have been grating on one another for years. The movie is a fluidly directed comedy of habit and surprise—delicate, eloquent, very satisfying. (Denby; 7/13/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Armageddon**—This is not a good movie, but it's probably the best movie that ever gave you a ringing headache—exciting, fast, often funny. Billy Bob Thornton is the executive head of NASA—the guy who has to run the crisis center and save the world. Here's what he says: The asteroid is coming our way at 22,000 miles an hour; we have eighteen days in which to try to blow it up or deflect it; we need to land on it, drill a hole 800 feet deep, plant a nuke, take off, and detonate the nuke. The only person who can do this is "the world's best deep-core driller," who sounds like the hero of a porno movie and turns out to be Bruce Willis. Willis demands his own raffish crew for this adventure in the skies. Ben Affleck is the young hotshot who happens to be in love with Willis's daughter (a mopey, dopey Liv Tyler, who looks eager to put a thumb in her mouth and crawl into a large crib). Also along for the ride are a fatty (Ken Campbell), a basso-voiced meatball (Michael Clarke Duncan), a naïve mystic (Owen Wilson), and a sardonic genius who loves whores (the invaluable sourman Steve Buscemi). In training, and aloft, the crew wisecrack their way through saving the world, as if they were teens trying to put up a pup tent on the first day of camp. The movie never lets up, and such things as the Houston control-room scenes, with everyone milling about purposefully, are done with much greater conviction and energy than usual. The jolts and thrills, plotted against the ticking clock, just keep coming. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hours.; R) *34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Beyond—Lucio Fulci's 1981 zombie thriller set in New Orleans, home of one of the seven gateways to hell. Starring Catriona MacColl and David Warbeck. In English. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Boys in Love 2—Seven shorts celebrating gay life, including the animated *Dirty Baby Does Fire Island.* (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Opens July 17 at Cinema Village.*

Brother—A gangster tale of two brothers getting by in post-Soviet Russia. Starring Sergei Bodrov, Jr. Directed by Alexeï Balabanov. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Open-Air Wet Wet Wet

One as-yet-undiscovered thrill to the increasingly populated Hudson River waterfront: the "Riverflicks" film series. This week, it's 1962's *Mutiny on the Bounty* (starring Marlon Brando, above), an appropriately water-themed movie that plays on both Thursday and Friday nights (on Piers 54 and 25)—with free popcorn and, as of now, plenty of elbow room. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Buffalo '66—See Denby, page 48. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Can't Hardly Wait—Graduating senior Jennifer Love Hewitt preens and frets at the final party. With Ethan Embry, Charlie Korsmo, and Lauren Ambrose. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Fresh Meadows.*

Dear Jesse—A young gay filmmaker takes a personal and political journey through his home state of North Carolina. Written and directed by Tim Kirkman. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Deep Impact—A huge comet is heading this way, and the world is about to end. And what do the unlucky earthlings do? It's mainly what they don't do that astonishes me. They don't splurge, they don't drink champagne, they don't experiment with interesting sexual possibilities. Robert Duvall, as the levelheaded boss of a spaceship trying to intercept the comet, reads *Moby Dick* to one of the less literate younger crew members. The president of the United States, Morgan Freeman, talks turkey to the public: He tells us we will die. I have been known to complain about the hollowly ironic manner of the recent big spectacles, but I don't know that I was longing for a literal-minded, "sensitive" movie about the end of the world. The filmmakers treat us as if we were badly in need of instruction as to how to behave on that mighty day. So we learn: Head for the high ground. (Denby; 5/25/98) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center.*

Dr. Dolittle—Eddie Murphy plays the man with a gift for communicating with the animal kingdom. Also starring Kristen Wilson, and Kyla Pratt. Directed by Betty Thomas. (About 2 hours.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Canarsie; Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza.*

The Farm—An intimate portrait of the lives of prisoners in Angola, America's largest maximum-security prison. Winner of the Sundance Grand Jury Prize. Directed by Jonathan Stack and Liz Garbus. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas—Johnny Depp and Benicio Del Toro are Raoul Duke and Dr. Gonzo in this highly inventive film adaptation of Hunter S. Thompson's psychedelic novel. Also starring Ellen Barkin, Gary Busey, Cameron Diaz, Harry Dean Stanton, and Christina Ricci. (2 hr. 2 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; Worldwide Cinemas.*

Godzilla—This film is not a fiasco and it is not an insult to the audience: Within its dreary wastes, there are a few scares, a few thrills. But the movie is soggy, murky, and depressing—a joyless and redundant experience that leaves one in a ghastly mood. It's true that a rather large creature shows up now and then, but you can't always see more than a part of him, and when you do, he's half in darkness. The depressingness extends to the characters and actors. Matthew Broderick, as a young scientist summoned straight from Chernobyl, talks very deliberately and just seems sweet and out of it. There is a good moment when Hank Azaria, as a daredevil local-TV cameraman, is so paralyzed by a combination of bravado and fear that he forgets to get out of the way and almost gets squished by a taxi-crushing foot. But this boring, meaningless corporate product is opening on 7,363 American

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OPENS IN THEATRES EVERYWHERE JULY 24th

screens and may push some good movies into the gutter. (Denby; 6/1/98) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Criterion Center.*

Gone With the Wind—A newly restored print of the eight-time Academy Award–winner starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, and Olivia de Havilland. (3 hrs. 42 mins.; G) *Chelsea; Gemini; Lincoln Square; Fresh Meadows; Hylan Plaza.*

Henry Fool—A depraved writer moves in with a New Jersey garbageman and encourages his host to write, too. Starring Thomas Jay Ryan, James Urbaniak, and Parker Posey. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**High Art**—A fresh young girl (Radha Mitchell), a sub-editor at a highbrow photo magazine in Manhattan, gets pulled into the life and bed of a star photographer (Ally Sheedy) who lives in the SoHo apartment above her. Having withdrawn from work, the photographer sits around doing dope with her lover, a wasted German actress (Patricia Clarkson), and a bunch of terminally wrecked cronies. The atmosphere is one of apocalyptic languor—everyone speaks in a whisper, and the coffee tables groan under the weight of heroin. This may sound like a very dreary funeral, but it isn't. The writer-director Lisa Cholodenko sustains her intimate moods with skill, and bit by bit the love story takes hold. I was fascinated by the movie's commitment to passion and to art. In its solemn way, *High Art* is a victory for both. (Denby; 6/15/98) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 62nd and Broadway.*

Home Before Dark—A family's crisis is seen through the eyes of an 11-year-old girl. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at the Hamptons Film Festival. Starring Katharine Ross and Patricia Kalember. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Horse Whisperer—I cannot imagine that this film would have been anything but a very soft pillow to lay one's head on without Kristin Scott Thomas. One is soothed by it, bored by it, touched by it. One is grateful when it is over. The basic idea of the story is no more than "What if Anna Wintour fell in love with a cowboy?" Kristin Scott Thomas plays Annie MacLean, a strong-willed Brit magazine editor in New York. Annie's horse-loving daughter, Grace (Scarlett Johansson), suffers a terrible accident and loses a leg; the horse, Pilgrim, bashed by a truck and badly scarred, rears and kicks when anyone comes near. But Annie takes action; she packs up her damaged daughter and horse, leaves her husband (Sam Neill) in Manhattan, and heads for Montana and the ministrations of the famous horse trainer Tom Booker (Redford). Tom lets the horse, the girl, the woman—all unhappy creatures—express their misery before he turns them, with a gentle hand, back to their true nature. It's a fantasy, of course, a fantasy directed at women, of a man who is sexually powerful but never aggressive. (Denby; 5/25/98) (2 hrs. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII.*

I Went Down—An Irish gangster's tale about a crime boss and an ex-con who is pressed to serve him. Starring Tony Doyle, Peter McDonald, Brendan Gleeson, and Peter Caffrey. Directed by Paddy Breathnach and written by Conor McPherson. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; Beekman.*

Kurt and Courtney—British filmmaker Nick Broomfield talks to a number of scary people who knew the duo when and develops a particularly humorous and unflattering—albeit sketchily sourced—portrait of the Divine Ms. Love. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Last Days of Disco—Whit Stillman drains the life out of a potentially terrific subject—the end of that period in which a thumping beat and drugs made nightlife in Manhattan an ecstatic release. His clubgoers, by contrast, are prattling yuppies; they don't want to lose themselves, they want to seek status. This may have been intended as a satirical idea, but it doesn't play as funny. The men (Chris Eigeman, Matt Keeslar, Mackenzie Astin, and Robert Sean Leonard) are so boring, weak, and self-absorbed that one can hardly tell them apart. The women, at least, come off a little better. Chloë Sevigny, as a respectable girl who works in publishing, is charming, and Kate Beckinsale as her malicious colleague might have been charming, too, if only her character wasn't such a dummy. Yet I suppose there is hope: If Stillman preserves his female characters as carefully he does the male ones, these two may have further conversational adventures. In a Paris café, they could talk about the propriety of public smoking; in a Mexican whorehouse, about the wearing of mantillas at funerals; and so on. (Denby; 6/15/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Lethal Weapon 4 —Danny Glover and Mel Gibson return to the roles they first played in 1987. Also starring Chris Rock, Joe Pesci, Rene Russo, and Jet Li. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Continental; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

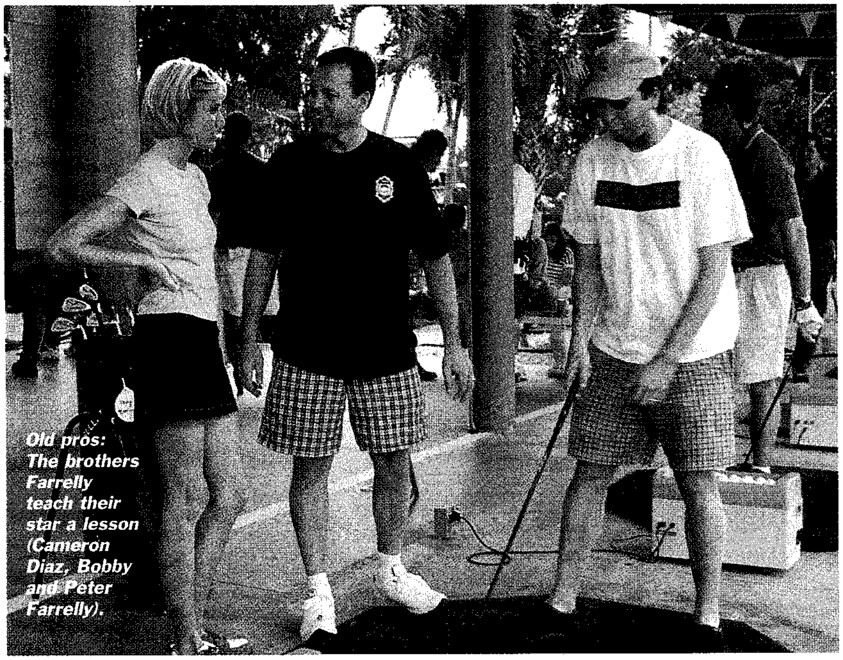
Madeline—The film version of the much-loved children's story. Starring Frances McDormand and Hatty Jones (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Criterion Center;*

Talent

The Good Humor Men

If Peter and Bobby Farrelly have one rule when they sit down to write their famously gross comedies, it's that their humor must be universal. Black, white, old, young, urbanite, or good ol' boy: Everyone in the Farrellys' audience has to be in on the joke. That's probably why higher-minded film critics write, in disgust, that the Farrellys appeal to the lowest common denominator. It's probably also why their first two films—1994's *Dumb and Dumber* and 1996's *Kingpin*—are cross-cultural cult favorites, their smartly sophomoric scenes still savored in many social circles. "I think the audience is savvier than the critics think," explains Peter. "When your character is selling a dead bird to a blind kid in a wheelchair [as in *Dumb and Dumber*], we're not condoning that. It's the absurdity of it, that this moron would sell a dead bird to a blind kid in a wheelchair. That's the joke." Well, anyway, even their critics may be hard-pressed to sniff at their latest effort, *There's Something About Mary.* With this story of a regular guy (Ben Stiller) who tries to find his high-school sweetheart (Cameron Diaz) thirteen years after graduation, it seems that the Farrellys have hit their comic stride (test screenings have been unusually raucous), and—given our nation's new-found ease with what used to be called bad taste—it's likely that all kinds of people will be talking about the "hair-gel scene" at the office water cooler. These new fans should know that the Farrellys have suffered for their art: They spent the politically correct eighties writing screenplays that never made it to film (Peter did, however, become a published novelist; his latest is *The Comedy Writer*). "The studios would say, 'It's absolutely hysterical,' " recalls Peter. "I'd say, 'You want to do it?' They'd reply, 'No.' " Finally, the brothers directed *Dumb and Dumber* themselves. "I think people are starved for good humor now," says Peter. "And they don't know it, by the way, because the past ten or fifteen years has been a really lame time for humor in movies. Obviously we've pushed the envelope, but I think it's long overdue." Their next film is about conjoined twins who are state championship wrestlers, hockey goalies, and the most popular guys in high school ("These are twins," says Bobby, "that have it *made*"). The working title is *Stuck on You.* "It's not just us that are out there," Bobby claims. "People are pretty far out there, too. We just kind of deliver them the goods." Now, that's something critics and fans agree on.

PATRICIA FALVO



Old pros: The brothers Farrelly teach their star a lesson (Cameron Diaz, Bobby and Peter Farrelly).

Photograph by Glenn Watson/Twentieth Century Fox.

Gemini; Bay Plaza; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Crossbay II; The Movies at Staten Island.

The Mask of Zorro—Zorro trains a young ne'er-do-well to carry on his legacy. Starring Anthony Hopkins and Antonio Banderas. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Opens July 17.*

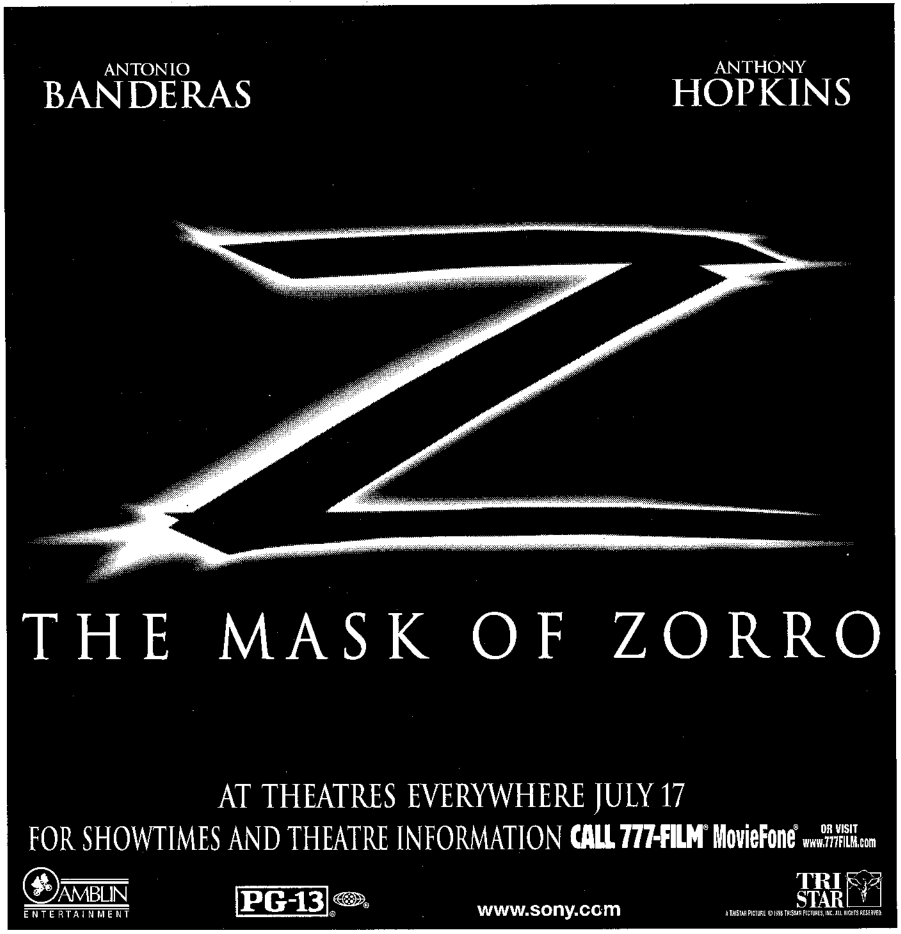
Mr. Jealousy—Eric Stoltz is a man so obsessed with his girlfriend's ex-boyfriend that he begins attending the guy's group-therapy sessions under an assumed name. Starring Annabella Sciorra, Chris Eigeman, Marianne Jean-Baptiste, Peter Bogdanovich, Bridget Fonda, and Carlos Jacott. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

Mulan—Disney's animated version of China's most popular legend, in which a young girl becomes a war hero when she disguises herself as a man, joins the Imperial army, and fights against the invading Huns. With the voices of Ming-Na Wen, Eddie Murphy, B. D. Wong, and Donny Osmond. (1 hr. 26 mins.; G) *Village East; Chelsea West; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Nights of Cabiria—See Denby, page 46. (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Opposite of Sex**—This film breathes the air of freedom from its opening moments, in which we are warned by the film's narrator, a 16-year-old bitch named Dedee (Christina Ricci), that "if you think I'm just plucky and scrappy, and all I need is love, you're in over your head." Running away from home, Dedee moves in with Bill (Martin Donovan), her gay half-brother, who is an exceptionally nice, intelligent man but almost pathologically mild. Dedee now has her patsy; she immediately seduces Bill's live-in lover, the handsome but rather stupid young Matt (Ivan Sergei), and soon the two of them, with Bill's money in their pockets, escape from his house in Indiana. They are pursued—not just by Bill but also by a fellow teacher, a woman named Lucia. As played by Lisa Kudrow, Lucia turns into a major comic creation. Lucia and Bill are the decent and high-minded ones; they represent "the opposite of sex"—the opposite of promiscuous Dedee, who has no standards at all. Dedee, though, has a certain truth. Some of her outrageous demand on life passes into the virtuous people. They want happiness, too. And happiness doesn't lie in the opposite of sex. (Denby; 6/22/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 59th Street East; Regency; North Shore Towers.*

★**Out of Sight**—Extraordinarily entertaining. George Clooney works for the first time with a smart script and a good director (Steven Soderbergh), and his face suddenly seems the equipment of a star. Clooney plays Jack Foley, a bank robber with the temperament of a con artist. Jack is by instinct nonviolent, but he's still a loser who has spent too many years in prison. Jack's buddy (Ving Rhames) picks him up when he breaks out of the pen. When they are confronted by a beautiful federal marshal, Karen Sisco (Jennifer Lopez), they throw her in the trunk of the car, and Jack, hiding, climbs in with her. The movie comes to a halt, and the most outrageous romantic scene in years plays itself out with leisurely calm. Jack and Karen discuss movies; they discuss life. Something in Jack's soothing manner and touch works for Karen: She falls in love with the man she is supposed to apprehend. Even though there's only one sex scene, the movie is erotically imagined. The characters size one another up; they even dream about one another. Soderbergh has done something truly original: He has proved that a comedy-thriller can take place as much in the ideas people have about one another as in what they do. The story of Karen and Jack and their friends plays itself out with satisfying twists and turns, and when violence comes, it is far more shocking than in most movies. When these people fire their guns, the bullets really hurt. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; State; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridge-*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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Documentary

Fighting Words

The verbal jousting of the poetry slam is explored and explained in 'SlamNation,' an engaging documentary that follows a team of motor-mouthed novices as they vie for the title of the nation's best spoken-word artists. (Special appearance by Saul Williams, the star of Sundance's fave drama, 'Slam.') At Film Forum, starting Friday, July 17.

wood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.

★**A Perfect Murder**—Michael Douglas plays a cuckolded husband who loves his wife and plots her death at the same time. We don't at first know what has gone wrong between Steven Taylor (Douglas), a wealthy Wall Street investor, and his elegant young wife, Emily (Gwyneth Paltrow). When the movie opens, Emily, who works at the U.N. as a translator, is in bed with her lover, David Shaw (Viggo Mortensen), a soulful young artist—at least, that is what Emily thinks he is. If all this sounds vaguely familiar, you may want to know that this film is based on the same Frederick Knott play that inspired Alfred Hitchcock's *Dial M for Murder* in 1954. Andrew Davis, the director of *The Fugitive*, has added pace and heat and explicit sexuality to the material without whipping up phony excitement. His direction is swift and very effective, and the movie, shot in shades of ebony (the color of black marble), looks exceptionally handsome. A very proficient and enjoyable big-budget thriller. (Denby; 6/15/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; State; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinema City; Forest Hills; Fresh Meadows; North Shore Towers.*

Polish Wedding—Gabriel Byrne and Lena Olin are a working-class couple dealing with their headstrong daughter and family problems in Detroit. Also starring Claire Danes and Mili Avatal. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Opens July 17.*

A Price Above Rubies—Renee Zellweger is an Orthodox woman who gets a job in the jewelry business and begins to question the religious community she's living in. Also starring Julianna Margulies and Christopher Eccleston. Directed by Boaz Yakin. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *North Shore Towers.*

The Silver Screen/Color Me Lavender—An exploration of the way Hollywood dealt with or ignored homosexuality during its "golden age." Starring Dan Butler. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Opens July 17 at Quad Cinemas.*

Six Days, Seven Nights—Anne Heche is pretty much the only reason to see this movie, a clownish retread of familiar material. Heche is initially matched up with David Schwimmer, a man patently wrong for her. Heche and Schwimmer take a vacation in the South Seas, but Heche gets ordered by her boss to do a photo shoot, so she and Harrison Ford, a drunken old pilot, take off in an ancient plane. You may not be astonished to hear that the plane crash-lands on a deserted island. Of course, they loathe each other and the generic elements stack up quickly: The Strange But Satisfying Meal (peacock), the Night of Safety (under a tree that holds an old Japanese warplane), and so on. I'm glad that Anne Heche, who has spirit and intelligence, wants to establish herself as a romantic lead, though I regret that she has to scream lines like "There's nothing wrong with my tits!" in order to do so. (Denby; 6/22/98) (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–3; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Cinemart; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Slamnation—A documentary of the 1996 National Poetry Slam. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Sliding Doors—Gwyneth Paltrow is a London girl who gets to answer the eternal question (What if?) when her life heads down two different paths at the same time. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Gemini.*

Small Soldiers—A small town is overrun by its children's feuding action figure toys. Starring Phil Hartman, Jay Mohr, Kirsten Dunst, Ann Magnuson, Denis Leary, and Frank Langella. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Smoke Signals—A comic Sundance favorite about a young Native American boy who reluctantly brings his goofy friend along when he travels from his Coeur d'Alene reservation to Arizona to pick up his father's ashes. Written by Sherman Alexie and directed by Chris Eyre. Starring Adam Beach and Evan Adams. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Crown Gotham.*

★**The Spanish Prisoner**—Campbell Scott, of the serious brow and the serious cleft, plays a young inventor, Joe Ross, a self-made man uneasy among the rich and powerful yet secretly eager to join their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of technological masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. A shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up and flatters Joe, and the trap has been set. As Joe gets more and more isolated, Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here, but to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

There's Something About Mary—Years after graduation, a lovable loser tracks down his former high-school sweetheart. Starring Cameron Diaz, Matt Dillon, and Ben Stiller. Directed by Peter and Bobby Farrelly. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Opens July 15.*

The Thief—A war widow and her little boy begin a relationship with a strange man, with profound circumstances. Starring Vladimir Mashkov, Ekaterina Rednikova, and Misha Philipchuk. Directed by Pavel Chukhrai. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Opens July 17 at Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Truman Show—A clever but empty movie that is rapidly turning into the most overpraised picture of the year, *The Truman Show* is about a young man named Truman Burbank (Jim Carrey) who works as an insurance salesman in a town called Seahaven. From the day of his birth, Burbank has been surrounded by actors, his every move captured by hidden cameras. He doesn't know any of this, though he's beginning to suspect that something in his uneventful life is a bit weird. The lord of this realm is named Christof (Ed Harris), who wields absolute power from his control room. This is a profound movie for people who don't like to think, or perhaps for people who are in the media and of the media, and can't imagine any life outside it. *The Truman Show*, however, will not disturb anyone's sleep. (Denby; 6/8/98) (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; State; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Alpine; Kingsway; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Voyage to the Beginning of the World—Marcello Mastroianni's last film, in which he plays a director on a road trip with three actors. Directed by Manoel de Oliveira. (About 2 hours.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Whatever—A Jersey girl struggles to grow up in her boring hometown, fueled by dreams of moving to New York. Starring Liza Weil and Chad Morgan. Written and directed by Susan Skoog. (1 hr. 54. mins.; R) *Village East; Criterion Center; Eastside Playhouse; Crossbay; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The X-Files—I think it's useless to complain, as many people have, that *The X-Files* never makes any damn sense. This is a movie that is not supposed to make any damn sense. The material's unfathomability is what gives the TV show its mass-cult zing of excitement. For the uninitiated, however, the movie is only moderately entertaining. David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson certainly bring a practiced rhythm to their deadpan gibberish dialogues. Apart from that, one is constrained by duty to point out that the director, Rob Bowman, employs the same horror-film trope over and over. Either Duchovny or Anderson or both enter a dangerous and enclosed place—an alley, a laboratory, a booby-trapped building, a cave, an enormous warehouse. They are menaced by something strange; they escape. If it weren't for one scene involving bees, who are all terrific, none of these encounters would amount to a thing. (Denby;

7/13/98) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Continental; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Π—A mathematician tries to decode the numerical pattern in the stock market. Starring Sean Gullette. Directed and written by Darren Aronofsky. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Beyond; Buffalo '66; Henry Fool; High Art; The Opposite of Sex; Smoke Signals; Π.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Out of Sight.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Dear Jesse; Kurt and Courtney.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Brother; The Farm; Slamnation.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Home Before Dark; Nights of Cabiria; Un Air De Famille (Family Resemblances); Voyage to the Beginning of the World.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Mr. Jealousy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *I Went Down; Mulan; Six Days, Seven Nights; Small Soldiers; The Spanish Prisoner; Whatever; The X-Files.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Dr. Dolittle.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Dr. Dolittle; The Last Days of Disco; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Armageddon; Out of Sight; The Truman Show.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Armageddon; Gone With the Wind; Out of Sight; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Mulan.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Armageddon; Lethal Weapon 4.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Lethal Weapon 4.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Buffalo '66; Mulan; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Lethal Weapon 4.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Deep Impact; Dr. Dolittle; Godzilla; Madeline; Small Soldiers; Whatever.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Smoke Signals.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Whatever.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Armageddon.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Armageddon; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Mulan.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Marx Brothers: A Night at the Opera and A Day at the Races.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Armageddon.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Big Hit; Chinese Box; City of Angels; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; He Got Game; Suicide Kings.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The X-Files.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *A Perfect Murder.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Dr. Dolittle; Out of Sight.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *I Went Down.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Dr. Dolittle; The Last Days of Disco; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers; The X-Files.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Gone With the Wind; Madeline; Sliding Doors.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *The Truman Show.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Armageddon; Lethal Weapon 4; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Small Soldiers.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *High Art.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Armageddon; Small Soldiers; The X-Files.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Buffalo '66; Henry Fool; The Last Days of Disco; Nights of Cabiria; The Spanish Prisoner; Un Air De Famille (Family Resemblances).*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Dr. Dolittle; Gone With the Wind; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Lethal Weapon 4; Out of Sight.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Mulan; Small Soldiers.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Small Soldiers.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Armageddon; The Truman Show.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Madeline; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Mulan; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Small Soldiers; The X-Files.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Small Soldiers.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Can't Hardly Wait; Deep Impact; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; The X-Files.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; A Perfect Murder; The X-Files.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Small Soldiers.*

Festival

Moving Images

The seventh annual New York Video Festival kicks off with *O Night Without Objects,* a video triptych that tells the story of a Klansman (Larry Trapp, below middle) redeemed by a Jewish cantor—bookended by shorts showing the formative power of childhood experience. The collection also includes *Dial H-I-S-T-O-R-Y,* a compendium of plane hijackings fashioned from news clips, and *Flat Is Beautiful,* Sadie Benning's new study of the life of a Milwaukee preteen. At the Walter Reade Theater, July 17–23. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photographs courtesy of John Muse and Jeanne C. Finley.

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; A Perfect Murder.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Out of Sight; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Boulevard and Eldert Lane, Brooklyn (277-0303) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; Small Soldiers.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Lethal Weapon 4; Mulan; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Mulan; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Armageddon; Lethal Weapon 4; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Madeline; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Small Soldiers; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Armageddon; Lethal Weapon 4; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Armageddon; Mulan; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Mulan; Small Soldiers.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Armageddon; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Armageddon; Mulan; Six Days, Seven Nights; Small Soldiers.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; The X-Files.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Armageddon; Whatever; The. X-Files.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Madeline; Mulan; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers; The Truman Show.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Armageddon; Mulan; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Can't Hardly Wait; Dr. Dolittle; Gone With the Wind; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Mulan.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Mulan; Out of Sight; Six Days, Seven Nights; Small Soldiers; The X-Files.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Opposite of Sex; A Perfect Murder; A Price Above Rubies.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Lethal Weapon 4; Mulan.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Dr. Dolittle; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers; The X-Files.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *The Truman Show.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Madeline; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; Small Soldiers.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Gone With the Wind; Lethal Weapon 4; Mulan.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Lethal Weapon 4; Madeline; Mulan; Out of Sight; Six Days, Seven Nights; Small Soldiers; The Truman Show; Whatever; The X-Files.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"A Spielberg Summer." 7/18: *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (1981), 2 P.M.; *Used Cars* (1980), 4:30 P.M.. 7/19: *Back to the Future II* (1989), 2 P.M.; *1941* (1979), 4:30 P.M. 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 7/15: Recent videos from Argentina, Colombia, Mexico, and Venezuela. "New Filmmakers Series." 7/15: Two films by Lynn Sachs. "Book Party/Screening." 7/16: *The Shop Around the Corner* (1940) and Andrew Sarris. Also: Maya Deren: Archival Program No. 2. "Lumière Cinema." 7/18: The Lumière Brothers' First Films. 7/19: *Lumière and Co.* (1995). 7/23: *Film Portrait* (1970). "Michelangelo Antonioni." 7/17–7/18: *L'Avventura* (1960). 7/18–7/19: *La Notte* (1961). 7/19 and 7/25: *L'Eclisse* (1961). "Essential Cinema" Dziga Vertov." 7/19: *A Sixth of the World* (1926). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Opening
Father Figure

In 'The Thief,' a beautiful war widow and her little boy (played by the sweetly enchanting Misha Philipchuk, below) wander aimlessly through post–World War II Russia until a handsome stranger arrives to stabilize their lives—and unravel their future. Starts July 17 at Lincoln Plaza.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—Through August 29: "The Cinematography of Gabriel Figueroa." 7/18: *Nazarin* (1958; 1 hr. 34 mins.); 5 P.M. A defrocked priest discovers his own humanity as he experiences the unconditional charity of others. Directed by Luis Buñuel. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 7/13: *Holiday* (1938) (1 hr. 33 mins). 7/20: *How to Marry a Millionaire* (1953) (1 hr. 35 mins.). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

A Different Light—7/19: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (1958; 1 hr. 48 mins.); 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"The Faces of Janus." 7/15: *Pandora's Box* (1928; 1 hr. 50 mins.); noon. "Tuneful Summer Afternoons." 7/15: *Mickey's Trailer* (1938) and *On the Avenue* (1937); 2:30 P.M. "Ciné-City: New York on Film and Video." 7/16: *Pull My Daisy* (1959) and *David Holzman's Diary* (1967); 2:30 P.M. 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"La Vie d'Artiste." Through 7/14: *Van Gogh* (1991; 2 hrs. 35 mins.). 7/15–7/16: *Quai des Orfèvres* (1947; 1 hr. 42 mins.) and *Gates of Paris* (1957; 1 hr. 35 mins.). "Independents Night." 7/16: *One* (1997; 1 hr. 28 mins). Directed by Tony Barbieri. "The New York Video Festival." 7/17 and 7/19: *The Way of the Weed*. 7/17–7/18: *O Night Without Objects* and *Flat Is Beautiful*. 7/18: *Girlfriend: The Live Performance* and *Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Diary 1995*. 7/19: *The Diaries of War*. 7/18 and 7/20: "Persistence of Vision" (shorts). 7/20: "The Spike and Hype Show." 7/20–7/21: *The Final Insult*. Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"The Pleasures of Love, Then and Now." 7/7–8/18. 7/14: *La Française et l'amour* (1960) at 12:30, 3:30, and 6:30 P.M. 7/21: *Divertimento* (1992; 2 hrs. 6 mins.) at 12:30, 3:30, and 6:30 P.M. 7/21: *Une Flamme dans mon coeur* (1987; 1 hr. 52 mins.) at 9 P.M. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Guggenheim Museum—Through 7/31: "The Motorcycle on Screen." 7/15: *Sturgis 90: 50th Anniversary* (1990) and *Mask* (1985). 7/17: *Detonation! Violent Games, God Speed You, Black Emperor* (1976), and *Shonan Bakusozoku* (1986) (all in Japanese with English subtitles). 7/18: *Advice to Adventurous Girls* (1996), *CHiPs* episode "Ponch's Angels" (1981), *Dirty Fingernails* (1997), and *She Lives to Ride* (1994). Peter B. Lewis Theater; 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Jewish Museum—7/14: *From the Archives of Modern Art* (1987) and *The Last Night of Rasputin* (1989); 6:30 P.M. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3224); General public $7; members $5.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/7: "A View from the Vaults: Recent Acquisitions and Restorations." 7/14: *Dogfight* (1991). 7/14 and 7/16: *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song* (1971). 7/16–7/17: *House Party* (1990). 7/17: *Bird* (1988). 7/17 and 7/19: *A Rage in Harlem* (1991). 7/18 and 7/20: *All About Eve* (1950). 7/18 and 7/21: *Raising Arizona* (1987). 7/19–7/20: *Die Hard* (1988). 7/21: *Simple Men* (1992). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of May: *Skokie* (1978). Month of June: *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble* (1976). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

National Museum of the American Indian—Through 9/17: "Thursday Night at the Movies." 7/9: *Honey Moccasin* (1998). Call 514-3730 for information. 1 Bowling Green (825-6914); free.

Riverflicks—Through 8/14. 7/16: *Mutiny on the Bounty* (1962), 8:30 P.M.; Pier 54 at 13th St. 7/17: 8:30 P.M., at Pier 25 at N. Moore St. Call 533-7275 for more info. Free.

The Screening Room—"Midnight Indies: 10 Great Films of the 80s and 90s": *Dazed & Confused* (1993). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Photograph from Stratosphere Entertainment.

theater

Twelfth Night...Falsettoland

Broadway

Previews and Openings

An Evening With Jerry Herman—As the title says, this is an evening with the old Broadway hand, the man responsible for the music and lyrics to *Mame, La Cage aux Folles, Hello, Dolly!* and other lesser-known shows. Lee Roy Reams and Florence Lacey accompany him. $50–$65. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 7/15 for a 7/28 opening. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Twelfth Night—If only Helen Hunt could have a *normal* relationship. In *As Good As It Gets,* she indulged the cruelty and peculiar behavior of an obsessive-compulsive man; in this, one of Shakespeare's sweetest comedies, she dresses as a man, falls headlong for her master (Paul Rudd), woos another woman on his behalf (Kyra Sedgwick), and winds up the object of her affections instead. Where's steady, dependable Paul Reiser when you need him? Directed by Nicholas Hytner. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/16 opening. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The major performances are all at least a mite off, but the supporting cast delivers staunchly. Natasha Richardson is—at last!—an authentically British Sally Bowles, but she is stolid, blatant, lacking in girlish vulnerability. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquette seating available. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Forever Tango—Or at least for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testament to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form, not to mention its power to seduce. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Marquis Theatre, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

High Society—A hybrid of the 1956 movie musical of the same name and Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story.* Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/98. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

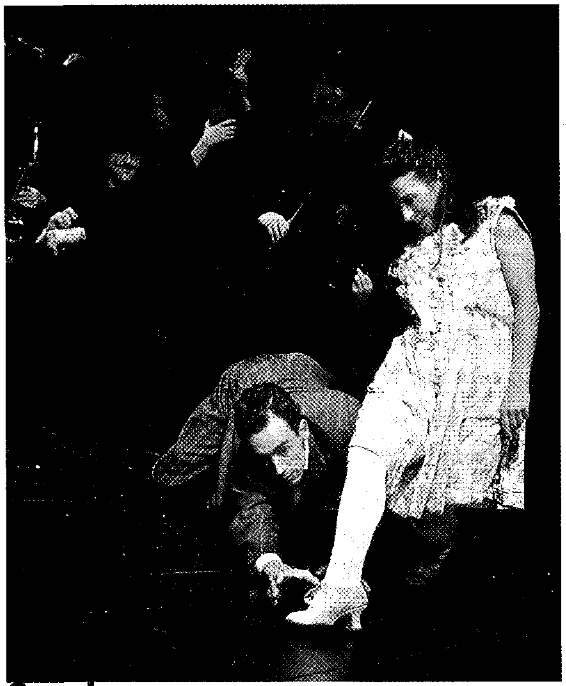
Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Judas Kiss—David Hare's new play about the relationship between Oscar Wilde and his lover, Lord Alfred Douglas. Liam Neeson plays the condemned baron of bon mots; Richard Eyre directs. $15–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean;

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.



Opening

Later Alligator

Theatre de Complicite, the London-based troupe responsible for reviving 'The Chairs' and other absurdist stunners, will bring all its eccentric energies to bear on 'The Street of Crocodiles,' a play based on the short stories of Bruno Schulz. Lincoln Center Festival '98 presents. Opens Thursday at John Jay College Theater.

Photograph by Tristram Kenton.

the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. First, the animals, large and small, re-created with unparalleled imagination, underpropped by costumes that artfully blend realism and fantasy: The prancing giraffes and leaping antelopes, the nodding elephant and barreling warthog, keep you marveling even during the story's stodgiest galumphing. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven solid actors in a fine production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed, Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Anthony LaPaglia stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts after his niece; Allison Janney plays his long-suffering wife. Michael Mayer directs. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Opening

William Finn, Uptown and Down

If 'A New Brain,' currently running at Lincoln Center, isn't a sufficient fix for a Finn fan, the National Asian American Theatre Company's production of 'Falsettoland' could do the trick. Opens Thursday at the Vineyard's Dimson Theatre.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Adam Resurrected—Israel's Gesher Theatre performs a play based on Yoram Kaniuk's novel *Adam Son of Dog,* in which a German Jew survives his stay in a concentration camp by entertaining the commander in the guise of a dog. Written by Alexander Chervinsky; presented by Lincoln Center Festival '98. $50. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Runs 7/14 through 7/19 only. Performances in Hebrew on Tues., Wed., Sat., and Sun., and Russian on Thurs. and Fri. Headsets providing English translation available. *Circus Tent in Damrosch Park, at 62nd St. and 10th Ave. (721-6500).*

Savion Glover/Downtown—Savion Glover, the toe-tappin', soft-sole-shufflin' whiz kid who led the troupe in *Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk,* sings with his feet in this limited engagement through 7/25. $25–$47.50. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

The Street of Crocodiles—Theatre de Complicité, the London-based troupe responsible for reviving *The Chairs* and other absurdist stunners, will bring all its eccentric energies to bear on this play based on the short stories of Bruno Schulz. Lincoln Center Festival '98 presents. $50. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Opens 7/16. *John Jay College Theater, 10th Ave. bet. 58th and 59th Sts. (721-6500).*

Unzippin' My Doo Dah and Other National Priorities—The latest, Monica-driven installment from the Capitol Steps, Washington's popular political comedy troupe. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. In previews for a 7/15 opening. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

As Thousands Cheer—Irving Berlin's 1933 satire of the famous and well-to-do. With sketches by Moss Hart; starring B. D. Wong and Judy Kuhn. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 7/18. *Greenwich House Theater, 27 Barrow Street. (541-8441).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about every-

Opening

Ballyhooed, if Belatedly

There was a time in Paul Rudd's life—call it his *Halloween 6* period—when New York began to beckon. Yes, he was finding steady employment; shortly after filming the horror movie, he'd even landed a plummy role in *Clueless*—a role that favorably compared him to a *Baldwin.* But Rudd had also gotten into three successive car accidents that year, and his patience with the city of Los Angeles was at an enfeebling, undismissable low. So he packed his things and headed east. Before long, he was cast in Alfred Uhry's *Last Night of Ballyhoo,* which went on to win a Tony, and he landed the male lead in the screen version of Stephen McCauley's *Object of My Affection,* playing a charming gay schoolteacher opposite a charming straight Jennifer Aniston. But again there was a problem: Rudd realized he was systematically, almost metronomically, being cast as a really sweet guy. For anyone who has spent more than ten minutes with this Jersey-born, Kansas-raised insomniac and cable-access junkie—who genially attributes his recent successes to a "stable, loving, and happy relationship with Satan"—the words "really sweet" aren't the only ones that bubble to mind. "I was getting a little bored," he confesses. He gives a thoughtful pause. "I'm more of a cruel, vicious, harmful bastard." Now, finally (finally!), Rudd has the chance to give his moodier, screwier, more contemplative nature full vent, in the Lincoln Center Theater production of *Twelfth Night,* in which he co-stars with Helen Hunt. Rudd has seen the play twice, though he doesn't remember what the other Orsinos were like. "I decided it would be too easy to make him a lovelorn character who lounges on pillows and sighs," says Rudd, who, in addition to lounging on pillows and sighing, paces and broods and radiates a palpable sense of torment. He also spends a fair amount of time lolling around in a thong, when he isn't snugly entombed in purple satin pants, and he seems to have sprouted an extra fifteen cubic feet of hair. His suggestive costume, combined with the play's gender-bending motif, ought to clinch Rudd's status as a gay icon—though the 29-year-old actor says he chose the roles for their depth, not their gender politics. (As it turns out, Rudd, always the straight man, is also . . . a straight man.) "If I'm a gay icon," he says with a tender, self-deprecating laugh, "then gay people need a better icon." JENNIFER SENIOR

one—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Dinah Was—Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, was also a diva of excesses: She drank too much, she ate too much, she married too many times (six). But before dying at age 39, she had earned herself a dandy moniker—"Queen of the Blues"—and become the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Yvette Freeman (*ER, Working*) tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell—actor, director, and founding member of the Drama Dept.—conceived and wrote this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Ordinarily, Mitchell stars in the production too, though Michael Cerveris, the original Broadway Tommy, will be taking his place through 8/1. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $45. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—A reprise of Frank McCourt's irreverent, affectionate history of the Irish people. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Jayson—A new musical, based on the short-lived gay cartoon of the same name. Book by Jeff Krell; music and lyrics by Ron Romanovsky and Paul Phillips. $28. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (279-4200).*

Labor Day—A. R. Gurney revisits John, the main character in *The Cocktail Hour,* in his new play about the obscenities of show business. Directed by Jack O'Brien. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Through 7/22. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Love's Fire—A collection of seven original playlets from John Guare, Tony Kushner, Eric Bogosian, William Finn, Marsha Norman, Ntozake Shange, and Wendy Wasserstein, all inspired by Shakespeare's sonnets. Performed by the Acting Company. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 7/19. *The Public's Newman Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Manhattan Music: A Performance Festival—Manhattan Theatre Club presents a trio of cabaret acts, each with its own three-week engagement in venues about town. Running through 7/19: *Hot Mouth,* a postmodern oratorio conceived by Grisha Coleman. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERINC).*

A New Brain—Though written still with the old brain, this teetering new musical from William Finn at least manages to fall mostly forward. Here, we get a young Jewish composer-lyricist with a goyish boyfriend, and what happens when the former seems to have an inoperable brain tumor. Obviously, this is not a strict autobiography, although the misdiagnosis did happen to Finn. The music and lyrics are uneven, but both try commendably to shake the Sondheim spell Finn has labored under. There is a good deal of hit-or-miss humor, not all of it Finn's; the book is a collaboration with James Lapine. David Gallo's playfully skewed scenery is a distinct pleasure, as are Michael Starobin's tart orchestrations. As director-choreographer, Graciela Daniele, fresh from *Ragtime*, goes from strength to strength; it is she, I suspect, who infused the proceedings with most of their exu-

Photograph by Ken Howard.

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berantly caroming originality. The show makes a star out of the personable and versatile Malcolm Gets. Acting or singing, bedridden and sorely beset or frantically careering about, Gets fills the stage with his winning presence. Even seated at the piano, he tickles the ivories as easily as he does our ribs. (Simon: 7/13/98.) $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 10/11. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. 239-6200.*

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. $30–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 6/23/98. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Peep Show—The latest installment in the Ronnie Larsen chronicles of New York sleaze, this time with male go-go dancers. Porn star Jeff Stryker stars in the production through 7/19. $50–$75. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 3/31/98. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South, at Sheridan Sq. (239-6200).*

Pera Palas—Set in the Istanbul hotel by the same name, this drama by Sinan Unel roams over nearly 100 years and tells three separate stories, all of people trying to build a bridge—not just to the new millennium, but over the Bosphorus, in order to reconcile Turkey's past with its present. Starring Lou Liberatore from *Burn This* and John Spencer. $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/19. *McGinn Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (354-2220).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizing the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of opening a New York restaurant. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 8/2. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from *Private Lives* with its ex-spouses honeymooning with new partners on adjoining Riviera terraces to Montezuma's revenge on unsuspecting gringo bowels. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Smoke on the Mountain—A new production of the gospel musical comedy by Connie Ray. $35–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Stupid Kids—A comedy-ethnography about the mysterious folkways of teens from the suburbs. Written by John C. Russell, who died of AIDS shortly after completing the script; directed by Michael Mayer. $30. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Through 7/18. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fabulous creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. Through 7/31. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas, at Dominick. (647-0202).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Villa Villa—De La Guarda, a young theater troupe from Argentina, performs a show that's part carnival, part rock concert, part ballet—all above the audience's heads. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Written by Jeff Baron; directed by Lonny Price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

The Winds of God—A drama about two Tokyo comedians who find themselves reincarnated as Kamikaze pilots. Written and directed by preeminent Japanese actor Masayuki Imai. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/19. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

You Never Can Tell—The Roundabout returns to its roots—and what it does best—with this early comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Douglas Martin. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Off-Off Broadway

All Spoken by a Shining Creature: A Hypertext Punk Tragedy—Kevin Oakes's surreal work about a family who loses a child. Starring Oakes, four other actors, and 42 screens. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. *The Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. (420-1466).*

Charlatan: A Memoir of Sergei Diaghilev and the Ballets Russes—British actor-writer Tony Tanner plays the legendary Russian ballet impresario. $20. Fri.–Sun. at 8. *Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. (362-3544).*

Falsettoland—Just as *A New Brain* opens uptown, the National Asian American Theatre Company revives William Finn's eccentric musical from 1990. $15. Thurs.–Tues. at 8. Opens 7/16. *Vineyard's Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (505-3003).*

A Month of Sundays—A comedy from new playwright Jason Cicci about a group of friends who meet weekly to discuss relationships and other young-adult ailments. $12. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/15. *Theater Row Theater, 412 W. 42nd St. (414-5110).*

Playstation, Levels 1–4—A new play by July Elkan about a trio of New York hotties. $10. Mon.–Thurs. at 8. Previews begin 7/13 for a 7/20 opening. *Excellent Art Manufacturing, 86 Forsyth St. (414-5167).*

The Race of the Ark Tattoo—W. David Hancock's play about objects and memories—which, appropriately, takes place in a flea market. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 8/2. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Welcome to Chelsea—Martin Outzen's play about the A-list lives of four men in living in New York's most musclebound neighborhood. Presented by the Glines. $20. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 7/26. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (330-7200).*

art

Herman Costa...Jane Kaplowitz

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Pierre Bonnard—Drawings from the estate of artist ranging in date from 1895 to 1945, many of which have not been previously exhibited; through 10/10. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

James Lee Byars—Four early drawings in ink on paper and a single wooden figurative sculpture; through 8/31. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Bunny Harvey—Small-scale gouache paintings that record the artist's daily observations; 7/15–8/7. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (744-2300).

Melinda Stickney-Gibson/Nancy Cohen—Lyrical abstractions painted on the covers of small books/Assemblages of handmade paper and familiar objects. Through 7/31. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Steve Wheeler—Intricately patterned color silkscreen prints that incorporate Native American iconography, Cubism, Surrealism, and Automatism, and were produced in conjunction with the artist's 1947 book *Hello Steve*; through 8/28. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

57th Street Area

Shirley Goldfarb—A survey of paintings by the artist (1925–1980) who began as a gestural abstractionist, then switched to a controlled, minimal style characterized by small strokes of color in mosaic-like patterns; through 9/4. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Yayoi Kusama/Robert Filliou—Recent sculptures and paintings by the Japanese artist whose works from the fifties and sixties are currently on view in a retrospective at MOMA/Assemblages by the French Fluxus artist and poet. Through 8/7. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Anne Ryan—Collages from the fifties; through 7/31. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ken Botto/Alison Moritsugu—Photographs of staged tableaux of ambiguous suburban scenes/Paintings of nature that evoke the Hudson River School. Through 8/15. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2093).

Brian Clarke—A stained-glass wall dedicated to Linda McCartney; through 9/12. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Jane Kaplowitz/Dave Muller—Wall drawings and works on paper/Drawings, watercolors, and paintings. Through 7/24. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Yayoi Kusama—Works on paper from the fifties by this artist who is currently the subject of a retrospective at MOMA; through 9/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Ann Lovett—A mixed-media installation that uses photographs, medical diagrams, and text to explore the symbolism of the human body; through 8/28. Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (966-6170).

Martin Myers/Simon Ungers—Paintings on plywood squares and rectangles that depict images of levitating boxes, architectural elements, and buildings rendered in a cartoon perspective/New wall works that refer to abstraction and architecture. Through 8/7. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Chelsea

Michael Perelman/Lane Twitchell—Paintings of everyday generic objects/Cut-paper pieces that draw on the artist's Mormon upbringing in Utah and the landscape of the American West. Through 8/1. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (206-3686).

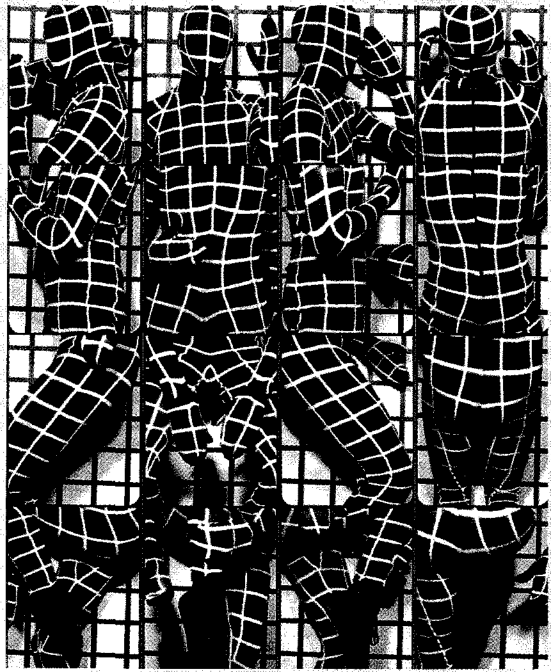
Jenny Watson—Narrative tapestries on the subject of the artist's relationship with her mother; through 8/30. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Andrea Zittel—New living environments from the artist's ongoing "A-Z" series; through 8/31. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Photography

Booth With a View

Some 30 years of monopolizing the photo booths at Woolworth's and Playland have clearly paid off for Herman Costa, whose compositions of uncut strips run from Muybridge-like stop-action shots to theatrical tableaux of his own poses (below). At Ricco/Maresca Gallery, 529 West 20th Street; through August 15.



Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Gat—1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441). "NO! art," with a wall-size mural by Lurie, a video and still photographs by Patterson, and conceptual cryptography by Kirves; through 9/30.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Wishful Thinking," paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs by Fitzpatrick, Hyde, Jacquette, Mullins; and others through 8/11.

Hirschl & Adler—21 East 70th St. (535-8810). "Summer Hours," with works by Ackling, Baechler, Garabedian, Knowlton, Lees, Snyder, others; through 8/14.

Ubu—16 East 78th St. (794-4444). "Performance, Pop & Minimalism on the Upper East Side," with works by Arman, Ono, Rauschenberg, Warhol, and Kornblee; through 7/24.

57th Street Area

Clark—24 West 57th St., #305 (246-2205). "The British Show," with works by De Waal, Smith, Bennett, and "bad boy" Perry; through 8/7.

DC Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). "Food for Thought: A Visual Banquet," with works by Avery, Bates, Bishop, Buck, others; through 8/12.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). Works by Andoe, Beattie and Davidson, Bowling, Gipe, Moskowitz, Oppenheim, Sicilia, Waldman, others; through 7/31.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Works by Abakanowicz, Botero, Caro, Estes, Grooms, Kitaj, Marisol, others; through 9/4.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). Sculpture by Amato, Graham, Karella, Twombly; paintings by Caracciolo, Fendrich, Meyer, Trujillo, others; through 9/5.

PaceWildenstein—32 East 57th St., (421-3292). Summer group exhibition, with works by Flavin, Judd, Bruggen, others; through 9/3.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885). "Histories (Re)membered: Selections from the Permanent Collection of the Bronx Museum of the Arts," including works by Bearden, Kim, Saar, Weems, and Yamamoto; through 9/11.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Brownstone—39 Wooster St. (334-3455). "Sissybar" explores the hyperfeminine in works by Allen, Dalton, Magid, Von Der Ahe, Westegren; through 8/2.

Collins—83 Grand St. (226-1861). "Over the Mantle, Over the Couch," with works by Basora, Bill, Cemin, Chia, others; through 7/31.

Cowles—420 West Broadway, (925-3501). "Gotham Group," with works by Enders, Kerpel, Ireland, Martin, Pepper, others; through 8/7.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Selections Summer '98," with works on paper by Ali, Barker, Erenberg, Faust, others; through 7/31.

Hoffman—429 West Broadway (966-6676). "25th Anniversary Exhibition," works by

Photograph by Herman Costa, courtesy of the Ricco/Maresca Gallery.

Averbuch, Gottlieb, Halili, Owen, Siegel, Siejka, others; through 8/2.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Works that that depict map-related imagery by Baechler, Boetti, Fuller, Turrell, Warhol, others; through 8/28.

Lennon, Weinberg—560 Broadway (941-0012). "Summer," painting, video, and photography, by Downes, Mann, Modica, Murphy, Sullivan, Weegee, others; through 7/31.

Lombard Freid—470 Broome St. (334-5060). "Ground Control," manipulates point of view from NASA to the cosmic natural, with works by Brower, Garnett, Green, Hall, Stevenson, Wood, others; through 7/31.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Works by Brown, Ferrara, Ferren, Grillo, others; through 7/31.

Schickler—560 Broadway (431-6363). "Alexander Rodchenko and the Book," book designs by the Russian Constructivist; through 8/14.

Chelsea

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). "Small paintings," with works by Burton, Fishman, Meller, Uslé, others; through 7/31.

Clementine—526 W. 26th St. (243-5937). "Summer Bonanza," with works by Bauer, Brawley, Evans, Logan, Ruyter; through 7/31.

Coploff—526 West 26th St. (674-1024). "Paper," with works by Bocchino, Evangeline, Kucka, Page, Shiflett; through 7/31.

Eller—529 West 20th St. (206-6977). Works by Brack, Faruquee, Harle, Masullo, Rudolph, Yoda, others; through 8/1.

Healy—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). "Bathroom," guest curated by Wayne Koestenbaum, with works by Clem, Minter, Stoll, Warhol, Waters, others; through 8/7.

Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366). "Now and Forever, Part I," a two-gallery exhibition with Matthew Marks Gallery (522 W. 22nd St.) featuring works by 45 artists; through 7/31.

LaBoulbenne—504 West 22nd St. (462-4111). Works by Hammons, Lesueur, Lovett/Codagnone, Minter, Sale; through 7/31.

Marks—522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200). "Now and Forever, Part I," a two-gallery exhibition with Pat Hearn Gallery (530 W. 22nd St.), with works by 45 artists, among them Almog, Bickerton, Cain, Dunham, Heilmann, Murray, Tuymans, others; through 7/31.

Maynes—529 West 20th St. (741-3318). "Paullinacupana," with works by Burke, Doremus, French, Moylan, Philbrick, others; through 7/31.

Morris—465 West 23rd St. (727-2752). Works by Durant, Gibbs, Ketter, Knox, Tuymans, Voita, others; through 8/15.

Shainman—513 W. 20th St. (645-1701). "Ecstasy," with works by Ewen, Goodwin, Harris, Hyde, Molinari, others; through 7/31.

Team—527 W. 26th St. (279-9219). "Channel 3," with works by Brunetti, Emin, Levy, Ortuno, others; through 8/14.

Tibet House—22 W. 15th St. (807-0563). "The Tibetan Art of Healing," paintings by Nepali artist Romio Shrestha in collaboration with 40 Nepali and Tibetan artists, based on diagrams and illustrations from seventeenth-century Tibetan medical texts; through 8/14.

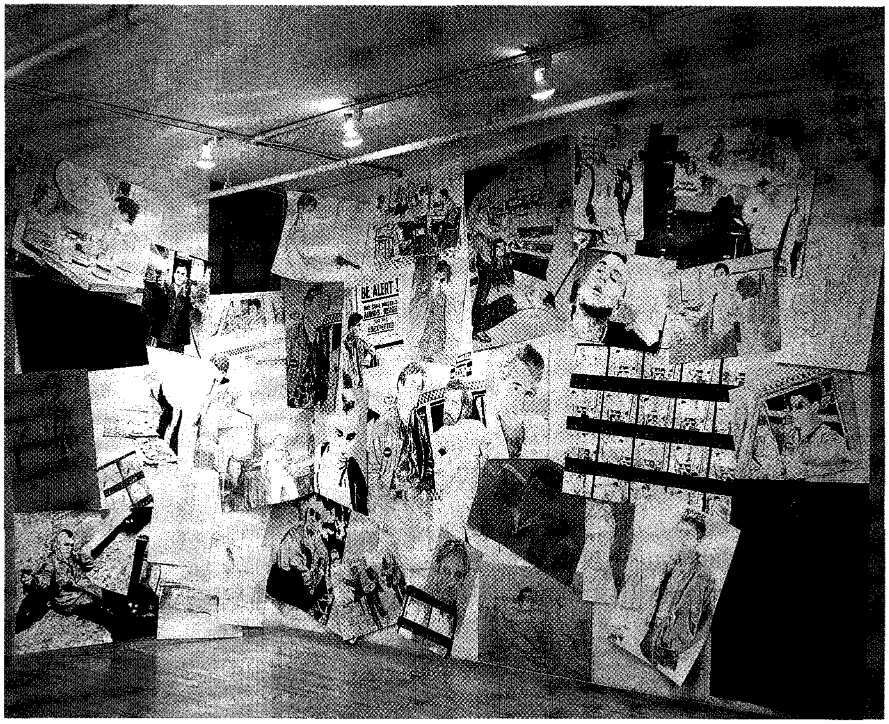
Wessel + O'Connor—242 West 26th St. (242-8811). "Pictures for a Summer Afternoon," with works by Day, Dupain, Hujar, Voinquel, others; through 8/14.

Other

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500). "Ahab's Wife," with works by Driscoll, Gillespie, Sans-Arcidet, Scott; through 10/4.

Photography

Herman Costa—Images created in photo booths over the past 30 years, including theatrical tableaux of people dancing or flying and surreal still-life compositions; through 8/15.



Installation **Though a far cry from the elegiac mood of her last show, whose delicate wall paintings depicted moments from the film version of *Death in Venice*, Jane Kaplowitz's new installation of paintings on paper (above) and monumental, confrontational wall portraits of actor Robert De Niro are again about obsession, this time *Taxi Driver*–style. At Curt Marcus Gallery, 578 Broadway, at Prince Street; through July 24.**

Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Danziger—851 Madison Ave. (734-5300). "California Dreaming," with works by James, Dassonville, others; through 8/14.

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Ship/Shape," photographs of nautical subjects by American and European photographers, among them Margaret Bourke-White, James Doolittle, Herbert Matter, Edward Steichen, Weegee; through 8/29.

Fredericks—504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555). "Naked & Famous," with photographs by Chiappa, Choi, Fowler, Marder, Steiner; through 8/14.

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (334-0010). "Take the A Train," images of New York City subways and trains by Ralston Crawford, Arnold Eagle, Robert Frank, Arthur Leipzig, Helen Levitt, Louis Stettner, Dan Weiner, and others; through 8/15.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777, ext. 100), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Comparative Concepts: Photographs by August Sander, Karl Blossfeldt, Albert Renger-Patzsch, and Bernd and Hilla Becher; through 9/13.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images as History, Photography as Art." A retrospective of more than 100 images by the American photographer (1823?–1896) known for his Civil War photographs; through 9/6. . . . "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS by Steve Hart"; through 9/6.

Michael Kenna—Photographs of the interiors of the Waldorf School at San Francisco; through 8/14. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Miller—Six unique mural-size prints made by the Walker Evans for his 1971 Museum of Modern Art retrospective; images of diners by Higgins, Klein, Mydans, Tice, Winogrand, others; 7/15–8/21. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596). "Flash! The Associated Press Covers the World." A celebration of AP's 150th anniversary through its most famous photographs; through 9/26.

Richardson—560 Broadway (343-1255). Photographs of American drive-in movie theaters taken between 1935 and 1998, by Arentz, Fee, Misrach, Misrach, Sugimoto, others; through 8/7.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). "Neighborhood Watch," with photographs of the suburban environment by Baran, Bordwin, Crewdson, Etheridge, Garfield, Greiner, Hido, Salisbury, Svenson; through 8/14.

Throckmorton—153 E. 61st St. (223-1059). Photographs of Mexico by Anton Bruehl, Marion Michelle, and Paul Strand; through 8/1.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"New Visions/New Voices," with works by Park, Perat, Kwong, Luber, Fletcher, Serra, Nix, and others; through 7/25. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Wed.–Sat. 11–6; donation suggestion.

American Craft Museum—"Objects of Our Time." Ceramics, furniture, textiles, wood, glass, book arts, and jewelry by 80 British artists and designers; through 9/6. . . . "Ties That Bind: Fiber Art by Ed Rossbach and Katherine Westphal From the Daphne Farago Collection." Fiber works by Charles Edmund Rossbach and his wife Katherine Westphal spanning the sixties through the nineties; through 9/6. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Rare Beauty: America's Endangered Plants." Large-format photographs of endangered plants in bloom by Maryl Levine; 7/15–10/4. . . . "Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art,

Photograph courtesy of Curt Marcus Gallery.

adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"The Narrative Thread: Contemporary Women's Embroidery From Rural India." A selection of 30 embroidered quilts that were made by Indian women from rural Bihar through the assistance of Adithi, a nonprofit organization; through 8/8. . . . "More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Exterior/Interior—The Way I See It: Five Photographers Working in Brooklyn." Works by Peter Garfield, Anne Mandelbaum, Susan Daboll, Martin Dixon, and Michael Spano; through 8/16. . . . "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 8/23. . . . "Mexican Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." 126 prints by 47 Mexican artists, among them José Orozco, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo; through 8/9. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Under the Sun." An outdoor exhibition of solar and solar electric products; through 10/25. . . . "Opening Our Doors: Selections From the Design Resource Center." Works from the museum's four collecting departments, Drawings and Prints, Wallcoverings, Textiles, Applied Arts, and Industrial Design; through 10/11. . . . Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The first exhibition to explore the function and design of American and European fountains, featuring original drawings, prints, rare books, photographs, and postcards; through 10/11. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Image and Text: Orientalist Works on Paper From the Permanent Collection." Nineteenth-century paintings, prints, photographs, and illustrated books depicting the Middle East and Africa, by Jean-Léon Gérôme, Wilhelm Gentz, David Roberts, and others; through 9/5. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Beatriz Gonzalez: What an Honor to Be With You at This Historical Moment, Works 1965–1997." A retrospective of the Colombian artist's paintings, drawings, and objects; through 10/25. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Fuseli to Menzel: Drawings and Watercolors From the Age of Goethe." German drawings from the collection of the Munich attorney Alfred Winterstein (1895–1976), by Caspar David Friedrich, Henry Fuseli, Adolph Menzel, and others; through 8/30. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Police Pictures: The Photographs as Evidence." A survey of forensic and evidentiary photographs from the mid-nineteenth century to the present; through 7/18. 100 Washington Square E. (998-6780), Wed. 11–8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Art of the Motorcycle." An exhibition chronicling the evolution of motorcycle technology and design, featuring more than 100 motorcycles dating from 1894 to the present; through 9/20. . . . "Vilhelm Hammershoi (1864–1916): Danish Painter of Solitude and Light." Sixty paintings by the Danish artist known for his images of sparsely furnished interiors; through 9/7. . . . "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration." Paintings and sculptures from Peggy Guggenheim's collection, as well as guest books and other memorabilia from the collector's Venice house; through 9/2. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Hugo Boss Prize: 1998." Works by the award finalists Douglas Gordon, Huang Yong Ping, William Kentridge, Lee Bul, Pipilotti Rist, and Lorna Simpson; through 9/20. . . . "Fabrizio Plessi." Four large-scale video installations; through 9/20. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"George Segal, A Retrospective: Sculptures, Paintings, Drawings." A survey of the artist's works made between 1958 and 1996; through 10/4. . . . "An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." The first museum exhibition devoted to the painter's work in nearly five decades, focusing on the period between Soutine's arrival in Paris in 1913 and his death there during World War II; through 8/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Sir Edward Burne-Jones." The first comprehensive American exhibition devoted to the paintings and decorative works of the nineteenth-century British artist (1833–1898) who was among the second generation of Pre-Raphaelites; through 9/6. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . "Boccioni and Women." Watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1902 to 1915 by one of the founders of Futurism, from the bequest of Lydia Winston Malbin; through 10/18. . . . "The Direct Eye: Self-Taught Artists and Their Influence in Twentieth-Century Art." An installation of works by self-taught artists represented in the museum's collection, among them Bill Traylor and Earl Cunningham; through 10/18. . . . "The Unicorn Tapestries." A short-term exhibit of the renowned tapestries while renovations are being made to their permanent display area at the Cloisters; through 9/6. . . . "Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through 10/25. . . . "The Paintings of Judith Rothschild: An Artist's Search." Paintings by an American artist (1921–1993) who studied with Hans Hoffmann and Stanley William Hayter and is best known for her collages; through 9/6. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Masterpieces From Central Africa." Central African objects on loan from the Royal Museum of Central Africa in Tervuren, Belgium; through 8/9. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 12:30–8, Sun. 12:30–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Mary Ann Willson: Artist Maid." A survey of watercolors by the early-nineteenth-century American folk artist; through 9/27. . . . "Edge to Edge: Selections From the Studio Art Quilt Associates." Contemporary quilts by eighteen artists; through 9/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"Israel at 50 Years: Diverse Views by Magnum Photographers." Images by Robert Capa, Micha Bar-Am, Leonard Freed, David Seymour and others; through 9/7. . . . Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. and Fri. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Love Forever: Yayoi Kusama, 1958–1968." The first in-depth survey of the defining decade of the artist's career—1958 to 1968—when she lived and worked in New York, including paintings, sculptures, photographs, collages, two environmental installations, a film made by the artist, and slides documenting her performances; through 9/22. . . . "Tony Smith." A retrospective of the sculptor's work; through 9/22. . . . "Aleksandr Rodchenko." Photography, photocollages, and functional and graphic design work by one of the founders of Constructivism; through 10/6. . . . *"Bonnard." The first retrospective of the* French artist's paintings to be shown in New York since 1964, focusing on his interiors, still lifes, and figure paintings; through 10/13. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willie Cole"; through 10/13. . . . "Giacometti to Judd: Prints by Sculptors"; through 10/13. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Half Past Autumn: The Art of Gordon Parks." A retrospective of photographs by the photojournalist, filmmaker, novelist, poet, and musician; through 11/1. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Masterworks From the Permanent Collection of the National Academy"; through 8/30. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri, 12–6 (Fri. 5–6 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Urban Encounters." An exhibition tracing the political activism and artistic production of the artists' collectives ABC No Rio, Bullet Space, Godzilla, the Guerilla Girls, REPOhistory, and World War II Illustrated; through 9/20. . . . "Sweet Oblivion: The Urban Landscape of Martin Wong." A retrospective of paintings by the San Francisco–based artist who first came to attention in the eighties for his paintings depicting the graffiti and street-poetry scenes of New York's Lower East Side; through 9/13. . . . "Bill Bidjocka, Los Carpinteros, Rivane Neuenschwander." Works by five young artists, three of whom collaborate as a group, from Cameroon, Brazil, and Cuba; through 9/20. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. . . . "A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing, 1960–1980." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 7/25. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Uniting Neighbors: The Role of Settlement Houses in New York City." Historical and contemporary photographs and artifacts documenting the history of the settlement house in New York; through 10/4. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 8/23. . . . "Paul Robeson: Bearer of a Culture." An exhibition of photographs and memorabilia commemorating the centenary of the actor's birth; through 7/12. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Gordon Matta-Clark: Reorganizing Structure by Drawing

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Horowitz *continued from page 33*

Don't expect these innovations any time soon, however. Indeed, later this summer, the NYPD will actually go up to more than 40,000 officers with the help of some government money from the Federal Crime Bill. And even though the mayor, given his record as a reformer and his approval rating, is probably the one politician who could pull these changes off, he never responds well to criticism—no matter how well intentioned. Whenever Police Department strategy has been questioned, Giuliani has typically responded by dismissing the comments as ridiculous. After all, he has said, crime continues to go down. The strategy must be right.

But in fact, if you go back to that simple arithmetic—there'll be 270,000 fewer felonies for cops to deal with this year—how could crime *not* continue to go down? Think about it. With each succeeding year, there is an ever-expanding police force hammering away at less and less crime. So there is a multiplier effect: The more crime you knock down, the more crime you knock down. Nevertheless, Maple believes it's still too early to declare peace.

"Although crime has been reduced dramatically, and the most dramatically in the hard-pressed areas," he says, "they are still very dangerous places. While everybody's patting themselves on the back about how safe New York is, I don't see anyone who lives on Central Park South moving to the Seven-Five [East New York], or the Seven-Seven [Bedford-Stuyvesant], or the Four-Four or the Four-Six [both in the Bronx]. The war is not over just because we don't hear as many gunshots."

Always the strategist, Maple says the NYPD should now start to assign cops to precincts based solely on where the crime is—not on how wealthy an area is or how much political influence it has. "The Police Department needs to use what I call the 17th Precinct model. If starting tomorrow, the 17th Precinct [part of midtown and the Upper East Side of Manhattan] had as much crime as the Seven-Five [East New York], how many cops would be assigned there? Then that's how many cops the Seven-Five ought to have now."

In fact, the 75th Precinct currently has 362 cops while the 17th has 167, but the cops in the 75th handle approximately six times as many arrests and four times as many felonies and misdemeanors.

THE QUESTION THAT REALLY NEEDS TO BE answered now is not how to fight crime. The Police Department has already proved it knows how to do that. Going forward into the new millennium, the issues are how can the police force make the most of its resources and how can it become more sensitive and more responsive to the communities it serves.

Bratton says that while phase one of his plan for the Police Department was to take back the streets, phase two was always a longer-term strategy to take the department into the future. Though he's been off the force for a little more than two years, he can still talk eloquently and at length about implementing programs to increase minority representation on the force; extending the course at the academy for recruits from six months to nine; upping the education requirement from two years of college to a degree; creating a special high school for kids who want a career in law enforcement; and requiring all cops to return to the academy for at least one or two weeks every year.

Given the department's five-year run of success, now would seem the perfect time to improve relations with the community. Even small steps would help. In tough neighborhoods, for example, why not put ATMs inside the station houses? This way, residents could get their cash without concern and there'd be some neutral, nonthreatening (maybe even positive) interaction between them and the police. Other cities, like Philadelphia, have already done this. Why not reserve one or two parking spaces in front of each precinct for citizens with business to conduct? It's a small courtesy, but it sends a signal.

Maple would like to see computer touch screens, like those found in office-building and hotel lobbies, so citizens could walk into the precinct and get up-to-the-minute crime data. "You want to live in that community. You want to buy a house there. Or maybe you just want to know which way your kid should walk home from school," he says. "Whatever the reason, you should be able to get relevant crime information."

Then there is the overall attitude and outlook of the organization. "What you really need," says one former high-ranking officer, "is a Bratton to come in and re-engineer the department on the way to treat people, the service end. Respect for the citizens, *all citizens,* has to be institutionalized, the same way crime-fighting was. The cops will go through walls for you if they respect you and want to follow you," he says. "People wanted to follow Bratton. We don't have that now. That's really I think what's been lost." ■

Through It." Works on paper, films showing the artist at work, and re-creations of site-specific installations; through 8/23. . . . "John Miller." A survey of the artist's paintings and drawings from the past nine years; through 8/30. . . . "Deep Storage." An exhibit on the theme of storing, archiving, and collecting contemporary art, with works by 40 artists; through 8/30. . . . "Sigmar Polke: Music of Unclarified Origin 1996." Forty gouaches paint for the Institute for Foreign Cultural Relations in Stuttgart, Germany in 1996; through 8/30. . . . "Mario Merz: L'Horizant de lumière traverse notre vertical du jour." A work on loan from the Vera Van Laer Gallery in Antwerp, Belgium, that comprises a large glass table on which conical glass vases filled with wine or honey have been placed; through 8/30. . . . "Projects: Gelatin, by Jean-Michel Othoniel" through 8/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"a.k.a. Lewis Carroll." An exhibition of books and memorabilia marking the centenary of the death of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832–1898), focusing on his life as a teacher, mathematician, photographer, and author; through 8/30. . . . "Settling New Scores: Music Manuscripts From the Paul Sacher Foundation." Music manuscripts, letters, and other documents from some 60 composers of this century; through 8/30. . . . "A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 2100–500 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 8/16. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings." A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender, by the 72-year-old African-American artist; through 8/30. . . . "Dawoud Bey." New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; through 8/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Norman Lewis: Black Paintings, 1946–1977." An exhibition examining the aesthetic and metaphorical use of the color black in over 60 paintings; through 9/20. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth." The first retrospective of the artist's work to focus solely on his landscapes, inspired by his life-long environs of Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, and Cushing, Maine; through 8/30. . . . "Charles Ray." A survey of the Los Angeles–based sculptor's career since 8/30. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart: The Studio Within." A partial re-creation of the studio the artist worked in for more than 30 years, including 20 paintings from different periods of his career, a selection from his collection of notebooks, and poems and small artworks; through 9/13. . . . "Louise Nevelson: Structures Evolving." A selection of sculptures and works on paper from the museum's collection that highlights the artist's practice of recycling components of existing works to create new ones; through 9/13. . . . "Lee Mingwei's 'Way Stations.' " Two interactive installations, *The Dining Project* and *The Letter-writing Project*; through 7/19. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 7/22 at 10: "Victorian Furniture and Decorations." On view from 7/18.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 7/16 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Old Master Paintings." On view from 7/9.

restaurants

Bloom on the Rosa...Cena Café...Divine 2

Manhattan

Lower New York

Acappella—Food is prepared tableside at this Northern Italian downtowner. Ask for owner-host Sergio to explain the specials, or choose among veal chops, the Italian-flag combination of three styles of pasta, and lobster Acappella. Try the prix fixe lunch. Jackets required. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Opening
Divine Intervention

Do Wall Streeters have time to lounge? This is the question posed by the youthful owners of Turtle Bay's Divine Bar, who have launched a new, spacious location on the mezzanine level of a turn-of-the-century apartment house in the financial district. From noon to midnight daily (except weekends, for now), traders can play hooky and homesteading locals can loll on the velvet couches and easy chairs. Serving sizes encourage sampling: the diverse, well-chosen wines are available by the flight (four or five two-ounce tastes), and the inventive tapas, such as toasted ravioli or barbecued buffalo in phyllo, all come in appetizer portions that fall within a very nice-for-the-neighborhood range of $5–$10. (55 Liberty Street; 791-9463.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative American bistro fare includes an acclaimed roasted garlic-lemon chicken with spinach and mashed potatoes, barbecued pork ribs, and crab cakes enhanced with equal measures of cod and scallops. *179 W. Broadway (219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan can rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre- or post–Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

ASK GAEL

I want to impress a jaded publisher at lunch.

Feel cool and clever in the minimalist sleek of the glass-walled café at Cena, a joint venture of the folks from SoHo's Zoë and a star whisk from Montreal. Sip a spicy glass of Gewürztraminer and marvel at the stinging intensity and emerald hue of the asparagus soup with lobster. Share crisp fried clams in a cornmeal stubble. Or go for the timely chic of a boutique sandwich—the crabmeat club on toasted brioche swabbed with mustardy mayo and topped with an onion-ring tiara, or an open-faced smoked salmon and boldly retro egg salad on toasted dark rye with waffle potato chips. I actually like the café more than the restaurant (so far anyway), and it's cheaper. (12 East 22nd Street; 505-1222.)

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pacific East—This streamlined, casual Chelsea restaurant is the spin-off of an enormously successful Hamptons destination for Asian seafood. Lobster-and-shiitake gyoza, cedar-planked black cod, and other fusion fish abound. *318 W. 23rd St. (243-0777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

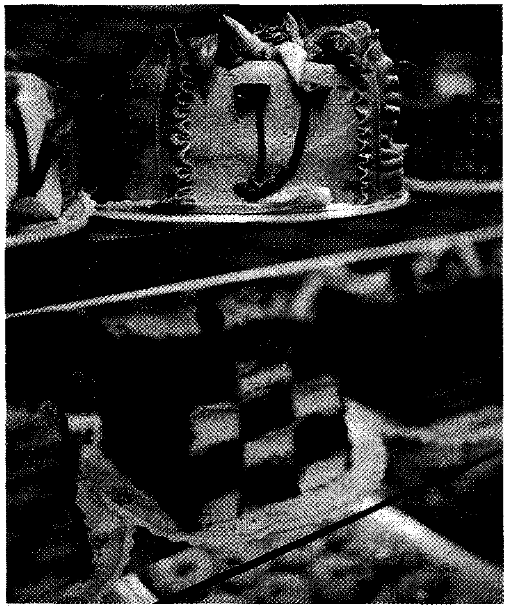
Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shopping
The Bruce is Loose

Great Neck landmark Bruce's Bakery—or "baker to the stars," as it calls itself for its signature celebrity-portrait cakes—has spawned a smaller Manhattan branch, with no tables but just as extensive an inventory of muffins, Danishes, coffee cakes, challah, and desserts. For a Long Island–flavored nosh, try Bruce's famous whitefish salad or a sliced Nova platter. (1045 First Avenue, at 57th Street; 223-1085.)



Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has a flair with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. Try something from the extensive raw-bar menu. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rocke-*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

feller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. A $55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from five till closing for dinner customers. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Coco Pazzo Teatro—Tucked away alongside the Royalton Hotel, this popular theater-district hangout is equally suited for a drink before the curtain or a leisurely meal after the show. The colorful dining room is a comfortable, informal spot for hearty dishes like Florentine steak with crispy herbed fries, and lobster with saffron pasta. *235 W. 46th St. (827-4222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Restaurant In the Pink

Rosa Mexicano, the pioneering restaurant that made combination-plate partisans take classic, authentic Mexican food seriously, has just spilled over into the adjacent space. The luminous new dining room, decorated with rustic Mexican furniture and glowing pink wall screens, features an open grill counter where chef-owner Josefina Howard has installed tortilla griddles (for baking new flavors like roasted garlic and chili guajillo-chili) and a station for tossing authentic Caesar salads to order. (1063 First Avenue, at 58th Street; 753-7407.)

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of $13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the $25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live piano music Wednesday through Saturday; prix fixe menus available ($18.95 at lunch; $29.95 at dinner). *127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant in the heart of midtown is a convenient spot for onion bhajia, chicken tikka masala, dal bukhara, and other subcontinental standards. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its

Photograph by Robert Wright.

own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meatlovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tuscan Square—Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paean to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room; a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta bars; and a retail department selling kitchenware, clothing, leather goods, and stationery. Chef Patrick Nuti's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as chicken-and-ricotta meatballs and garganelli with pancetta, puréed leeks, fava beans, and baby peas. *16 W. 51st St. (977-7777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Deniz à la Turk—The focus in this casual East Side Turkish restaurant is on superlatively fresh fish. Nibble on appetizers like red beans in lemon and olive oil; mashed eggplant salad; and mussels stuffed with rice, pine nuts, and currants. The seafood and meat—like lamb chops, Turkish meatballs, and ribeye steak—are char-grilled and succulent. *400 E. 57th St. (486-2255). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, French-Indian lamb stew, and ginger salmon. *8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coco Pazzo—Pino Luongo's Upper East Side temple of Tuscan is a neighborhood spot for a particularly demanding neighborhood. For everyone else, dishes like potato ravioli with sautéed leeks and truffle oil, and breaded pork chop with mizuna salad and red onion—not to mention an award-winning wine list, definitely merit a special trip. Try the jazz brunch. *23 E. 74th St. (794-0205). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with bottles from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke

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makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like jumbo lump-crab gyoza and coriander-spiced tuna loin. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Coco Opera—This West Side branch of Pino Luongo's national chain of Tuscan restaurants is perfectly situated for a meal before or after a Lincoln Center performance. House specials include sautéed veal chop with chickpeas and fried sage, and rigatoni with sun-dried tomatoes, capers, black olives, and chili peppers. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

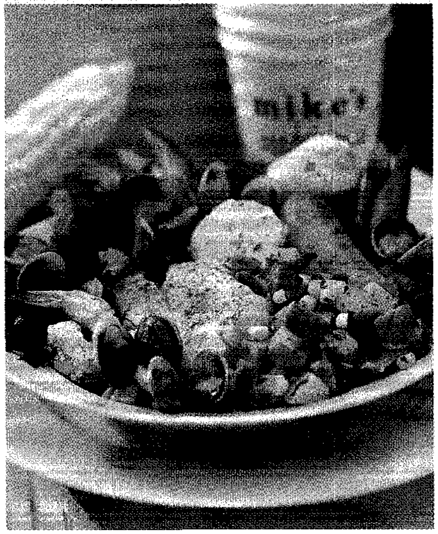
Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Takeout **Branching out from the increasingly cutthroat world of soup salesmanship, Mike Bergen of Mike's Take-away has devised dinners to go, like this urban clambake ($14.95) that smells like the shore after two minutes in the microwave. That's just long enough to melt the slice of lemon-herb butter over a mélange of Maine scallops, New Zealand cockles and mussels, Chilean sea bass, and herb-garlic sausage. A drape of seaweed and a dice of potatoes, peppers, and corn off the cob add some seasonal texture. Closed weekends. (160 East 45th Street; 856-6453.)**



Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Long Island

Sapore di Mare—The concept of this long-lived Hamptons hot spot is "coastal Tuscan," which translates into dishes like roasted halibut with caramelized fennel, sautéed spinach, and aïoli. The rustic, farmlike décor harks back to the days when this resort community was all potato fields and this kind of Italian food completely unavailable. *Wainscott Stone Rd. at Montauk Hwy., Wainscott (516-537-2764). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Seafood Barge—Every seat has a view of the water at this North Fork restaurant, and as you'd expect, the menu reflects the location. Calamari, crab cakes, oven-poached bass, lobster, and mussels are just a sampling of the house specialties. And the wine list, commendably, is heavy on Long Island vineyards. *62980 Main Rd., at Port of Egypt Marina, Southold (516-765-3010). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

nightlife

Baaba Maal...Lilith Fair...D.J.'s at P.S. 1

Concerts

Backstreet Boys—The latest heirs to the New Kids' teen-adored throne (honorable mention: Hanson), this pre-fab Floridian fivesome have endured all sorts of indignities—most notably being called the "Spice Boys"—in their brief career. They, of course, get the last laugh when 6,000 girls scream for them with a passion that most legitimate rockers only dream of experiencing. 7/17 at 7:30 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. (307-7171). $35–$45.*

Beau Soleil Avec Michael Doucet—Kick up your heels to some fine Cajun sounds. 7/15 at 7 P.M. *Battery Park City's Wagner Park (945-0505). Free.*

Big Bad Voodoo Daddy—Sometimes it doesn't take much to jump from minimal success to actual (if minor) stardom. These eight nostalgia-happy Angelenos made just such a transition when they appeared in *Swingers*, providing the high-octane soundtrack for John Favreau's lindy-hopping seduction of Heather Graham. Their hit from the film, "You & Me & the Bottle Makes 3 Tonight," has the usual neo-swing assortment of horns, bass, and campily belted vocals; cock an ear for more of the same on their self-titled major-label debut. With kitsch-crazy Bostonians Combustible Edison. 7/14 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $17.50–$20.*

"Blues Cruise"—A weekly spin through the muddy waters of, uh, New York Harbor. 7/14: Marcia Ball. 7/21: Beau Jocque & the Zydeco Hi-Rollers. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M., rain or shine. *Pier 16, South Street Seaport (630-8888). $25.*

Michael Bolton; Wynonna—America's one-man answer to the Three Tenors has shaved his head and gone for some measure of operatic respectability. Don't let the bid fool you, though: Deep down, he's still a blustery romantic charging hard at the hearts of ladies everywhere. Wynonna, née Judd, was the surprise hit of the recent Burt Bacharach tribute at Hammerstein Ballroom—offering contemplative readings of pop classics that would probably confuse the heck out of kooky sis Ashley. 7/18 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$50.50.*

Jimmy Bosch—The volcanic Latin-jazz trombonist leads his smoking, funky big band. 7/15 at 7 P.M. *Sternberg/Lindsay Park, Brooklyn (718-857-2021). Free.*

Boyz II Men—Not to be outdone by the Backstreet Boys (see listing, above), the more technically gifted, and less cloying, Pennsylvanians bring their R&B vocal gymnastics—most recently displayed on their album *Evolution*—to midtown for two doo-wop-rific nights. 7/13–7/14 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. (307-7171). $37–$67.*

Baaba Maal—Senegal's Baaba Maal is that rare world-music performer who incorporates elements of Western pop and his own culture's traditional music without coming off as a cheesy New Ager. Maal's sound is intricate and lovely, layering complex rhythms, shimmering *kora* (West African harp) lines, and his own haunting tenor into one satisfying sonic sandwich. With Waldemar Bastos, the Angolan Afro-pop supernova (who will also be at the Knitting Factory's Old Office lounge, 7/20 and 7/22–7/23). 7/19, 1–7 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Park West (718-855-7882, ext. 52). $3 suggested contribution.*

Central Park SummerStage—From family programs to acid-eating garage rock, the most eclectic music in the city is also the best deal around. It's all free (unless otherwise noted), so go ahead and explore. 7/16: Steve Earle & the Dukes. 7/18: Hezekiah Walker & Love Fellowship Crusade Choir with The LFT Mass Choir; CeCe Winans. 7/19: Diana King; Common. Weekday shows at 7 P.M.; weekends at 3 P.M. *Rumsey Playfield, near 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (360-1399). Free.*

"Chicago Blues"—Not to be confused with the club of the same name, this latest installment of the "Musical Journey With Gordon Parks" series revisits the Muddy Waters–style electric blues the photographer heard when he visited the midwestern mecca in the late sixties. 7/17 at 6:30 P.M. *The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (543-1672). $5 suggested contribution.*

Lilith Fair—See box, page 111. 7/15–7/16 at 4:30 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$47.50.*

"Megaparty Latin Music Cruise"—7/15: Grupo Caribe La Linea. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M., rain or shine. *Pier 16, South Street Seaport (630-8888). $25.*

"Midsummer Night Swing"—Five nights a week, the plaza at Lincoln Center is transformed, as a whirling, dipping maelstrom of swingers, lindy-hoppers, and two-steppers take over with excellent live music and just enough instruction to prevent any major dance-floor mishaps. Tues.–Sat. Lessons at 6:30 P.M., dancing at 8:15 P.M. 7/15: Don Walser & His Pure Texas Band; Derailers. 7/16: The American Theatre Orchestra. 7/17: Ricardo Lemvo & Makina Loca; Arrow. 7/18 Azcur Negre. 7/21: Geno Delafonse & French Rockin' Boogie; Balfa Toujours. *Lincoln Center (875-5766). $10 per session or $180 for the full season.*

Luna—The closest thing we've got to the Velvet Underground these days, Dean Wareham's four-piece melancholia act lays on the Minimalist melodies and the spare descriptions of urban bohemia with a level of detail that would make Lou proud. 7/16 at 7 P.M. *Castle Clinton, Battery Park (835-2789). Free.*

Jimmy Page & Robert Plant—It's been a long time, been a long time, been a long . . . since these two middle-aged hair-farmers *started* to rock-and-roll, anyway. Never mind that their *Walking Into Clarksdale* is a bizarre hodgepodge of hand-me-downs from bands Zep themselves influenced in the first place: Live, they can still kick out the jams (at least on a good night). 7/16 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (307-7171). $35–$65.* 7/18 at 8 P.M. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $35–$50.*

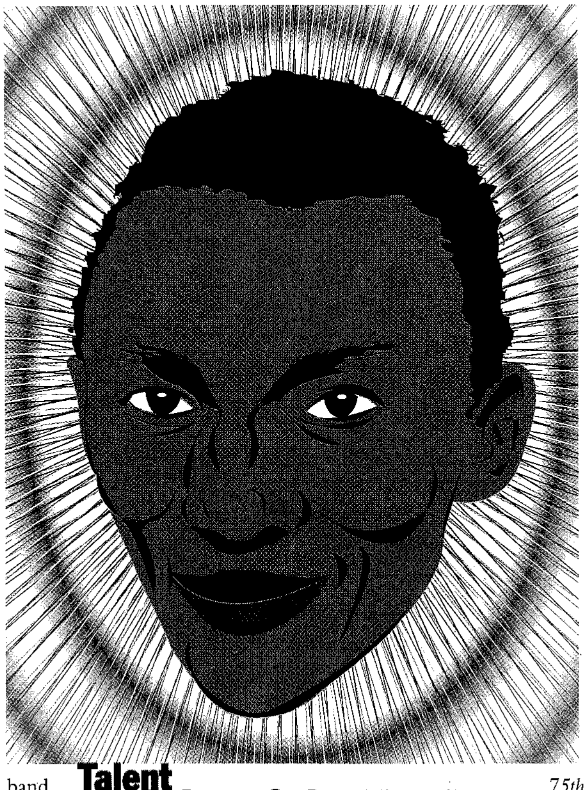
"Royal Soul Revue"—A cavalcade of yesteryear's R&B legends, including Ben E. King, Chuck Jackson, Gene Chandler, Irma Thomas, Jerry Butler, Lloyd Price, Percy Sledge, Sam Moore, and Peter Wolf. 7/16 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway at 75th St. (496-7070). $50.*

Brian Setzer Orchestra—Hit that jive, jack! One of the few times you're likely to see the Hammerstein Ballroom used for actual dancing. This big-band extravaganza highlights numbers from the erstwhile Stray Cat's aptly titled new *Dirty Boogie* album. With Indigo Swing. 7/16 at 8 P.M. *The Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (564-4828). $25.*

"Smooth Jazz Cruise"—7/16: Jon Lucien. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M., rain or shine. *Pier 16, South Street Seaport (630-8888). $30.*

The Stylistics—7/16 at 7 P.M. *Von King/Tompkins Park, Brooklyn (718-857-2021). Free.*

Tricky—Bristol's Soul Brother No. 1 is still the master when it comes to trip-hop. Conjuring vast and looming soundscapes out of a few spare elements, his new *Angels With Dirty Faces* is a sharp challenge to Johnny-come-latelies like Hooverphonic and the Sneaker Pimps—who seem to think the tech-



Talent
Tricks of the Trade

Within a year or two of trip-hop's inception, bandwagon-hoppers were already threatening to turn the gritty techno subgenre into boho brunch music. Mercifully, the genre's three founders—Portishead, Massive Attack, and Tricky, who visits New York next week—have remained faithful to their original, dark-hued vision. Following his third disc of brooding electronica, the Bristol maestro brings his posse of musicians and singers to Hammerstein Ballroom July 21. No imitators need show up.

Illustration by Peter Stemmler.

no subgenre is meant to conjure peaceful yuppie domesticity rather than gritty urban streetscapes. 7/21 at 9 P.M. *The Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (564-4828). $22.50.*

"Warm Up" Performance Series—P.S. 1's weekly, five-hour-long electronica-fest features turntablists local and international, doing their rump-shaking thing among the art installations. 7/18: Romanthony; D.J. Warming; D.J. Swift. Shows start at 4 P.M. *P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, 22-25 Jackson Ave. at 46th St., Long Island City (718-784-2084). $4 suggested contribution.*

Clubland

Intel New York Music Festival—This latest incarnation of the old New Music Seminar features the usual four nights of slightly above-average programming at the city's indie-rock forums; a bunch of folks wearing laminated badges (available for an eminently reasonable $40); plus live broadcasts of many shows on the Web, at www.intelfest.com. 7/15–7/18. *Various venues, (677-3530). All festival events marked with an asterisk (⋆).*

Acme Underground—Japan's Guitar Wolf keep the garage-punk flame burning brightly, if scuzzily, with their jet-powered, nitro-burning antics. The Link Wray–obsessed Tokyo trio sets off an underground explosion 7/19. 7/15: New Bomb Turks; the Neckbones; Danko Jones.⋆ 7/16: Los Straitjackets; Big Bad Johns.⋆ 7/17: Scrawl; the Negro Problem; Sally Timms.⋆ 7/18: Sue Garner.⋆ *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Arlene's Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 7/15: Poolesville; Health & Happiness Show; Neil Casal.⋆ 7/17: Faker.⋆ 7/18: Sean Altman; Babysteps.⋆ *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/14: Joe Grushecky & the Houserockers; the Floating Men. 7/17: The Derailers; Colin Hay; Victoria Shaw; Chris Smither; Susan Werner. 7/18: Chris Smither; Colin Hay; Victoria Shaw; Susan Werner.⋆ *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 7/15: Victoria Williams; Steve Poltz; Emm Gryner.⋆ 7/16: Tracy Bonham; Holly McNarland; David Poe.⋆ 7/17: Everything.⋆ 7/18: Buffalo Tom.⋆ 7/21: Greg Garing's Full Circle. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 7/14: Birdy. 7/15: "New Irish Music Showcase." The Great Western Squares.; Schroeder's Cat; Cathal Coughlin; Decal.⋆ 7/16: Loud Family; Nileson Hubbard.⋆ 7/17: J. Mascis; Mary Lou Lord.⋆ 7/18: Camber; Thin Lizard Dawn; the United States Three.⋆ *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the new, unscuzzy basement lounge. 7/15: Little Shining Man; Virgo's Merlot.⋆ 7/16: Elvis '77; REO Speedealer; Natasha & the MGB; Wives.⋆ 7/17: Ricanstruction; Shootyz Groove.⋆ 7/18: Trona; Greg Garing; Mike Watt.⋆ *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

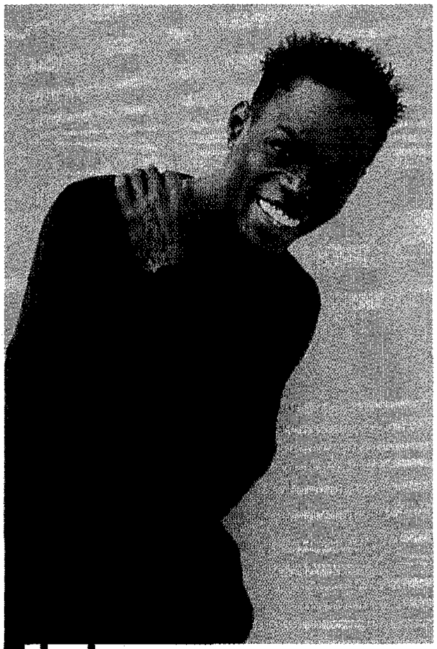
Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. Every Sunday in August at 9 P.M.: Open Blues Jam. 7/16: Little Charlie & the Nightcats. 7/17–7/18: Ernie Williams & the Wildcats. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Ah, power pop. That most mysterious of rock forms: Fiercely beloved by a few rabid advocates; ignored by everybody else. Big Star, for instance, with their Beatlesesque melodies and hard-charging power chords, were among the most influential outfits of the seventies, even though the biggest hit of lead singer Alex Chilton's career was a Box Tops number he sang as a teenager, years before Big Star's inception. The show here 7/18 is a thumbnail sketch of the genre's colorful history (minus Cheap Trick, the most important and successful of the sound's proponents—but who's counting?). Choose from the acid-eating garage-pop of ? and the Mysterians (they of "96 Tears" fame, and a recent comeback bid); the Upper Crust's over-the-top AC/DC-isms—decked out in powdered wigs and *ancien régime* politics; and an appearance by Alex Chilton himself, updating his shout-along anthems into delicate solo pieces.⋆ 7/14: Better than a Thousand. 7/15: Mini King; Vaganza.⋆ 7/16: Orange 9mm; Nothing Face.⋆ 7/17: Danielson Famile; Soul Junk.⋆ *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Fez—Under the leadership of singer-guitarist Eef Barzalay, local quartet Clem Snide have been quietly making a name for themselves for a couple of years now. Their cello–double bass–drums rhythm section is unusual in indie rock, but it gives the group a contemplative, measured feel that more traditional lineups rarely achieve. Their note-perfect rendition of Sonic Youth's "Schizophrenia" is not to be missed. Clem Snide are in 7/18. Thursdays, the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. 7/15: Larry Loftin.⋆ 7/17: Ann Marie; Heather Eatman; Lisa Cornelio.⋆ *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 7/15: The Super Jesus; 16 Deluxe; Jesus & Mary Chain.⋆ 7/16: The Bogmen.⋆ 7/17: Sunny Day Real Estate; Shudder to Think.⋆ 7/18: Plastic People of the Universe.⋆ *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—Wales: land of gnomes, mist, and (lately) smart, off-kilter experimental pop. The bill here 7/15 presents two of the country's finest outfits, Gorky's Zygotic Mynci and Super Furry Animals, in a rare double bill. Of the two, Gorky's are the more bizarre and fresh, substituting the cheekily overwrought sonics of bands like the Zombies for the run-of-the-mill Brit-pop favored by the Super Furries. 7/14: A refugee of war-torn Somalia, Maryam Mursal is a stunning vocalist steeped in the traditional music of her homeland with a contemporary sound all her own. 7/16: Acid jazz a-go-go, with Pete Belasco and the James Taylor Quartet.⋆ 7/17: Jim White; Chris Whitley.⋆ 7/18: Modest Mouse; Dismemberment Plan.⋆ *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*



Talent

Maal-ternative Rocker

West African superstar Baaba Maal headlines the daylong "Celebrate Brooklyn" festivities July 19 with a fittingly broad blend of Senegalese griot songs, Westernized funk, and sparkling Afro-pop guitar melodies. (See "Concerts" for details.)

Lakeside Lounge—7/14 and 7/21, Parlour James bring their tremulous, ethereal (and occasionally fey) take on country to the East Village for two action-packed nights. *162 Ave. B (529-8463). $.*

Meow Mix—Jonathan Richman's "I Was Dancing in the Lesbian Bar" ("In the first bar, things were okay/but in this bar, things were more my way") might as well be about this femme-friendly Lower East Side rec room. 7/16: Itchy Trigger Finger; Sarah Greenwood; Curious Yellow.⋆ 7/17: Tara Lynne; Swati.⋆ 7/18: Lion Fish; Chelsea on Fire.⋆ *269 E. Houston St. (254-0688). $5 cover after 9 P.M.*

Mercury Lounge—My Bloody Valentine shuffled off into the *Where are they now?* file seven years ago, leaving fans jonesing for mind-bending drone-rock. Now the group's bassist, Debbie Googe, has joined forces with Stereolab's Katherine Gifford to form indie-rock supergroup Snowpony. They pay a nostalgia-soaked visit 7/17, along with fellow neo-psychedelicists Bardo Pond. 7/14: Garrison Star. 7/15: Ben Wagner; Hogan; Mary Lou Lord.⋆ 7/16: Mike Errico; Peter Salett; Francis Dunnery.⋆ 7/18: Stone Coyotes; Possum Dixon; Kevin Salem.⋆ 7/19: Mike Watt; Trona; Let's Crash.⋆ *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 7/15: Urban Tap.⋆ 7/16: Maysa.⋆ 7/17: Diblo Dibala & Matchatcha.⋆ 7/18: Katende.⋆ 7/20: Grupo Niche. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 7/15: Joe Ely.⋆ 7/17: "Joey Ramone's Cyber-Bash '98." Ronnie Spector; the Dictators; the Prissteens; the Independents; REO Speedealer. 7/18: Nashville Pussy; the Swingin' Neckbreakers.⋆ *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 7/16: Ed Rush, Optical; Rhyme Time.⋆ 7/17: Jason and the Scorchers; Greg Garing's Honky Tonk.⋆ *161 Hudson St. (966-5244)* $.

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays, the Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by 19-year-old Paul Ellington. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. 7/15–7/18: Jim Hall Trio. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 7/14–7/19: The Count Basie Orchestra, with the ever-smooth Kenny Burrell on guitar. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

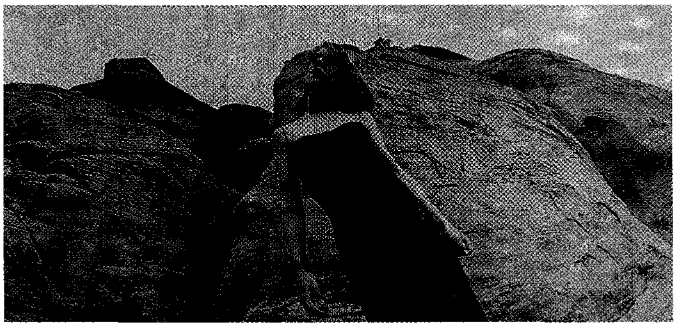
Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 7/14–7/19: Ahmad Jamal Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

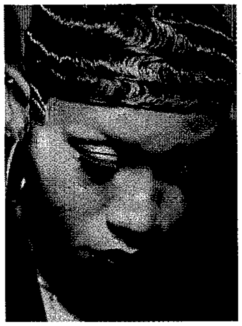
The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. 7/14–7/18: The Freddie Hubbard Sextet. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 7/21–7/26: The number of jazz eras through which trombonist Al Grey has swung exceeds the number of *bands* many musicians play in. Here, he lays down delightfully low-key lines with a mid-size group of fellow vets. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory demographic. (So far, indications are good: A recent night was so packed, even local luminary John Lurie got turned away at the door.) All summer, John Zorn brings in assorted players to make the scene. 7/16: Charles Gayle. 7/17: Joe Lovano. 7/18: Anthony Coleman's Sephardic Tinge. 7/19: Myra Melford & Crush. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 7/14–7/19: Roy Hargrove Sextet, with Sherman Irby and Frank Lacy. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*





Sisters, doin' it for themselves: McLachlan, Elliott, and Phair (clockwise from top).

Performance All's Fair

Last year, when Sarah McLachlan announced a summerlong, all-female tour modeled loosely on Lollapalooza, not even her boosters could have foreseen the epic scale of Lilith Fair's success. In the pre-Lilith era, seventies-style sisterhood and arena-scale touring didn't seem to go hand in hand; after the roving fair's debut season, though, concert promoters were scratching their heads, wondering why *they* hadn't thought of the pairing: It became the summer's top moneymaker, overshadowing even Lollapalooza itself. As if that weren't enough, Lilith also cemented the comeback of the uncomplicated, earthy-crunchy folk pop favored by Joan Osborne, Jewel, and Natalie Merchant—a sound with which the word *Lilith* became instantly synonymous. But McLachlan, ever the forward-looking entrepreneur, has refused to allow her brainchild to stagnate, even in its second year. Instead of sticking to its Birkenstocked roots, Lilith '98—which hits Jones Beach July 15 and 16—features sisters of sufficiently diverse stylistic leanings to defuse charges of neo-hippie-ism. Among the more noteworthy passengers on this year's boys-free bus are indie-rock It Girl Liz Phair, bugged-out rapper Missy Misdemeanor Elliott, and sometime David Byrne collaborators Morcheeba. But what about those aspiring Jewel Kilchers out there, who've been dutifully banging away on their acoustic guitars for the past twelve months? Fortunately for them, the show still features strummer staples Merchant, the Indigo Girls, and the host herself. But given its new lineup, maybe the affair will inspire a few of them to trade in their six-strings for a pair of turntables.

ETHAN SMITH

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fri. and Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. 7/14–7/19: Jim Norton, DC Benny, Pete Correale, Robert Kelly. *82nd W. 3rd St. (447-1000). 82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 7/18–7/19: Dave Attell. 7/21: Funny Short Film Festival. $12.50–$18.50 cover; two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 7/19: The Most Brothers. 7/20–7/26: Justin McKinney; Jerry Diner; John Rizzo. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 7/16: "Stanley." 7/17–7/18: Colin Quinn; Elon Gold. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 7/17–7/18: Wali Collins, Elon Gold, Vanessa Hollingshead, Paul Michael Mercurio, Mike Estime, Mitch Hedberg. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. 7/21–8/1: First there was Ravi and Anoushka Shankar. Now make way for Monica Mancini, daughter of Henry and the latest interpreter of her father's estimable pop-jazz songbook. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Pierre—Joining the ever-growing list of performers to offer such "tributes," singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs the work of George Gershwin in "Things Are Looking Up." $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? 7/20: Joanne Mosca's "My Life in Crime." $10–$15 cover, two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $40 cover. All summer long, Bryan Batt, Lewis Cleale, Heather Mac Rae, and Janet Metz celebrate the Big Apple in song with "I Love New York." *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Karen Hill; Michael Lavine; Katrin Thomas/Matador Records.

in concert

Ann Carlson at Wave Hill

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 14

New York Philharmonic—Performs Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue,* Bernstein's Symphony No. 1, Ives's *Three Places in New England,* and Copland's Clarinet Concerto, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$55.*

The Complete Organ Works of J. S. Bach—One of a series of fourteen hourlong recitals, performed by Christopher Herrick. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 5:30; $25.*

Festival Chamber Ensemble—Performs Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass,* and Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante for violin and viola, with the Amor Artis Chorus; Johannes Somary, conductor. *Washington Square Park (431-1088), at 8; free.*

Riverside Church Recitals—Organist Peter Stoltzfus performs French and American organ music. *Riverside Church, 121st St. and Claremont Ave. (870-6720), at 7; $10.*

Wednesday, July 15

Composers Inside Electronics—Performs David Tudor's "Rainforest, the Installation," an informal and interactive environment. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), 4 to 8; $8.*

The Complete Organ Works of J. S. Bach—See 7/14.

New York Philharmonic—See 7/14.

Thursday, July 16

Bargemusic—Quartet performances of Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik,* Zhurbin's Duet for Violin and Viola, and Borodin's String Quartet in D Major. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

New York Philharmonic—See 7/14.

Composers Inside Electronics—See 7/15.

Friday, July 17

New York Philharmonic—Performs Krzysztof Penderecki's *Seven Gates of Jerusalem,* a U.S. premiere, with the Philadelphia Singers Chorale; and Christine Goerke, soprano; Wendy Nieslen, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; John Villars, tenor; and William Stone, baritone; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$55.*

Bargemusic—Performances of Beethoven, Brahms, and Schubert. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

Stephanie Garza, Soprano—Performs with a baritone and keyboardist from the Juilliard School. *Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 40th St. (799-5000), at 12:30; free.*

Summergarden—Modern music for string quartet by Elliot Sharp, Henry Cowell, Mario Davidovsky, and William Schumann. *Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400), at 8:30; free.*

Composers Inside Electronics—See 7/14, noon to 8.

The Complete Organ Works of J.S. Bach—See 7/14.

Saturday, July 18

New York Philharmonic—See 7/17.

Summergarden—See 7/17.

Composers Inside Electronics—See 7/14, noon to 8.

The Complete Organ Works of J. S. Bach—See 7/14.

Sunday, July 19

Summer Sacred Music Festival—Performs Durufle's *Messe cum jubilo* (1996), with the Men of the St. Bartholomew's Choir and members of the Fairfield Orchestra; William Trafka, music director. *St. Bartholomew's, 51st St. and Park Ave. (935-8434), at 11; free.*

Summer Sundays—Lucy Bardo, cello and viola da gamba, and Dongsok Shin, harpsichord, will perform works by Bach, Marais, De La Guerre, and several English composers. *The Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800); seating at 6:30 and performance at 8; $55, including dinner.*

Composers Inside Electronics—See 7/14, noon to 8.

The Complete Organ Works of J.S. Bach—See 7/14.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Previews
Lucky *Stiffelio*

Of Verdi's 28 operas, 10 (*Rigoletto, Otello,* and *Il Trovatore* among them) are first-rank classics of the operatic repertoire. The others are heard less often, and modern audiences sometimes find them disappointing. But in mid-nineteenth-century Italy, every new work that emanated from this genius of music and champion of a single Italian identity was met with chants of "Viva Verdi!" This Wednesday, New York Grand Opera Company will perform *Stiffelio,* the sixteenth production in the company's seven-year-long "Viva Verdi" marathon, in which the Verdi canon is being presented in chronological order. The tale of revenge and adultery in a Protestant sect encountered interference from the church prior to its 1850 premiere in Trieste, in which the final act had been chopped up beyond intelligibility. Some years later, Verdi adapted the story to a new libretto, but the complete, uncensored *Stiffelio* score was discovered only in the sixties, and it received its belated Italian premiere in 1968. (See listings for details.)

Opera

Opera Nova—Performs *The Metermaids' Sister,* a modern-day version of Donizetti's *The Daughter of the Regiment,* 7/15-18 at 7:30 and 7/19 at 3:30. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave., bet. 22nd and 23rd Sts. (724-8204); $20.*

New York Grand Opera—Performs Verdi's *Stiffelio;* Vincent La Selva, conductor, 7/15 at 7:30. *SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, Central Park, mid-park at 72nd St. (360-CPSS); free. Raindate: July 20.*

Amato Opera—Performs Wolf-Ferrari's *Secret of Susanna,* and Massenet's *Therese,* 7/17–7/18 at 7:30 and 7/19 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

Pilobolus Dance Theater—The athletic modern troupe performs three premieres, *Apoplexy, Orangotano,* and *The Hand That Mocked, The Heart That Fed,* 7/14–7/18 at 8, 7/18 at 8. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

Hamburg Ballet—Performs *All Our Yesterdays,* choreographed by John Neumeier to the music of Gustav Mahler, 7/14 and 7/16–7/17 at 8; *Bernstein Dances,* 7/15 at 8 and 7/18 at 2 and 8. *New York State, Lincoln Center (721-6500); $20-$60.*

Eliot Feld—Ballet Tech performs hip-hop/modern fusion, 7/14 at 7. *Wagner Park, Battery Park City, (945-0505); free.*

Dances for Wave Hill—Ann Carlson performs *Seven Pheasants,* with string-quartet music composed by Pierce Turner, 7/15 at 6:30 and 7/19 at 5. *Wave Hill, 675 W. 252nd St., Bronx (718-549-3200); $4.*

Ben Munisteri—Performs with DJ Mondo Lucien, 7/17 at 8:30. *SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, Central Park, mid-park at 72nd St. (360-CPSS); free.*

Photograph by David Mlotok.

the mix

Joseph Heller...Monty Python...Nancy Friday

John Leonard's TV Notes

Takin' It to the Streets (7/14; 10 to 11 P.M.;VH1) tunes in on buskers and street musicians in New York, Chicago, New Orleans, and Los Angeles—South Carolina gypsies, Chinese refugees, draft-dodging Russians, Juilliard dropouts—all of whom have sad stories as well as violins, clarinets, and tubas.

Best Man: "Best Boy" and All of Us Twenty Years Later (7/15; 6:30 to 8 P.M.; Cinemax) is Ira Wohl's return engagement on documentary-film camera with his mentally retarded cousin Philly, who spent his first 50 years with his parents in Queens before moving into a group home and whose approaching 70th birthday brings Ira back from psychotherapeutic practice in Los Angeles to see if Philly's amiability and innocence have survived. Magnificently, especially on the dance floor after a very late-in-the-game bar mitzvah, they have.

Palau: Paradise in the Pacific (7/15; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) goes all the way to Micronesia for the latest "Living Eden," a volcanic archipelago whose underwater coral reef is full of creatures so extraordinary—shovel-mouthed manta rays, octopoidal cuttlefish, saltwater crocodiles, jellyfish-devouring anemones—that they beggar the monster-imaginings of sci-fi movies and Freudian dreams.

Thirdspace: A Babylon 5 Adventure (7/19; 8–10 P.M.; TNT) improves on the two-hour "prequel" that launched the new season of the series on TNT with a very-much "subsequent," after Bruce Boxleitner, Claudia Christian, and Mira Furlan have already won their intergalactic war with The Shadow. Somewhere in hyperspace they come upon a throbbing Artifact that, upon decoding by arrogant "xenoarchaeologist" Shari Belafonte, proves to be a super "jumpgate" into another dimension altogether, full of voracious aliens who are obviously symbolic of either illegal immigrants or AIDS, and who turn half of Babylon's crew into Stepford Wives or Pods, after which it is unhappily necessary. . . . Nicely visualized, although no Palau.

Savage Earth (7/19 and 7/20; 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is everything you already think you know about earthquakes, volcanoes, landslides, mud slides, and tsunamis, from all the other television programs, disaster movies, and Atlantis books, except the footage is real and so are the scientists trying to figure out plate tectonics, geothermals, lava flow, and catastrophe theory. Revisit the bad news from Thera and Pompeii to Kobe and San Francisco.

Happening

Stamen Power

Your humble window box may seem a little inadequate after a visit to the 1998 Rockefeller Center Flower & Garden Show. In addition to horticultural exhibits by twenty tristate-area garden designers, the free show will feature a 32-by-60-foot butterfly habitat as well as a putting green. A traditional French garden will also be erected, to more comfortably accommodate the eight Auguste Rodin sculptures that've been camping here since June. From July 16 to August 2 (see listings).

Photographs by Bart Barlow.

Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 7/18: Allen M. Hornblum on *Acres of Skin;* Elizabeth Winthrop discusses *Island Justice;* Alexander Osovtsov and Tankred Golenpolsky, executive vice-president and board member of the Russian Jewish Congress, respectively, discuss the construction of a new Russian Synagogue and Holocaust Museum in the historic national center of Moscow. WOR, 710 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 9:30 A.M., 8 and 8:30 P.M. 7/19: Edward O. Wilson, Harvard entomologist and author of *Consilience.* WPAT, 930 AM.

New York & Company—Weekdays at 2 P.M. 7/14: Pat Schroeder on *24 Years of House Work . . . and the Place Is Still a Mess;* Edna O'Brien on *Down By the River;* Robert Wechsler on *Performing Without a Stage;* and Robert Temple on *Aesop.* 7/15: Earl Woods on *Playing Through;* Dr. Dorothy Otnow Lewis on *Guilty by Reason of Insanity;* Richard Price on *Freedomland;* Gretchen Cryer and David Jones on cooking. 7/16: Ronald Goldfarb on TV or not TV; Barry Lopez on *About This Life;* Michael Ignatieff on *The Warrior's Honor.* 7/17: Cokie Roberts on *We Are Our Mothers' Daughters;* Peter Hedges on *An Ocean in Iowa;* Rosemary Bray on *Unafraid of the Dark;* Ernest Gaines on *A Lesson Before Dying.* 7/20: Peter Fonda on *Don't Tell Dad;* Fen Montaigne on *Reeling in Russia;* Paul Stiles on *Riding the Bull;* Ulrike Koch on her film *Saltmen of Tibet.* WNYC AM; 820.

The Written Word

Joseph Heller—7/16 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Now and Then: From Coney Island to Here.* Picnic House, Prospect Park (enter park at 5th St. and Prospect Park W.), Park Slope, Brooklyn (360-1311); free.

"In My Life: Encounters With the Beatles"—7/20 at 8 P.M.: Readings from the compilation of writings about the Fab Four. The Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (308-4010); $5.

"The French Connection"—7/14 at 7 P.M.: The editor of *A Dozen French Farces: Medieval to Modern,* Albert Bermel, will read from the works of Molière, Courteline, Feydeau, and others in celebration of Bastille Day. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Victoria Gotti—7/16 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *I'll Be Watching You.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Sharon Mesmer and Hettie Jones—7/15 at 6 P.M.: Reading from recent work. Union Square Park (253-0810); free.

"The Source of the Spring: Mothers Through the Eyes of Women Writers"—7/16 at 6 P.M.: Maria Hinojosa, Nancy Kline, Cyndi Stivers, Mary Tannen, and the two winners of the Barnard College Essay Contest will read their essays from the new collection. Borders Books, 461 Park Ave., at 57th St. (854-5842); free.

Peter Carravatta—7/16 at 7:30: Reading from his new book *The Sun and Other Things.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

Steven Gaines—7/15 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Philistines at the Hedgerow: Pride and Property in the Hamptons.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Karen Swenson—7/19 at 3 P.M.: Reading from her poetry as part of "World Artists for Tibet." Blue Mountain Gallery, 121 Wooster St. (941-9753); free.

Alex Jeffers—7/14 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Safe As Houses.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Kathleen Mahoney—7/21 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Wisdom From a Shaker Garden.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Lectures and Panels

"Interpreting the Dream: The Story Behind the *Peony Pavilion*"—7/15 at 10 A.M.: A symposium presented in conjunction with the Lincoln Center Festival, featuring demonstrations by the Shanghai Kunqu Opera Company and discussions with scholars Jonathan Spence and Annping Chin. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); $25.

"Critical Assessments: Art and Internationalism at the End of the 90s"—7/21 at 7 P.M.: Critics and curators, including Francesco Bonami, Carlos Basualdo, Okwui Enwezor, Christian Haye, and Louise Neri, will discuss the Hugo Boss Prize 1998. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3840); $10.

Nancy Friday—7/15 at 6:30 P.M.: The sexologist discusses love, jealousy, fantasy, and relationships. The Learning Annex Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. (371-0280); $29.

Hermino Blanco—7/23 at 8 A.M.: The Secretary of Commerce and Industrial Development of Mexico discusses trade and investment opportunities in his country. The Council of the Americas, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (628-3200); $20.

Events

Rockefeller Center Flower & Garden Show—7/16–8/2: Trickling waterfalls, tropical palms, a putting green, a butterfly habitat, and twenty displays by local garden designers. Between 48th and 51st Sts. from Fifth Ave. to Rockefeller Plaza (632-3975); free.

The New York City Camera Show & Sale—Through 7/19: Dealers from across the United States, Europe, and Japan will fill more than 100 tables with their wares: new cameras, used cameras, lenses, darkroom equipment, accessories, photographic books, antiques, Leicas, photographic memorabilia, and more. Embassy Ballroom, Holiday Inn, 440 W. 57th St. (838-4301); $6.

Hudson River Festival—Through 9/1: A celebration with dance, music, theater, film screenings, and art in Battery Park. Performers include the Paul Taylor Dance Company, Elliot Feld's Ballet Tech, the Morgan Scott Ballet Company, and the Tommy Dorsey and Duke Ellington orchestras. Call 945-0505 for additional information; admission is free.

Tours

Central Park—7/14 at 6 P.M. : A tour exploring the park's hidden places and early history. Meet at the General Sherman Monument, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (935-3960); $10.

Downtown Skyscraper Evolution—7/16 at 12:30 P.M: Tour the dense canyons of Manhattan's tip (and take in nine decades of skyscraper history). Meet at Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall St. Call 935-3960 for reservations or further information; $10.

Roosevelt Island—7/17 at 10:30 A.M: Tour the dense canyons of Manhattan's tip (and take in nine decades of skyscraper history). Meet at Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall St. Call 935-3960 for reservations or further information; $10.

Gramercy Park—7/20 at 12:30 P.M.: Explore the architectural and literary heritage of one of New York's most interesting neighborhoods. Meet at the northwest corner of 14th St. and Third Ave. (935-3960); $10.

Greenwich Village—7/14 at 12:30 P.M.: Explore the architectural and literary history of an area that was once home to Stanford White, Elsie de Wolfe, and O. Henry and is still as fashionable as ever. Meet at the Washington Square Arch at the southern end of Fifth Ave. (935-3960); $10.

Millionaires' Mile—7/19 at 2 P.M.: A walk through the historic Metropolitan Museum and Carnegie Hill Historic Districts. Meet at E. 78th St. on the Central Park side of Fifth Ave. (979-2388); $10.

Chinatown Culinary Walk—7/18 at 1: Learn about Chinatown's food markets with the guidance of a Chinese cooking teacher. Sample everything from dim sum to Chinese pastry. Meet at the northeast corner of Canal and Mulberry Sts. (925-5369); $12.

Behind the Scenes at the Waldorf-Astoria—Every Wednesday and Sunday at 9 A.M.: Discover the history and architecture of New York's Art Deco landmark hotel, where Guy Lombardo celebrated New Year's in style and Cole Porter wrote his tunes. Call 872-4790 for further information; $25.

Exhibitions

"The Complete and Utter History of Monty Python's Flying Circus"—7/21–7/26: The well-loved goofballs return; screenings from their shows and their appearances on *Saturday Night Live* and *Late Night With David Letterman.* The Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

"The Year in Pictures"—Through 8/15: Photos of the news of 1997, with a special emphasis on New York City. The Forbes Magazine Galleries, 60 Fifth Ave. (620-2398); free.

"True Sew, Songs of the Sweatshop"—Through 9/20: A collection of sculptures by Linda Lee addressing the abuses in "sweating" and needle trades from their origins in tenement apartments. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); $3.

"Here & There"—7/15-8/15: Documentary photography from New York and the rest of the world. The Access Theater, 380 Broadway, 4th Floor (966-1047); free.

"The Narrative Thread: Contemporary Women's Embroidery from Rural India"—Through 8/8: Thirty embroidered quilts from Bihar, representing the tradition of transforming old rags into elaborate and symbolic artworks that has flourished in the region since the eighteenth century. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); $4.

"Verdant Riches Revealed"—Through 7/31: A treasure trove of botanical and horticultural books, from a medieval manuscript on herbal remedies to rare sixteenth-century treatises on horticulture and garden design. New York Botanical Garden at the Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (838-6690); free.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III,* which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

Chinese Calligraphy—Through 8/30: An exhibit of calligraphy from the Seal script to the Hsin style, with works by Li Chen Hing. St. John's University, 800 Utopia Parkway, Jamaica, Queens (718-990-1526); free.

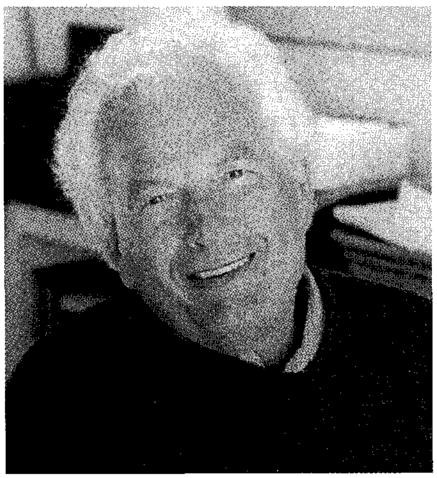
"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New York. City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Call 534-1672 for more information; $5 suggested contribution.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

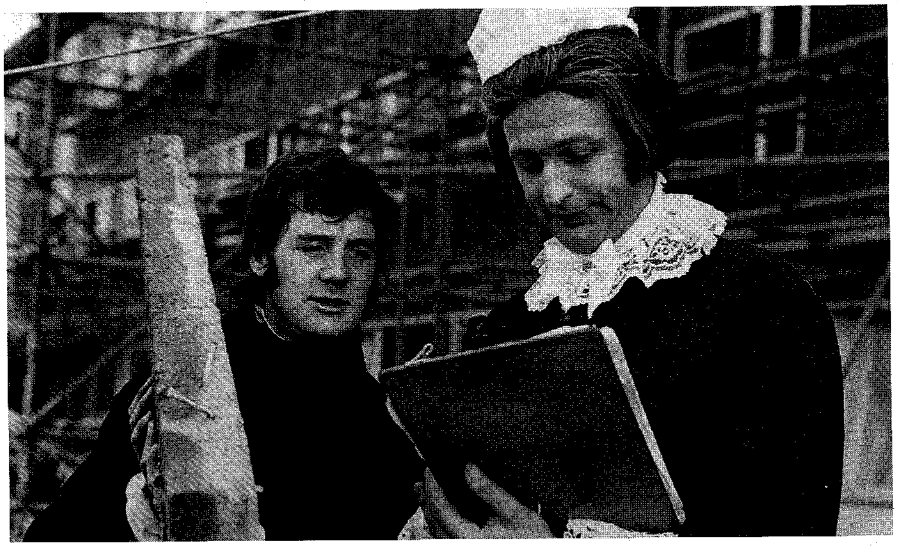
Happening

Coney Island High

'Brooklyn is like a continent to me," says Joseph Heller. "I'm still not sure where most of it is." While the geography of his borough of origin may confuse him, the spirit and stories of the place have infused much of the author's work. From *Catch-22*'s Yossarian, who claims to be fighting for "the hotdog, the Brooklyn Dodgers," to the dysfunctional Coney Island family in *Good As Gold,* Heller has always stayed close to home. "Most of my work relies on autobiographical material," he says, "and a particular skeptical attitude, a street wisdom not unique to Brooklyn but very much a part of it." Heller doesn't make it back to the old neighborhood very often, though: "I feel about Brooklyn the way my mother used to feel about Russia—she never got over it, but it became increasingly remote to her as the years passed." Now a year-round resident of East Hampton, he's still addicted to the allure of a seafront home. "My friends from Coney Island who are still living are here or in California because we all love the ocean so much," says Heller, "and I like living in a place that gets ridiculously crowded this time of year and then becomes peaceful when the fall comes. The seasonal changes refresh me." On July 16, he will be reading from his memoir *Now and Then: From Coney Island to Here,* in Prospect Park, another Brooklyn locale that has special significance for him: "It was the place we'd go to neck." **ARIEL LEVY**



Photograph by Jerry Bauer.



On View **The unbridled wildness of *Monty Python* is back, with a twelve-part series of screenings at the Museum of Television & Radio, including excerpts from *The Complete and Utter History of Britain* and classic *Flying Circus* episodes. Beginning July 21 (see listings).**

Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of Earth's living things and their critical importance to human survival, the hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. At the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); $8 suggested contribution.

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people who were held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor. Call 363-3200 for directions to the museum and more information; $5.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week's clicks: Fill out a form and get the best travel deals every week; cross over to the dark side and start preparing your very own storm-trooper costume; get counseled online from the late Kurt Cobain; turn the *X-Files* stars into a new kind of shape-shifter; then get silly with help from the joke database at humor.com. Meanwhile, at www.nymag.com, find selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus all our Web exclusives, like daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," deals from Angie Maximo in "Cheap Thrills," profiles of new books in "First Words," and our helpful Subscriber Service Center.

Sports

Pétanque You Very Much—7/14 at 12:30 P.M.: Francophiles take note: Restaurant Provence is the site of the Eighth Annual Veuve Clicquot Bastille Day Pétanque Tournament. Pétanque is basically the French version of bocci, and the tournament is the centerpiece of the Bastille Day celebration. Call 475-7500 for information.

Goodwill Games—7/19–8/2: The world's elite athletes come together for Ted Turner's Olympic-lite competition. Basketball at the Garden, gymnastics in Nassau County, and everyone's favorite, syncro swimming (at the brand-new Nassau County Goodwill Games Swimming and Diving Center), kick off the Games. Call Ticketmaster for tickets or visit the Games' Website at www.goodwillgames98.com.

Boxing at the Mecca—7/18: Roy Jones Jr. takes on Lou Del Valle at the World's Most Famous Arena, Madison Square Garden. Call 465-MSG1 for information.

Run for Goodwill—7/19 at 8:30 A.M.: A five-mile run from the United Nations to Battery Park to benefit children; $11–$22. Call the NYRRC at 860-4455 for information.

JAL Big Apple Classic—7/13–19: The Wykagyl Country club in New Rochelle is the site of this year's $775,000 Big Apple Classic. Top LPGA pros like Annika Sorenstam and Michele Redman will be participating. For ticket information, call 800-444-LPGA.

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY ▨

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METROSTARS							COL UNI 3PM
CITYHAWKS				ARZ MSG 10PM			
LIBERTY			CHA MSG 7:30PM	CLE MSG 7PM		PHO NBC 4PM	
YANKEES	CLE MSG 7PM	CLE MSG 7PM	DET MSG 7PM	DET WPIX 7PM	TOR MSG 7PM	TOR WPIX 4PM	TOR WPIX 1PM
METS		ATL FSNY 7:30PM	ATL WOR 12PM	PHI FSNY 7:30PM	PHI FSNY 7:30PM	PHI FOX 1:15PM	PHI WOR 1:30PM
	7/13	7/14	7/15	7/16	7/17	7/18	7/19

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- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Arts in the Parks—There's more to park performers than three-card monte and the shell game. The City Parks Foundation's Arts in the Parks series features children's performers from across the tri-state area, offering puppet shows, magic, storytelling, and even a little vaudeville. What's more—they'll practically come to you. Acts will appear at eighteen different playgrounds in the five boroughs, at approximately 10:30 A.M., throughout the summer. For a schedule of events, call 360-1399. ●

"Vesselmania '98"— Ships from as far away as Belgium, Canada, Germany, and Norway, along with U.S. military vessels, converge for a port visit at the Intrepid Sea Air and Space Museum. Visitors will be allowed to explore the ships, all of which were participants in recent NATO training exercises, and learn about life on a working military vessel. The exhibit is free with paid admission to the museum. Pier 86, W. 46th St. at Twelfth Ave. (957-7055). General admission is $10, $7.50 for seniors and students 12 and older, $5 for children 6-11, $1 for children 2-5, free for children under 2.

Performance

Strings Attached

Not your typical party performer, popular children's artist Dan Butterworth arrives in New York this week, as the City Parks Foundation presents his *Carnaval del Mundo*, a lively and colorful tribute to cultures around the world, featuring Butterworth's exquisitely handcrafted marionettes. July 16 at 10:30 A.M. in Madison Square Park.

Little Broadway—A bunch of young Broadway actors—including Simba's understudy in the current Broadway production of *The Lion King*—moonlight in a program called *Broadway Kids Sing Broadway.* Show tunes include "I Won't Grow Up," "Food, Glorious Food," and "It's a Hard Knock Life." Weekends at noon. **JOHN HOUSEMAN THEATER,** 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220). Tickets, $20

Melody Lanes Bowling—Bowling, with those heavy balls and point-eating gutters, isn't always the best sport for kids. But all that changes once "bumper bowling" gets under way at **MELODY LANES.** Kids under 8 can play unlimited games (the bumpers take the place of gutters), which guarantees even butter-fingered players a strike. The snack bar is stocked with junk food, a seventies-disco soundtrack plays, and kiddie kingpins can even join Melody's junior league, which meets on Wednesdays throughout the summer. Kids over age 3 are welcome. 461 37th St., at Fifth Ave., Sunset Park, Brooklyn (718-832-BOWL); $3.75 weekends and evenings, $2.75 all other times. Shoe rental is $2.

"Rainforest"—A jungle of chirping, hissing, and tweeting noises has been created by the team of Composers Inside Electronics, who call their installation an "interactive electroacoustical environment." The sound itself comes from unlikely objects—a tennis racket, a car windshield, a toilet—that are wired to emit noises in response to prompts from prerecorded tapes and the movement of audience members. The result is a cacophony that could be a child's introduction to performance art. 7/15–7/17 from 4 to 8; 7/18–7/19 from noon to 8. At the **CLARK STUDIO THEATER,** Rose Building, 70 Lincoln Plaza, at 65th St. (769-7008). Tickets are $8.

Tall Tale—Sail out of the **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT,** and the twentieth century, on H.M.S. *Rose,* the largest active wooden tall ship in the world. Sailors need to be 10 years of age or older; no prior sailing experience is required. Day trips set off at 9 and return at 6 on several weekends from now through August. To reserve, call 748-8786. The cost, which includes lunch, is $150 per person.

The Art of the Motorcycle— No Zen here, just the sight of wheeled objects on the spiral ramps of the **GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** striking the fancies of parents and children alike who have longed to roller-skate down Frank Lloyd Wright's corkscrew. Planned by Frank Gehry—architect of that "other" Guggenheim, in Spain—the exhibition will display 100-plus years of motorcycle design. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Regular admission $8, $5 children and seniors.

Hudson River Festival—One hopes the title won't prove to be an omen: Warner Bros. screens *Singing in the Rain* at **BATTERY PARK CITY'S WAGNER PARK.** Should the skies remain clear, kids will get a glimpse of a motion picture made in the days when performers had to act, sing, *and* dance. You can also remind them that Debbie Reynolds is Princess Leia's mother. At 8 P.M. ●

Kid City—The centerpiece of Kid City—an exhibit that now has a permanent home at **THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**—is a street corner at 82nd St. and Broadway. The former row of two-story buildings has been re-created as it was in 1901. Kids can open doors, peer into mailboxes, handle items in the stores and apartments—and learn about the differences between the lives of children who live there today (where there is now a Gymboree, a McDonald's, and a branch of Barnes & Noble) and those who lived there at the beginning of the century. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400). Regular admission is $5 adults, $3 students and seniors.

Under the Sun—Not all sun worship involves SPF 15. Learn how ancient rituals celebrated the dawn of summer at the **COOPER HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM.** The museum's "Under the Sun" concert series showcases different tribal solstice celebrations, including African and Japanese cultural rituals, throughout the summer. On Tuesday, July 14, at 7 P.M., the Soh Daiko drummers pay homage to the Asian sun goddess via a leaping percussion performance. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868). Regular museum admission is $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 12 are admitted free.

R.H. Macy's Fishing Contest—Our urban surrounds rarely let youngsters take part in standard Mayberry-esque activities; fishing is perhaps chief among the rural pursuits left in the dust. But from 7/14–7/18, kids 15 years and younger will get their chance to cast a line and reel in a big one in Brooklyn's **PROSPECT PARK.** The annual fishing competition allows contestants to fish in the carp-and-bass-stocked waters of the park's pond, using either their own rods or provided bamboo poles with bread-dough bait. Younger participants will be aided in baiting and casting their lines. Humanitarians take note: All fish caught must be released back into the pond. From 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. For location and event information, call 718-965-8999. ●●

Cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Brian Farnham
Sports

Vanessa Grigoriadis
In Concert

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
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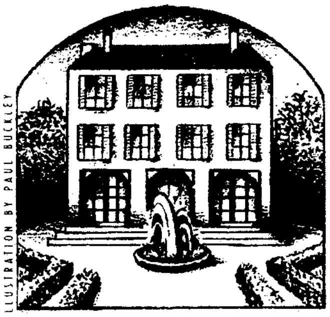
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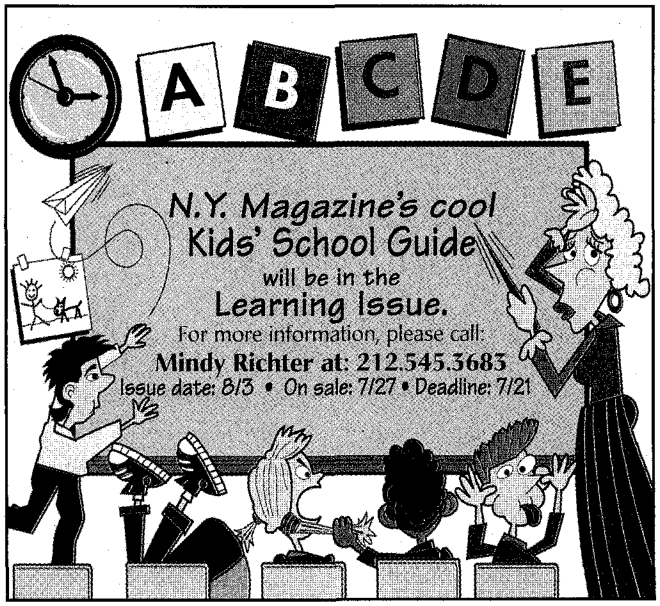

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Unique, Special, Adorable—Jewish female seeks gentleman looking to settle down but not settle. You know how to treat a lady, are fit, youthful, handsome, financially secure, 50-62 - to enjoy all the good things life has to offer with me. Phone and photo, please. 4422 ✉

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Renaissance Man/GQ Looks—45, successful entrepreneur/CEO, 6', blue-eyed, lean and muscular, wry, worldly, urbane, optimistic and passionate. I seek a sharp, accomplished soul mate with beautiful looks and slim body, over 5'3", 20s-30s, for committed relationship/family. Recent photo a must (will exchange). 4416 ✉

Black Professional Man—Seeks white/Hispanic woman for marriage/kids. 4403 ✉

Tall, Toned, Terrific—Striking brunette, 5'9", young 40s, Jewish, successful management consultant, interesting and interested (arts, travel, fitness, etc.), will warm your heart, make you laugh. You're 5'10", 42-54, dynamic, funny, attractive, slightly mischievous, passionate (career/interests), looking for the very real thing. Note/photo/phone. 4426 ✉☎

Ensnare Me—Attractive, single Jewish man, 40, Anne Rice fan, cultured, literary, romantic and playful, seeks to abandon the pedestrian and explore the esoteric with a strong-willed woman, average to Rubenesque, who will literally captivate me with her charms. Can dance if forced to. Seeking friend, lover, captress - in any combination. 4418 ✉☎

Classy NJ Beauty—40s, movie star looks, seeks upscale man, 50s, for her soulmate for a lifetime. 4425 ✉

Lust For Life—Vivacious, attractive, Afro-Latina attorney, 46, spiritual, sensual and socially conscious. Desires man with open arms, open mind and open heart. Step toward me. Letter to: 4397 ✉

A Creature Like No Other—5'10", willowy, hazel-eyed blond. Former model, college grad, well-traveled, 40-something businesswoman. Intelligent, witty, sexy and kind. Comfortable as evening woman or country girl. Seeking successful, confident, caring gentleman over 6' and over 40, with sense of humor, dignity and passion. Life's an exciting journey with lots to offer. Care to join me? Note/photo would be appreciated. 4407 ✉

Open-Hearted CEO/Inventor/Explorer—Communicative, warm, very fit, handsome ...old-fashioned romantic, 43, muscular, 5'10", into culture, health, laughter, travel. Seeks sincere woman under 38, to share it all, family. Phone/photo a must. 4440 ✉☎

Seeking Best Friend And Romance—39, successful entrepreneur, handsome, confident, dynamic, easygoing - with a great personality, sense of humor and many interests - seeks an attractive, slim, intelligent, fun-loving woman, 25-39, for friendship, romance, possible long-term relationship. Note/photo/phone. 4431 ✉☎

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Bachelor Father—Enjoys being bachelor, loving father, two daughters, young late 40s. Likes jazz, cooking, being private and quiet. Well traveled and successful. Has wild side. Wants very attractive, tall, modern with style lady to appreciate and contribute to above. Photo a must. 4390 ✉

Good Guy—Seeks happy Jewish snowbird. Retired professor, 63, Westchester, seeks kindred spirit to share life. 4384 ✉

Wanted: Partner For Parenthood—Sincere, attractive, fit, financially secure older gentleman seeks bright, healthy, sincere woman, 30-40, to have, keep and nurture a child with his assistance. Please include photo, age, relevant information. POB 3733, Grand Central, NY 10163

Attractive Classical Musician—51, nice guy, seeks great 40s woman who's equally eager. 4432 ✉

Feisty, Funny Redhead—Lives NJ, works NYC. Seeks 45-plus, creative, educated guy for fun, good food and future? 4443 ✉

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Handsome, Intelligent, Athletic—Jewish, 39, 6'2", MBA, Wall Street professional. I am caring, romantic and have a good sense of humor. Seeking very pretty, slim Jewish woman, 25-35, bright, warm and unpretentious. Photo. 4448 ✉

Sensitive, Intelligent—Pretty, petite, 47, creative, with warm heart/gentle soul. Seeking nonsmoker/nondrinker, successful, mature man with generous heart and caring soul, to share quality life. Photo/note. 4377 ✉

Ageless Retired Lady—5'6", seeking nonsmoking, affectionate man to share love of classical music, art, theater, bridge, adventurous dining. 4410 ✉

Cajun Prize—NY professional, 44, fit, classy, needs one man - faithful, educated, kind, 45-60. 4383 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Very Successful—Entrepreneur/Renaissance man, athletic, sincere, humorous...seeks smart, accomplished, sensuous, fit woman, beautiful (inside/out), warm, upbeat, down-to-earth, perhaps well-analyzed, up to 5'6", 32-46 or so, for best friend/lover. Note/recent full-length photo/phone. 4429 ✉

Gay White Female—Professional, athletic, fun-loving, caring, warm, enjoys long walks, quiet dinners, traveling, movies and more. Seeks same. 4434✉☎

He'd Love To Love—A nurse or an angel. Divorced white male (no kids), 42, 6', 190, nice-looking, well-built, nonsmoker, teacher/performing artist, *seeks the real thing.* 4424 ✉

Pretty LI Lady—43, slim, with lots of personality - enjoys theater, music, working out and fine dining. Seeks "happily ever after" with intelligent man who's warmhearted, sincere and friendly. Nonsmoker. 4445 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking, Smart, Athletic—Jewish man, 43, plays piano, likes Ravel (Allman Bros., too), hockey, languages. Seeks kind, intelligent, interesting, slim woman who doesn't have to like any of those things. Photo (please!). 4438 ✉

HIV-Positive Female—Seeks male companionship. 33, pretty, slim blond. 4388✉

Jersey Girl Seeking Her Jersey Knight—Jewish, late 30s, fit and fun. Seeks professional, nice Jewish male. Enjoys movies, concerts and conversation. Kids okay. Note/photo. 4409 ✉ ☎

Divorced, White Professional Female—38, 5'9", mother of two, CT resident, attractive, athletic, blond, green eyes. Enjoys running, hiking, gardening, life, reading, entertaining, and whatever lies ahead. Seeks similar qualities in a male, for friendship, fun, continued growth and development. Note/photo please. 4406 ✉

I'm Adorable - Hold Me Tight—Bright, romantic, affectionate, playful, sensual, pretty, slim female, formerly married, successful Manhattanite, 40s, athletic, outdoor and cultural interests. Seeks sexy, adventurous, communicative, affectionate and successful soul mate for a wonderful relationship. Letter/photo. 4419 ✉

Looking For Female Partner—For tennis, hiking and, when it turns cold, skiing. An intermediate in all of the above. Tall, successful and ready to get moving. Let's start with the fun stuff and see where it goes. 4411 ✉ ☎

Physician, 61, Seeks Woman—We are healthy/happy, hard-working/easygoing, helpful/humorous, love long hikes/hugs, moderation/monogamy. Photo/bio. 4373✉

Handsome, Italian Professional Male—40s, with two beautiful children, seeks the company of fun-loving, attractive female, 30s. If you're tired of the games and want something real, let me hear from you. Note/photo. 4428 ✉

Handsome, Well-Traveled—Well-fed, well-read, been there, done that... honest, healthy, active, romantic, loyal and generous (but not fault-free) Jewish man seeks his bride-to-be (38-48). Run, ski and scuba a plus. Note/photo. E-mail: WTWFWR@aol.com or 4389✉

Big Things Come In Little Ads—Passionate, athletic male, 36, 6'1", seeks attractive, emotionally deep, intellectually stimulating female. 4413 ✉ ☎

Gay Black Male—34, 6', very attractive, muscular, educated, seeks man of integrity - successful, cultured, 35-42. 4415✉☎

Incredibly Cute—5'2", green eyes, fit, fun and athletic. Interested in meeting a very handsome, successful, 5'8" plus guy, 35-42. Golf and tennis a plus. Note and photo, please. 4372 ✉

Ambitious, Handsome—32-year-old, single white male, Jewish, 6', 185 lbs, physically fit CEO - into scuba diving, photography and fine art, seeks petite, attractive woman who is outgoing, adventurous...an intelligent woman into *romantic nights and passionate days.* Photo. scottacqui@aol.com or 4385✉☎

Counterparts—54-year-old white male, intelligent, in-shape, perceptive, shy, imaginative - interested in female, 25-45, outgoing, sure of herself, optimistic, can laugh at herself and others, not too selfish, in-shape (and with good posture) and Manhattan resident. 4398 ✉

Attractive, Fit, Successful Lady—Seeks nonsmoking professional gentleman, 45-55, with a gorgeous smile, to share life. Note/photo/phone. 4404 ✉☎

Getting To Know You—Day by day, slow and steady, what do y'say? I am *cultured, bright and pretty too.* Are you debonair and up to 62? 5'7", eyes of blue, I am slender and definitely female gender. 4441 ✉ ☎

Fun-Loving, Petite Blond—32, slender, attractive, warm, witty, seeks playful, humorous, attractive, emotionally mature, professional, nonsmoking man, 28-42, who's not afraid to settle down. 4371 ✉

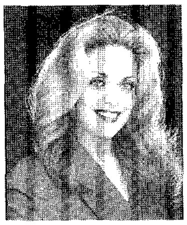
Continental Woman—Attractive, elegant, classic, soft, intriguing, arouses curiosity and interest... Loves the arts, good food and surprises. Seeks bright, educated, accomplished professional/entrepreneur, Jewish, divorced, 50-60. 4378 ✉

Tall, Elegant, Japanese-American—Female exec, 45, seeks male baby-boomer plus, who has been there, done that, and is ready to move on. Photo appreciated. 4427 ✉

Handsome, Sexy Male PhD—Widowed, 58, 6'1", 205, athletic build, big blue eyes - offers marriage, integrity, financial security to sincere, affectionate, sexy female with figure like Suzanne Sommers. Letter/photo. 4402 ✉

Vital, Warm, Attractive—Compassionate professional woman, intelligent, cultured and sometimes witty, seeks male soul mate, mid 50s-60s. 4399 ✉ ☎

One-Stop Shopping—*Find all you need* in one place. Male shopaholic seeks (total) female, 40-50, lifetime guarantee. Photo, please. 4423 ✉ ☎



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November's Playboy Centerfold, 33, ISO SWM, tall, attractive *preferably in the financial industry.*

Prof Dancer from Russia, 42, blond, blue w/legs that don't quit.

Very Attractive, Successful Atty, 37, ISO SJM, financially secure.

SWJF Striking Red hair, Green Eyes, 38, Harvard grad, inventor.

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Here It Goes!—Secure guy with integrity - enjoys music, dance, theater, BBQs... nice-looking, trim, 5'7", 39, Jewish, very accomplished in business/Esq. Pursues upbeat, warm, pretty lass, 20s-early 30s, for laughter (the healthy type), love, marriage and family. Photo. 4253 ✉

Passionate, Playful—Single white professional female, 33, Italian-American, petite, fit, outgoing, sincere, seeks attractive, honest, single white professional male, 35-42, 5'9" plus, to create future together. Photo. 4400 ✉ ☎

Tall, Athletic—Handsome and financially secure male, 30, seeks self-assured and refined woman, 22-34, with great disposition and passion for life. Note/photo, please. 4386 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Brown-Eyed Brunette—Jewish, petite, fit, 41, real estate exec. Loves working out, dancing, running, skiing, movies, theater, '50s furniture and pop art. Am looking for attractive, passionate professional male, who's playful, thoughtful, successful, with a good sense of humor (I love to laugh). You are 36-48, 5'9"-6'2", and looking for your soul mate. Note/photo, please. 4435 ✉

Complete Me!—I'm 5'7", 152 lbs, *dark hair, light eyes, and a true believer* that behind every good man is a great woman. She is 25-35, open-minded, optimistic, strong, beautiful (inside and out), physically fit and has a great smile. Note/photo a must. 4392 ✉

Spiritual, Sexy, Intelligent—Jewish male, 43, 5'10", NYC business owner with a warm heart and quick wit. I'm a sensitive, caring soul with a tremendous degree of personal magnetism that lights up the people in my life. Seek "special woman" who is beautiful inside and out. Note/photo. 4433 ✉

Super-Nice Guy—40, 6', 170, cute, athletic, affectionate, marriage-minded, fun-loving personality, who loves to laugh, quick wit, very funny, seeks one special lady with a great sense of humor. Please, photo a must. 4444 ✉☎

Curvy, Slim Asian Princess—Intelligent, MD, 30, vivacious, nurturing. Seeks extremely accomplished man. 4420 ✉ ☎

Lovely, 5'7" Redhead—Seeks fun-loving, 35-45, Jewish man who's looking for the thrill of his life. Passion, humor and integrity a must. Photo/note. 4408✉

Bright, Bold, Beautiful—Brown-eyed brunette, 47, 5'5", successful, seeks male, 45-59, warm, sincere. Photo. 4439 ✉ ☎

Dreams Can Come True—Successful entrepreneur, mid 30s, good-looking and generous, is looking for his sweetheart: a beautiful, intelligent woman, 20-25 years old, model/dancer type with fair complexion. If you are my dream girl, I can make your dreams come true. 4421 ✉ ☎

A Beautiful Smile—Very pretty, slim, engaging, divorced, Jewish professional female, 5'4", 49, seeks compatible male with integrity and warmth, who believes that life is better when shared with someone special. 4412 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome—Single, affluent, Jewish - tenured associate professor in NYC and stock-market investor - seeks bright professional lady wanting marriage and future family (MD, JD, PhD or similar type), 30-45. Must listen to phone message. E-mail: SHARPGUY4U@AOL.com 4442 ✉ ☎

Good Guys Are Hard To Find—*Good-looking, fit, very successful, 46, romantic,* seeking female counterpart to share what life has to offer. Photo/phone. 4401 ✉

Looking For My Better Half—37, 5'5", stunning, successful Manhattanite and mom seeks male counterpart who is active, loves the outdoors, handsome and successful, to sail through life with. Note/photo. 4414 ✉

Finance And Fine Arts—Art lover, fit, kind Asian-American male, economist and poet, 39, seeks under-40 lady with smarts, class and heart. 4395 ✉

Millionaire—Very handsome, seeks attractive, 20-35, white girlfriend (or more), because I'm ready for any relationship that fits your personality. 4289 ✉

Pretty, Petite Lady Lawyer—Long dark hair, seeks MD/DDS/LLB, attractive male with dogs and/or kids, 48-63, for long walks, beach, theater, etc. Photo, please. 4380 ✉

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Handsome, Successful Professional—52, 6'1", 185 lbs, who enjoys running, movies, music and travel. Seeking very attractive, slim, outgoing, accomplished and bright woman, 38-48. Note/photo/phone. 4437 ✉

Wack Job! Booze-Addled—Freak seeks co-dependent relationship...just kidding, ahem!... Easygoing, funny, very handsome, athletic, well-educated, principal of communications firm, Caucasian, 42 (looks 32), seeks intelligent, attractive, athletic woman who is passionate about life. Photo, please? 4374 ✉

Tall, Handsome, Successful—Divorced, white Christian male, 43, 6'3", well-built, masculine, nonsmoker, well-educated, down-to-earth, sense of humor. Enjoys working out, theater, movies, comedy, music, outdoors. Looking for college-educated, nonsmoking, attractive, fit woman with positive attitude and sense of humor. Race unimportant. Note/photo. 4387 ✉

Irish-Catholic—Female physician, 36, 5'7", well-educated, former Cantabrigian and Dubliner, modest but accomplished, kind, honest, widely traveled, with fairly dry wit. Enjoy theater, classic films, Irish music, cycling, antiques, old friends. Seeking kindred spirit: considerate, verbally skilled, sense of humor, humble, never-married, 34-42, hard-working professional with appreciation for tradition and fond memories of Ireland. 4417 ✉

My Only Hope—Is to rescue us from this! Handsome, fit Jewish professional, 42, 5'11", with traditional values, seeks a warm, sincere, attractive woman, 34-42, who feels that someone special still needs her. My interests are many, but some include museums, the theater, skiing and weekends in the country. I could list more, but, if the chemistry is right, they may not matter. Note/photo appreciated. 4396 ✉

South Shore Gem Seeks Soul Mate—I'm 48, classy, with a big heart and great sense of humor. I like Broadway and dining out, a fireplace and a garden, the sophisticated and the simple life. You are sincere, with a great smile. If you are a man, 45-60, of substance, integrity, and like the finer things, I'm interested. A full heart matters more than a full head of hair. Note and photo please. 4376 ✉

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 4449 ✉

Handsome, Successful Professional—Jewish male, 5'9", 165 lbs, 42, seeks slender female, 28-38, into animals, travel, convertibles, acting and participating in sports. Photo, please. 4446 ✉ ☎

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

"Precious O'Doul had not anticipated that her Uncle Bobsie would be a dwarf."

"Dark the night and perilous the journey ahead."

"One thing Knut knew, and knew well: It was not easy being a druid in 42 B.C."

Above, first sentences of unread novels. Competitors are invited to invent one sample of same.

Results of Competition 914, in which you were asked for original bumper stickers.

Report: Ach. Himmel. Such watch. Vat vas vanted vas das Bumperhumor. Where do you all, uh, run into these topics? Dyslexia. Honor Students. Criminal Children. Criminal Adults. Postal People. Uzis. Bumper Websites. A few words we hope not to see soon again: Viagra, Monica. Tailgate. (Separate stories.) And not a moment too soon.

First prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

PROUD MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM
Greg Thomey, Yonkers, N.Y.

DEAD MAN DRIVING
Lucy Oblonsky, Newark, Del.

SO MANY SNOWBIRDS, SO LITTLE FREEZER SPACE
Linda Ringel, Boca Raton, Fla.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

VOTE NO ON BILINGUAL EDUCACION
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

ONE NUCLEAR BOMB CAN RUIN YOUR WHOLE COMBOVER
Walter Grabow, Newton Centre, Mass.

ENOUGH ALREADY WITH SISAL
Gladys Hecht, West Orange, N.J.

And Honorable Mention to:

SISTER WENDY FOR PRESIDENT
Rita K. Farrelly, Bronxville, N.Y.

STOP THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR NOW
Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS RIDE ON MIR
Bobby J. Ward, Raleigh, N.C.
sp. ment.: Nicholas C. Romano, Mountainside, N.J.

MY OTHER CAR IS INSURED
Erica Rothschild, Los Angeles, Calif.

MY OTHER CAR HAS A FUNNIER BUMPER STICKER
John Koch, Madison, Wisc.
similarly: Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

MY OTHER CAR IS A BROOM
Jody Kava, Scarsdale, N.Y.

THIS BUMPER STICKER INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK
Barbara Young, Lawrenceville, N.J.

MY OTHER CAR IS A WRISTWATCH
Scott Stamford, Brooklyn

LIBERTÉ, FRATERNITÉ, EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE
Herb Eisenberg, La Jolla, Calif.

ELLIS ISLAND FOR THE ELLIS ISLANDERS
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

VISUALIZE CHARLTON HESTON
Hady Traynor, Wayne, N.J.

VISUALIZE USING YOUR TURN SIGNAL
K. Dutta, Ann Arbor, Mich.

IT'S AS *BAD* AS YOU THINK, AND THEY *ARE* OUT TO GET YOU.
Lane S. Collins, Halifax, Nova Scotia

COVER ME, I'M CHANGING LANES
Michael Petilli, Norwalk, Conn.

BUMPER STICKERS ARE TACKY
Ben Patterson, San Diego, Calif.

PARDON ME, DO YOU HAVE ANY GREY POUPON?
Dr. and Mrs. Myron Leiman, Mineola, N.Y.

SCHOOL-FREE DRUG ZONE
R. & A. Sroka, Randolph, N.Y.

BEWARE OF BUMPER STICKERS THAT TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THE ROAD FOR MORE THAN FIVE SECONDS BY WHICH TIME YOU'VE PROBABLY HAD A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT
A. L. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

SPEED KILLS—SLOW INFURIATES
Leonard Neiman, N.Y.C.

PRACTICE SAFE FOOD—USE CONDIMENTS
Leonard Greenberg, Sterling, Va.

HONK IF YOU'VE BEEN SUBPOENAED
Brian Polhill, Rego Park, N.Y.

HONK IF YOU'VE BEEN DEPOSED BY LARRY KLAYMAN
Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.

HONK IF YOU'RE IN A GAGGLE
W. T. McLaughlin, Louisville, Ky.
sp. ment.: Albert Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

I'M FROM WISCONSIN—HONK IF YOU LOVE CHEESES
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

HONK IF YOU LOVE CHEEZ-ITS
Dave Ferry, Leesburg, Va.

GO AHEAD AND HONK . . . I'M ON HOLD
Gil Mendonsa, San Francisco, Calif.

PAPARAZZI DECOY VEHICLE
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

EYES ON THE ROAD, PLEASE
Sara Honig, Great Neck, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Dave Zarrow, Herndon, Va.

STUDENT TAXI DRIVER
I. Wind, N.Y.C.

GIVE ME AMBIGUITY OR GIVE ME SOMETHING ELSE
Keith Spero, Richland, Wash.
sp. ment.: Joel Darrow, North Bergen, N.J.; Stanley Silber, East Hampton, N.Y.

HUMOR IS TRUTH; TRUTH, HUMOR. UNFORTUNATELY, THIS IS NEITHER.
Michael Fleischmann, Mamaroneck, N.Y.

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY SIT IN TRAFFIC
Ellen Butler, Reston, Va.

IF YOU CAN READ THIS, YOU DIDN'T GRADUATE FROM THE HIGH SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS
Mark Paladini, Sherman Oaks, Calif.

TOOT IF YOU LOVE SAX
Sarah Gay, Carrboro, N.C.

YOU'RE REALLY STARTING TO GET ON MY NERVES
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

E.T.: PHONE 10-10-321
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

LOSE WEIGHT NOW. ASK ME AFTER YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR DOUGHNUT.
James France, N.Y.C.

DO NOT RESUSCITATE
Nancy Green, Hoboken, N.J.

VNITY STKR
Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.C.

READY FOR YOUR CLOSE-UP?
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

MY GOD IS BETTER THAN YOUR GOD(S)
Michael Chelednik, Greenville, N.C.

INNER CHILD ON BOARD
Chuck Smith, Woodbridge, Va.

REPENT!
OFFER GOOD TILL 12/31/1999
Don Wigal, N.Y.C.

UNIFY DAKOTA
Roy L. Stern, M.D., N.Y.C.

FREE THE INDIANAPOLIS 500
Ron Harris, West Hollywood, Calif.

YOUR CAR IS VERY IMPORTANT TO US
Gay Cropper, N.Y.C.

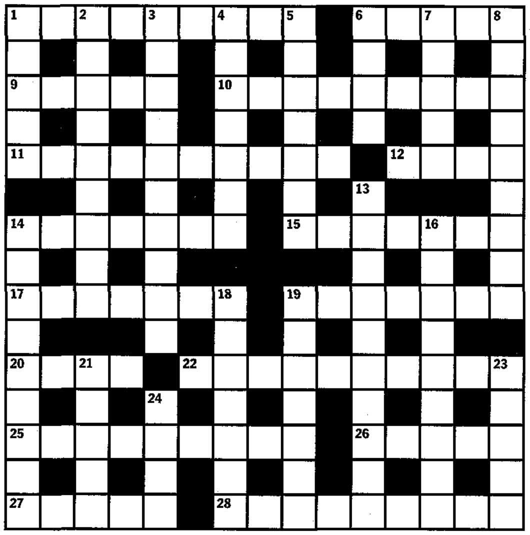
PROUD PARENT OF A CAT WHO WON THE COMPETITION
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.
sp. ment.: Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 907, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by July 24. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the August 24 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Immune from dismissal if taken back with admonishment? (9)
6 This law some say is a licence for sex discrimination. (5)
9 Immature solvers are no good. (5)
10 Cable car's particular sport before part drops off. (9)
11 Yorkshire harvest gets the horse going. (6,4)
12 The top came unstuck. (4)
14 Retreat from endless hell into uneasy rest. (7)
15 Tried to settle in America. (7)
17 Defective idea in building curtailed as lacking aesthetic appeal. (7)
19 Cheese parasite, in short. (7)
20 A sign of nobody either way. (4)
22 Parliamentary agenda to carry out 3? (5,5)
25 Evil writing across black-board includes order for missile. (5,4)
26 Trimetallic cutter? (5)
27 Present for a Baptist, perhaps. (5)
28 Noah the yarn spinner? (9)



DOWN

1 Where you formerly went in for the interval? (5)
2 R for restoration? Hardly. (9)
3 Break-up of Tory policy designed to 22. (11)
4 One known to be tender when holding in charge. (7)
5 Soldier found mouldy growth. (7)
6 Cause of Falstaff's dismissal? (4)
7 Time for a musical. (5)
8 Curly collects payment for the 27. (9)
13 Try not to finish pork pies—when off it could be a gamble. (5,5)
14 Old theologians interpret Moloch in eastern currency. (9)
16 9 out of season. (9)
18 Growth of prophet taking a rise out of a Roman Catholic. (7)
19 Bible's translation all right without one kind of antelope. (7)
21 European articles lead to name of a girl. (5)
23 Refusal of horse to smoke? Bum steer! (5)
24 Man as an example some might find misleading. (4)

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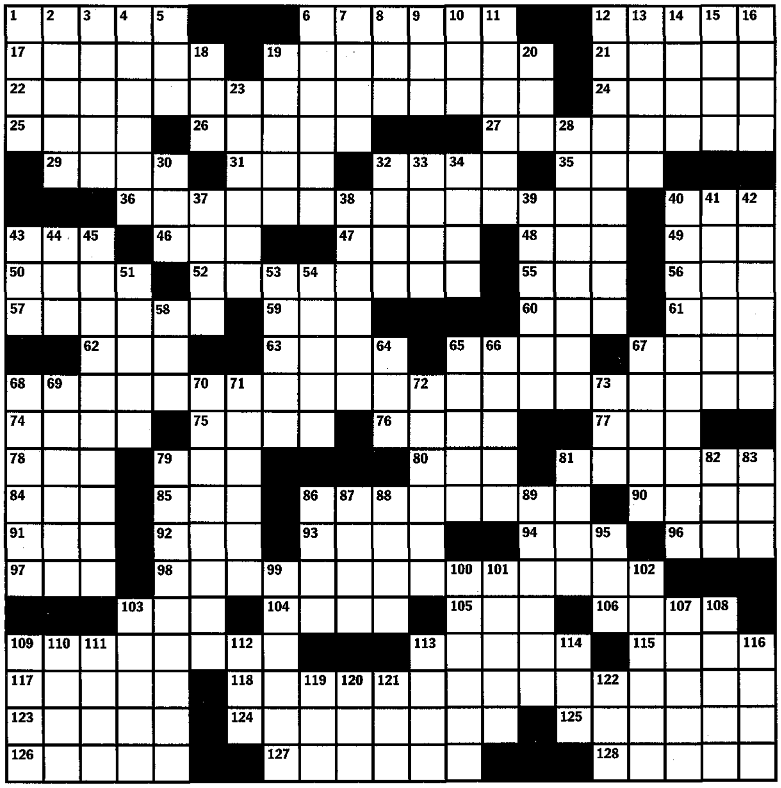
'Kid Stuff on Film': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Leaning to one side
6 Gave hush money
12 "Butterfield 8" author
17 Cases for loose papers
19 Ancient three-tiered galleys
21 Lugosi and Bartók
22 Film from a William Gibson play, 1962
24 Not taut
25 Faxed
26 Attack the whiskers
27 Does art repairing
29 Actor Julia
31 Compass pt.
32 Partner of 77-Across
35 Quipster
36 Film from an Alistair MacLean novel, 1970
40 Refrain syllable
43 Motorist's buy
46 "Diamond Lil" star
47 Half a robot's name in "Star Wars"
48 Former queen of Spain
49 Right from the oven
50 Big bucks
52 British film of 1960
55 Colonel's gp.
56 WW II arena
57 Happifies
59 Hawaiian garland
60 Heard at a bullfight
61 Treat leather
62 Kids' game
63 Cantrell or Turner
65 Cleanser brand
67 Kids' flier
68 Film from a D.H. Lawrence book, 1949
74 Toga
75 Wallet smallies
76 Oodles
77 Lend a hand
78 Pitch ——hitter
79 U.S.N. noncom
80 Genetic trial-evidence
81 Catch in a sting
84 Letters on a coroner's report
85 Broadway sellout
86 Jessica Lange film, 1989
90 Japanese wrestling
91 Bungle
92 High, in music
93 Rathskeller stock
94 Command to Rover
96 Before riff or term
97 Blushing
98 Film from a Lillian Hellman drama, 1963
103 Hall of Fame name
104 Alack's go-with
105 Uno plus due
106 Creator of Dogpatch
109 Kind of dome
113 Enveloping glows
115 Ship's stem
117 Duck down
118 Women's-prison film, 1971
123 Banal
124 Watch the video
125 There in the distance
126 Madrileño's title
127 Giants of Greek myth
128 Sillies

DOWN

1 Matinee times: abbr.
2 Babel structure
3 One of the Masseys
4 Raise
5 Overly
6 Type of military promotion
7 Get out of bed
8 Sorehead's emotion
9 Spelling contest
10 Mommy has three
11 Scarcity
12 Stubborn
13 Spartan slave
14 Controversial apple spray
15 Camptown event
16 Interrogates
18 Soon-to-be grads
19 Title for Macbeth
20 Next to Nor.
23 "—— is mightier than the sword"
28 "——, Sweet Chariot"
30 Abner's companion of radio days
32 Theater acronym
33 Cry like a baby
34 Environmental sci.
37 Decline to bid
38 Forming into a sphere
39 Oxygen-dependent bacterium
40 Film from a Gunter Grass story, 1979
41 Take turns
42 Repentant sinner
43 —— whiz!
44 Pledge of Allegiance ending
45 Sports-team film of 1977
51 Rubberneck
53 Stan's comedy cohort
54 Disaccustoms gradually
58 Self-image
64 Finder's exclamation
65 Untamed horse, familiarly
66 Make —— at (try)
67 Works with yarn
68 Stockbroker's client
69 Writer de Balzac
70 Cockpit occupants
71 Like some pine
72 Rather gerontic
73 Scottish John
79 Magpie
81 Leave the stage
82 Brest friend
83 Pea's jacket
86 Flexible armor
87 Between elbow and wrist
88 Hollywood workplaces
89 Pertaining to bone
95 Start of a game trio
99 Perfumed pouch
100 Practice pieces
101 Cupid's missile
102 "Scarface" of gangdom
103 "—— Billy Joe"
107 Bluenose
108 Strikes an attitude
109 Obtains
110 Aer Lingus destination
111 Father of Thor
112 Big Business monogram
113 Opposed hillbilly-style
114 Wily
116 "When We —— Very Young": Milne
119 Pharmaceuticals' Lilly
120 Casino transaction
121 Majoli of tennis
122 Monopolize



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 91.

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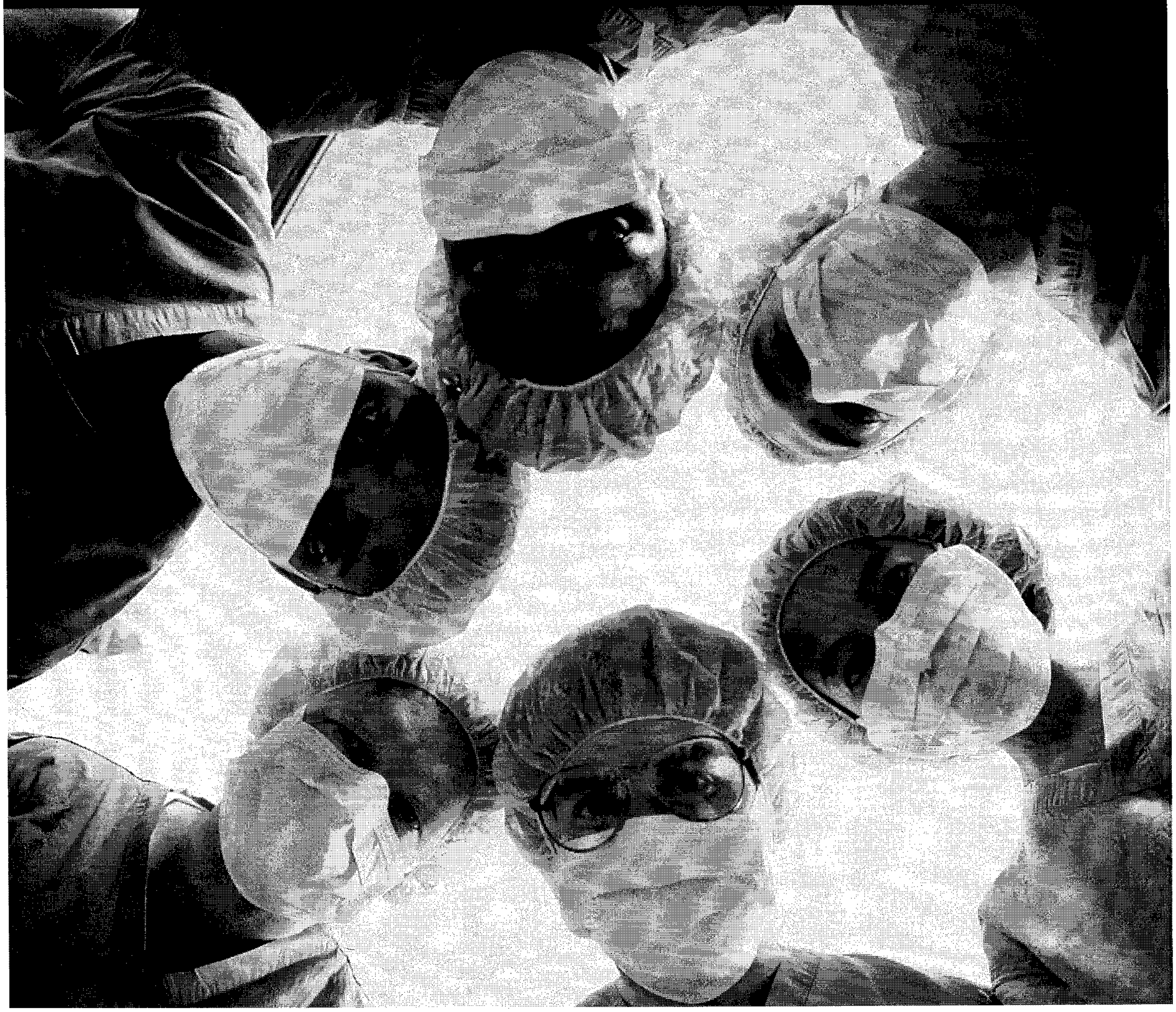

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